

THE  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:  
A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

*VOL. LXX. — AUGUST, 1892. — NO. CCCCXVIII.*

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ARIEL.

IN MEMORY OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY: BORN ON THE FOURTH OF AUGUST,  
A. D. 1792.

WERT thou on earth to-day, immortal one,  
How wouldst thou, in the starlight of thine eld,  
The likeness of that morntide look upon  
Which men beheld?  
How might it move thee, imaged in time's glass,  
As when the tomb has kept  
Unchanged the face of one who slept  
Too soon, yet moulders not, though seasons come and pass?

Has Death a wont to stay the soul no less?  
And art thou still what SHELLEY was erewhile, —  
A feeling born of music's restlessness —  
A child's swift smile  
Between its sobs — a wandering mist that rose  
At dawn — a cloud that hung  
The Eugean hills among;  
Thy voice, a wind-harp's strain in some enchanted close?

Thyself the wild west wind, O boy divine,  
Thou fain wouldst be, — the spirit which in its breath  
Woos yet the seaward ilex and the pine  
That wept thy death?  
Or art thou still the incarnate child of song  
Who gazed, as if astray  
From some uncharted stellar way,  
With eyes of wonder at our world of grief and wrong?

Yet thou wast Nature's prodigal; the last  
Unto whose lips her beauteous mouth she bent  
An instant, ere thy kinsmen, fading fast,  
Their lorn way went.  
What though the faun and oread had fled?  
A tenantry thine own,  
Peopling their leafy coverts lone,  
With thee still dwelt as when sweet Fancy was not dead;

Not dead as now, when we the visionless,  
 In nature's alchemy more woeful wise,  
 Say that no thought of us her depths possess, —  
     No love, her skies.  
 Not ours to parley with the whispering June,  
     The genii of the wood,  
     The shapes that lurk in solitude,  
 The cloud, the mounting lark, the wan and waning moon.

For thee the last time Hellas tipped her hills  
     With beauty; India breathed her midnight moan,  
 Her sigh, her ecstasy of passion's thrills,  
     To thee alone.  
 Such rapture thine, and the supreamer gift  
     Which can the minstrel raise,  
     Above the myrtle and the bays,  
 To watch the sea of pain whereon our galleys drift.  
  
 Therefrom arose with thee that lyric cry,  
     Sad cadence of the disillusioned soul  
 That asks of heaven and earth its destiny, —  
     Or joy or dole.  
 Wild requiem of the heart whose vibratings,  
     With laughter fraught, and tears,  
     Beat through the century's dying years  
 While for one more dark round the old Earth plumes her wings.

No answer came to thee; from ether fell  
     No voice, no radiant beam; and in thy youth  
 How were it else, when still the oracle  
     Withholds its truth?  
 We sit in judgment, — we, above thy page  
     Judge thee and such as thee,  
     Pale heralds, sped too soon to see  
 The marvels of our late yet unanointed age!

The slaves of air and light obeyed afar  
     Thy summons, Ariel; their elf-horns wound  
 Strange notes which all uncapturable are  
     Of broken sound.  
 That music thou alone couldst rightly hear  
     (O rare impressionist!)  
     And mimic. Therefore still we list  
 To its ethereal fall in this thy cyclic year.

Be then the poet's poet still! for none  
     Of them whose minstrelsy the stars have blessed  
 Has from expression's wonderland so won  
     The unexpressed, —  
 So wrought the charm of its elusive note  
     On us, who yearn in vain



To mock the pæan and the plain  
Of tides that rise and fall with sweet mysterious rote.

Was it not well that the prophetic few,  
So long inheritors of that high verse,  
Dwelt in the mount alone, and haply knew  
What stars rehearse?

But now with foolish cry the multitude  
Awards at last the throne,  
And claims thy cloudland for its own  
With voices all untuned to thy melodious mood.

What joy it was to haunt some antique shade  
Lone as thine echo, and to wreak my youth  
Upon thy song, — to feel the throbs which made  
Thy bliss, thy ruth, —  
And thrill I knew not why, and dare to feel  
Myself an heir unknown  
To lands the poet treads alone  
Ere to his soul the gods their presence quite reveal!

Even then, like thee, I vowed to dedicate  
My powers to beauty; ay, but thou didst keep  
The vow, whilst I knew not the afterweight  
That poets weep,  
The burthen under which one needs must bow,  
The rude years envying  
My voice the notes it fain would sing  
For men belike to hear, as still they hear thee now.

Oh, the swift wind, the unrelenting sea!  
They loved thee, yet they lured thee unaware  
To be their spoil, lest alien skies to thee  
Should seem more fair;  
They had their will of thee, yet aye forlorn  
Mourned the lithe soul's escape,  
And gave the strand thy mortal shape  
To be resolved in flame whereof its life was born.

Afloat on tropic waves, I yield once more  
In age that heart of youth unto thy spell.  
The century wanes, — thy voice thrills as of yore  
When first it fell.  
Would that I too, so had I sung a lay  
The least upborne of thine,  
Had shared thy pain! Not so divine  
Our light, as faith to chant the far auroral day.

*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

## A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD.

NOTE. — The Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, having observed the interest with which Miss Lareon's *A New England Girlhood* was received, asked Mr. Hale if he would bring together some of his memories of the same period in a series of papers on a New England boyhood, with special reference to the conditions of life in Boston in the early part of the second quarter of this century. The chapters which follow form the first number of this series.

## I.

'T IS SEVENTY YEARS SINCE.

THE reader and I ought not to begin without my reminding him that the Boston of which I am to write was very different from the Boston of to-day. In 1825 Boston was still a large country town. I think some one has called it a city of gardens; but that some one may have been I. As late as 1817, in a description of Boston which accompanied a show which a Frenchman had made by carving and painting the separate houses, it was said, with some triumph, that there were nine blocks of buildings in the town. This means that every other building stood with windows or doors on each of the four sides, and in most instances with trees, or perhaps little lanes, between. To people in this neighborhood to-day, I may say that the upper part of the main street in Charlestown gives a very good idea of what the whole of Washington Street south of Winter Street was then. And, by the way, Washington Street was much more often called Main Street than by its longer name.

The reader must imagine, therefore, a large, pretty country town, where stage-coaches still clattered in from the country, and brought all the strangers who did not ride in their own chaises. Large stables, always of wood, I think, provided for the horses thus needed. I remember, as I write, Niles's stable in School Street, a large stable in Bromfield Street, afterwards Streeter's, the stables of the Marlborough Hotel in Washington Street, and what seemed to

us very large stables in Hawley Street, — all in the very heart of the town, and on a tract which cannot be more than twelve acres. When, in 1829, it was reported that the new Tremont House was to have no special stables for its guests, the announcement excited surprise almost universal; and to us children the statement that there was to be a tavern, or a hotel, without a sign was still more extraordinary. We were used to seeing swinging signs on posts in front of the taverns. Thus I remember "The Indian Queen" in Bromfield Street, "The Bunch of Grapes" in State Street, "The Lamb" I think where the Adams House now is, "The Lion" where the Boston Theatre is, and nearly opposite these the Lafayette Tavern. This means that large pictures of an Indian queen, a bunch of grapes, a lamb, a lion, and of Lafayette swung backward and forward in the wind. There was a sign in front of the Marlborough Tavern, and one nearly opposite, south of Milk Street, but I do not remember what these were. All these inns would now be thought small. They were then called taverns, and to New Englanders seemed very large. Of course they were large enough for their purpose. When I was nine or ten years old, my father, who was thought to be a fanatic as a railroad prophet, offered in Faneuil Hall the suggestion that if people could come from Springfield to Boston in five hours, an average of nine people would come every day. This prophecy was then considered extravagant. When he came to Boston for the first time, in 1805, the Northampton passengers



joined the Springfield passengers at Brookfield. There was room in the carriage for six only. He therefore gave up his seat to a lady who had pressing duties, and waited in Brookfield twenty-four hours to take his chances for the next stage.

The more important business streets of this little town were paved in the middle with round stones from the neighboring beaches, then as now called cobblestones.—I do not know why; but an accomplished friend, who reads this in manuscript, says that the lapstone on which a cobbler stretches his leather is a cobblestone. I recommend this etymology to Dr. Murray and Dr. Whitney. The use of bricks for sidewalks was just coming in, but generally the sidewalks were laid with the flat slates or shales from the neighborhood, which were put down in any shape they happened to take in splitting, without being squared at the corners. Bromfield Street, Winter Street, Summer Street, and Washington Street (old Marlborough Street) between School and Winter seem to us now to be narrow streets, but they have all been widened considerably within my memory. Bromfield Street was called Bromfield's Lane.

On the other hand, so far as I remember the houses themselves and the life in them, everything was quite as elegant and finished as it is now. Furniture was stately, solid, and expensive. Carpets, then of English make, covered the whole floor, and were of what we should call perfect quality. In summer, by the way, in all houses of which I knew anything, these carpets were always taken up, and India mattings substituted in the "living-rooms." Observe that very few houses were closed in summer. Dress was certainly as elegant and costly as it is now; so were porcelain, glass, table linen, and all table furniture. In the earlier days of which I write, a decanter of wine would invariably have stood on a sideboard in every parlor, so that a glass of wine

could readily be offered at any moment to any guest. All through my boyhood, it would have been matter of remark if, when a visitor made an evening call, something to eat or drink was not produced at nine o'clock. It might be crackers and cheese, it might be mince pie, it might be oysters or cold chicken. But something would appear, as certainly as there would be a fire on the hearth in winter. Every house, by the way, was warmed by open fires; and in every kitchen cooking was done by an open fire. I doubt if I ever saw a stove in my boyhood, except in a school or an office. Anthracite coal was first tried in 1824. Gas was introduced about the same time. I was taken as a little boy to see it burning in the shops in Washington Street, and to wonder at an elephant, a tortoise, and a cow, which spouted burning gas in the windows. Gas was not introduced into dwelling-houses until Pemberton Square was built by the Lowells, Jacksons, and their friends, in the years 1835, 1836, and later. It was a surprise to every one when Papanti introduced it in his new Papanti's Hall.

A handsome parlor then differed from a handsome parlor now mostly in the minor matters of decoration. The pictures on the walls were few, and were mostly portraits. For the rest, mirrors were large and handsome. You would see some copies from well-known paintings in European galleries, and any one who had an Allston would be glad to show it. But I mean that most walls were bare. In good houses, if modern, the walls of parlors would invariably be painted; but in older houses there would be paper hangings, perhaps of landscape patterns. The furniture of a parlor would generally be twelve decorous heavy chairs, probably hair-seated, with their backs against the walls; a sofa which matched them, also with its back against the wall; and a heavy, perhaps marble-topped centre

table. There might be a rocking-chair in the room, also; but, so far as I remember, other easy-chairs, scattered as one chose about a room, were unknown.

Try to recall, dear reader, or to imagine, the conditions of a town without any railroads, and without any steam navigation beyond fifteen miles. The first steamboat in Boston harbor went to Nahant and back again, about 1826. The first steam railway ran trains to Newton, nine miles, in 1833. Please to remember, then, that everybody lived in Boston the year round, excepting a handful of rich people who had country places in Dorchester, Roxbury, Newton, Brookline, Watertown, Waltham, Brighton, Cambridge, Charlestown, or Medford, accessible by a horse and chaise. What we call buggies were unknown, and a gentleman and lady would certainly ride in a chaise, which was not the English chaise, but a two-wheeled covered vehicle, hung on C-springs. In such a town, the supplies of food, unless brought from the immediate neighborhood, came from the seaboard or the Western rivers, in sloops or schooners. We drew our flour from points as far south as Richmond. I remember more than one winter, when my grandmother, in Westhampton, had sent us a keg or two of home apple-sauce, that the sloop which brought the treasure was frozen up below Hartford, so that it was four or five months before we hungry children enjoyed her present. Great wagons with large teams of horses brought from the interior such products as did not come in this way. For these horses and wagons there were, on "the Neck" and beyond, great sheds and stables. The country teamster left his horses and his load there while he came into town to make sure where it was to be delivered. To pick up the stray corn which was scattered in these sheds great flocks of pigeons congregated, of whom a wretched handful survive to this day.

I mention these little details to give some idea of the country fashion of our lives. Two or three weeks out of town in summer was a large allowance of vacation. Nobody dreamed of closing a church in summer. The school vacation was a fortnight and three days in August, to which, in later days, was added first one week, and then two weeks, in June. The summer break-up which now divides everybody's Boston year was then wholly unknown.

## II.

### SCHOOL LIFE.

After studying with great care Mr. Howells's *A Boy's Town* and Miss Larcom's *A New England Girlhood*, I have determined not to follow a strict order of time. For better, for worse, I will throw in together in one chapter a set of school memories which range from about 1825 for ten years. At my own imprudent request, not to say urgency, I was sent to school with two sisters and a brother, older than I, when I was reckoned as about two years old. The school was in an old-fashioned wooden house which fronted on a little court which led off Summer Street. We went up one flight of narrow stairs, and here the northern room of the two bedrooms of the house was occupied by Miss Susan Whitney for her school, and the southern room, which had windows on Summer Street, by Miss Ayres, of whom Miss Whitney had formerly been an assistant. Miss Whitney afterwards educated more than one generation of the children of Boston families. I supposed her to be one of the most aged, and certainly the most learned, women of her time. I believe she was a kind-hearted, intelligent girl of seventeen when I first knew her. I also supposed the room to be a large hall, though I knew it was not nearly so large as our own



parlors at home. It may have been eighteen feet square. The floor was sanded with clean sand every Thursday and Saturday afternoon. This was a matter of practical importance to us, because with the sand, using our feet as tools, we made sand pies. You gather the sand with the inside edge of either shoe from a greater or less distance, as the size of the pie requires. As you gain skill, the heap which you make is more and more round. When it is well rounded, you flatten it by a careful pressure of one foot from above. Here it will be seen that full success depends on your keeping the sole of the shoe exactly parallel with the plane of the floor. If you find you have succeeded when you withdraw the shoe, you prick the pie with a pin or a broom splint provided for the purpose, pricking it in whatever pattern you like. The skill of a good pie-maker is measured largely by these patterns. It will readily be seen that the pie is better if the sand is a little moist. But beggars cannot be choosers, and while we preferred the sand on Mondays and Fridays, when it was fresh, we took it as it came.

I dwell on this detail at length because it is one instance as good as a hundred of the way in which we adapted ourselves to the conditions of our times. Children now have carpets on their kindergarten floors, where sand is unknown; so we have to provide clay for them to model with, and put a heap of sand in the back yard. Miss Whitney provided for the same needs by a simpler device, which I dare say is as old as King Alfred.

I cannot tell how we were taught to read, for I cannot remember the time when I could not read as well as I can now. There was a little spelling-book called *The New York Spelling-Book*, printed by Mahlon Day. When, afterwards, I came to read about Mahlon in the book of Ruth, my notion of him was of a man who had the same name as the

man who published the spelling-book. My grandfather had made a spelling-book which we had at home. Privately, I knew that, because he made it, it must be better than the book at school, but I was far too proud to explain this to Miss Whitney. I accepted her spelling-book in the same spirit in which I have often acted since, falling in with what I saw was the general drift, because the matter was of no great consequence. For reading-books, we had Mrs. Barbauld's *First Lessons*, "Come hither, Charles, come to mamma;" and we had *Popular Lessons*, by Miss Robbins, which would be a good book to revive now, but I have not seen it for sixty years.

The school must have been a very much "go-as-you-please" sort of place. So far it conformed to the highest ideals of the best modern systems. But it had rewards and punishments. I have now a life of William Tell which was given me as a prize. My brother Nathan had *Rasselas* for a prize, and my sister Sarah had a silver medal, "To the most amiable," which I am sure she deserved though the competition extended to the whole world.

But these were the great prizes. In an old desk, of which the cover had been broken off, in the closet at the left of the fireplace, were a number of bows, made of yellow, pink, and blue ribbon. When Saturday came, every child who had been good through the week was permitted to select one of these bows, choosing his own color, and to have it pinned on his clothes, under his chin, to wear home. If, on the other hand, he had been very bad, he had a black bow affixed, willy nilly. I hardly dare to soil this page with the tale, but there was an awful story that a boy, whom I will call Charles Waters, unpinned his black bow and trod it in the dirt of the street. But I hasten to add that in that innocent community no one believed this dreadful story. Indeed, it was whispered from one to another

rather as an index of what terrible stories were afloat in the world than with any feeling that it could possibly be true.

It is certainly a little queer that in after years one remembers such trifles as this, and forgets absolutely the weightier matters of the law: how he learned to read and write; how he fought with the angel of vulgar fractions and compelled him to grant a blessing; how, in a word, one learned anything of importance. But so it is, and thus, as I have said, I have no memory of any time when I could not read as well as I can now. Perhaps that is the reason why I am too apt to rank teachers of elocution with dancing-masters and fencing-masters, and other professors of deportment. Dear Miss Whitney must have taught us well, or we should have remembered the process more sadly.

If this is a book of confessions, I ought to tell my crimes, and one sin I certainly committed at Miss Whitney's school. But alas, I do not know what it was, and I never did. Only this I know. We were all too small to go home through Main Street alone. Fullum came for us at twelve, and again at five in the afternoon. Who Fullum was shall appear by and by. One day, when Fullum came at noon, he found me seated in a large yellow chair in the middle of the schoolroom. I was reading a book with perfect satisfaction. So soon as Fullum appeared I was lifted from the chair and my "things" were put on. When we were in the street, Fullum said, "What have you been doing that was naughty, Doctor?" I told him, with perfect sincerity, that I had done nothing wrong. But this he did not believe. He reminded me of what I then recollected, that that yellow chair was always a seat of punishment. I had certainly never seen any one in it before — unless it were Miss Whitney herself — excepting the sinners of the school, placed there for punishment. But alas, it had not occurred to any one

to tell me why I was put there; and as my own conscience was clear, I have not known from that day to this what my offense was.

I could probably, without much difficulty, make a volume on Miss Whitney's school, and the various aspects of life as they there presented themselves to me. But these papers must be severely condensed, and I omit such details. To me personally they have a little value, as bearing on the question how far back our memory really runs. There is a Frenchman who says that he recollects the relief produced on his eyes when he was a baby, thirty-six hours old, and a nurse lowered a curtain to screen him from the light. I am not able to fix any facts as early as this; but I am interested in the observation that, among these early recollections of Miss Whitney, there is not included the slightest memory of my first interviews with her. I had a brother and two sisters older than myself, who were my home playmates. I saw them go to school from day to day, and I finally cried because I wanted to go with them. Miss Whitney was therefore persuaded to receive a pupil two years old at the school. It speaks well for her, I think, that she found it possible to adapt such a young gentleman to the exercises of the academy. That makes me think, as I have said, that those exercises must have been conducted on the individual plan. But my chief memories of the school are of conducting observations, similar to Tyndall's, on the effect produced by sunlight upon dust floating in the air. Such luxuries as window shades or blinds were unknown; if the sun shone in on the south side of the room, you shut an inside shutter. This reminds me that inside shutters are almost wholly unknown to the rising generation, but then every house of which I knew anything had them. At the top of this shutter, which was of paneled wood, a heart was cut, so as to let a little light into the room when the



shutters were closed. It will readily be seen that this heart made very curious forms on the floating dust in the school-room. What with the manufacture of sand pies and other enterprises going on, there must have been a good deal of dust in the schoolroom, and I remember far better the aspects of this dust, as the sun lighted it and as it floated in different currents, than I do any single lesson which I acquired from books.

It will give some idea of the simplicity of manners and of the quietness of the little town if I tell how "we four"—by which I mean the four oldest children of my father's family—went to school and returned, in the winter.

In winter, Fullum put my two sisters, my brother, and myself into a little green sleigh which he had had made, in which he dragged us over the snow to school. I believe that if any Fullum of to-day should start from the upper door of the Parker House, and drag four little children down School Street, through Washington Street, to Summer Street, and stop at a door opposite Hovey's, he would attract a fair share of attention. But there was room enough for all then. The "main street" was what the chief street of a good country town would be now, and this equipage seemed strange to nobody.

School kept only in the morning on Saturday, and Thursday afternoon was always a holiday, in memory of the "Thursday lecture." But as the lecture was delivered at eleven o'clock in the morning, and every school kept until twelve, there was, of course, no real connection between the holiday and the lecture. The half-holiday was changed to Wednesday, a few years later than the time I am speaking of. It is on this account that Wednesday and Saturday appear to me, to this moment, the happiest days of the week. For I may as well say, first as last, that school was always a bore to me. I did not so much hate it as dislike it, as a necessary nuisance. I think all my teachers

regarded it as such; I am sure they made me so regard it.

Just before I was six years old I was transferred from Miss Whitney's school to another school which was in the immediate neighborhood, being in the basement of the First Church, which was then in Chauncy Street. It stood, I think, just where Coleman & Mead's great store is to-day. There were three or four large rooms under the church, which were rented as schoolrooms; and it being thought that I was large enough to go to a man's school, I was sent there, to my great delight, with my friend Edward Webster. We were very intimate from days earlier than this, of which I will speak in another chapter, and it was a great pleasure to us that we could go to school together. There was no thought of sending me to a public school.

My father and mother had both very decided, and I have a right to say very advanced, views on matters of education; and advanced education was then a matter everywhere in the air. The Boston Latin School had been made a first-rate school for preparing boys for college, under the eye and care of Benjamin Apthorp Gould, some ten years before. But there was no public school of any lower grade to which my father would have sent me, any more than he would have sent me to jail. Since that time I have heard my contemporaries talk of the common school training of the day, and I do not wonder at my father's decision. The masters, so far as I know, were all inferior men; there was constant talk of "hiding" and "cow-hides" and "ferules" and "thrashing," and I should say, indeed, that the only recollections of my contemporaries about those schooldays were of one constant low conflict with men of a very low type. So soon as a boy was sent to the Latin School—and he was sent there at nine years of age—all this was changed into the life of a civilized place. Why the Boston people tolerated such brutality as went on in their

other public schools I do not know, and never have known; but no change came for some years after.

For the next three years, the only object, so far as I was concerned, was to have me live along and get ready for the Latin School. I have always been glad that I was sent where I was, — to a school without any plan or machinery, very much on the go-as-you-please principle, and where there was no strain put upon the pupil. I disliked it, as I disliked all schools; but here, again, I regarded the whole arrangement as one of those necessary nuisances which society imposes on the individual, and which the individual would be foolish if he quarreled with, when he did not have it in his power to abolish it. I had no such power, and therefore went and came as I was bidden, only eager every day to exchange the monotonies of school life for the more varied and larger enterprises of the playroom or of the Common.

I have said that advanced education was in the air. It will be hard to make boys and girls of the present day understand how much was then expected from reforms in education. Dr. Channing was at his best then, and all that he had to say about culture and self-culture impressed people intensely, — more intensely, I think, than was good for them. There were rumors from Europe of Fellenberg's school at Hofwyl. At Northampton, the Round Hill School was started on somewhat similar plans. In England, Lord Brougham and the set of people around him were discussing the "march of intellect," and had established a Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, whose name has lived after it. Mr. Webster, Mr. Edward Everett, my father, and other gentlemen in their position established a society in Boston, which did the same thing. The reign of Lyceums and Mechanics' Institutes had begun. Briefly, there was the real impression that the kingdom of heaven was to be

brought in by teaching people what were the relations of acids to alkalies, and what was the derivation of the word "cordwainer." If we only knew enough, it was thought, we should be wise enough to keep out of the fire, and we should not be burned.

So it was that any novelty, when it was presented at a schoolroom door, was even more apt to be accepted than it is now; and, as every reader of these lines knows, such things are accepted pretty willingly now. So I remember that I was taught "geometry" when I was six years old, — or that I thought I was, — from a little book called *The Elements of Geometry*. I could rattle off about isosceles triangles when I was six as well as I can now. And I had other queer smattering bits of knowledge, useful or useless, which were picked up in the same way.

At school there was a school library, from which we borrowed books, because we liked the mechanism of it. We had much better books at home; but of course it was good fun to have your name entered on a book, and to return them once a week, and so on.

My father was one of the best teachers I ever knew, and had broken into life, as most educated young men in those days did, first as a private tutor in the city of Troy, and afterwards as teacher of mathematics in Exeter Academy. When he had a moment, therefore, from other affairs, to give to our education, it was always well used; and we doubtless owed a great deal to him which we afterwards did not know how to account for. Among other such benefactions, I owe it that for these three or four years, when really I had nothing to do but to grow physically, I was placed with a simple, foolish man for a teacher, and not with one of the drivers, who had plans and would want to make much of us. Among other notions of my father, right or wrong as the case may be, was this, that a boy could pick up the rudiments of language



quite early in life. So the master was told that Edward Webster and I, and perhaps some other boys, were to be taught the paradigms of the Latin grammar at once. We also had given to us little Latin books, which we spelled away upon. One was a translation of the German version of Robinson Crusoe into Latin. It was thought that the interest of the book would induce us to learn the meaning of the words. But the truth was, we were familiar with Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, and regarded this as a low and foolish imitation, of which we made a great deal of fun. All the same, the agony with which some boys remember their first studies of "amo, amas, amat," is wholly unknown to me. I drifted into those things simply, and by the time I was sent to the Latin School the point had been gained, and I knew my "penma, pennae, pennæ," and my "amo, amas, amat," as well as if I had been born to them.

The Latin School stood, at that time, where the lower part of Parker's Hotel is now, in School Street. School Street received its name from this school. At the beginning the school was on the other side of the street, where the Franklin statue now stands. But when the King's Chapel people had increased so much that they wanted to enlarge their little wooden tabernacle and carry their church farther down the street, about the middle of the last century, they applied to the town for the use of the schoolhouse lot. I rather think the matter became a battle between the Episcopalians and their "liberal" allies on the one side, and the old-line Puritans on the other. It was very much battled in town meeting, and the order for the change prevailed only by a very few votes. The King's Chapel people had to build a schoolhouse on the south side of the street. That schoolhouse was well remembered in my day, but the building was enlarged, I think, in 1814. It had

been only one story high, and it was then made three stories, with a granite front and a cupola on the top. In this cupola was a bell with a cross on it, about which we boys told many lies. I believe, in truth, it had been the bell on the Huguenot church, lower down on the same street.

I entered the school in 1831, being then nine years old. That was the minimum for the entrance of boys at that time, and the course was five years. I saw Mr. Leverett, who was the principal when I was admitted, but in the course of a few weeks he left the school to the charge of Mr. Charles Knapp Dillaway, who is well remembered by every one who has had anything to do with education in Boston for the last sixty years. I may say in passing that I was permitted to speak at his funeral, and I could not but remember then that, from the time when he entered the Latin School, in 1818, till he died, in 1889, he had been personally connected, more or less distinctly, with our system of public education. He had therefore seen the working of that system for more than a quarter part of the period since it was established by Winthrop and his companions, in 1635.

The system of the school was rigid, but I do not think boys object to rigidity. It carried to the extreme the cultivation of verbal memory. We had a very bad Latin grammar, which I suppose was the best there was, made by Mr. Gould himself from Principal Adam's Latin Grammar, which was used in all English schools. "Principal Adam" is the Edinburgh Adam of whom you read in Walter Scott and such books. The late Joseph Gardner, laughing about such things a few years ago, said to me, "I can remember the block on which I was standing, in the Place Vendôme in Paris, when, as by a revelation, it occurred to me that Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar was made from the Latin language, and

that the Latin language was not made from Andrews and Stoddard's Grammar, as up till that moment I had always supposed."

I am quite clear that I went well through the Latin School with the distinct feeling that that grammar stated the eternal truth with regard to language, and that Cicero and the rest of them had had to adapt themselves to it. I cannot think that the masters thought so, but certainly they left that impression on the minds of the pupils. The first year of the little boys was spent in committing the words of this grammar to memory. Unless a boy was singularly advanced, he had no schoolbook in hand from September to the next August excepting this Latin grammar. I cannot conceive of any system more disposed to make him hate the language; and in fact about half the boys withdrew from the school, as not having "a gift for language," before they had been there two years. These were generally the boys of quick and bright minds, who went off "into business," as it was called, because they were not fit to be scholars. The professional lines of life lost those who would have been ornaments in whatever profession they had chosen, simply because those lads had not the verbal memory to remember and recall long lists of words, which Adam had noticed, which had or had not an *i* before *um* in the genitive plural.

But I do not propose to go into the niceties of education in these papers. Thanks to the prescience of my father, of which I have spoken, I was put in with the ten-year-old boys, who had ground through this mill. Till this moment I am their inferior in certain details of the words to which I have referred, but I enjoyed life at school a great deal better than they did.

The "march of intellect" fad had not swept over Boston without bringing in the German notions about gymnasia.

Dr. Lieber arrived, an exile from Germany, with Dr. Beck, who was also an exile, and they established a swimming-school where Brimmer Street is now, and a gymnasium in Tremont Street,—then called Common Street,—at the corner of West Street. That place was then called the "Washington Gardens." Mr. Hartwell, in his recent interesting essay on gymnastics in Boston, says that the first year Lieber's gymnasium in the Washington Gardens had two hundred pupils, which increased to four hundred in the second, and in the third year he had four pupils. These figures show only too fatally what was the fall of the athletic thermometer. More learned people than I must say whether the system of gymnastics carried on by fixed machinery ever maintains its popularity for a long time, unless it is seconded by athletics such as we now class under that name, and by a certain rivalry.

My brother Nathan, to whom I owe most of what I am and have been in the world, was entered as one of the pupils in the Washington Gardens gymnasium. It must have been in the year 1827, or possibly 1828, that he took me with him there. All that I remember about it is my terror when I had climbed up a ladder and cut off my retreat. I had seen the other boys climb between the rounds and slide down the pole which supported the ladder, and I wished to do this. I got through the rounds, and then was afraid to slide. But a competent teacher came up, instructed me in the business, and I won the high courage by which to loosen my feet from the rounds and slide safely down. I went home to tell this story with delight, but never repeated the experiment.

At the same time — and I think this shows the courage with which our education was carried on — I made my first essays in riding on horseback. My father owned a handsome horse, with



which he took our mother and some one of the children out to ride on half-holidays. On some occasions, another horse, which was called the "Workbench" from his quiet habits, — white, I recollect, — was taken with us, saddled. This was that "we boys" might learn to ride. We were not permitted to ride in the streets in town, and father would ride the horse out so far, while my mother drove the chaise. But once in the country, we mounted, and followed the chaise for the afternoon tour. At five years old I was so small that my feet would not reach the stirrups, and I rode with my feet in the straps which sustained the stirrups. All went well till, in South Boston, as we came home, some boys stoned my horse, and he ran and I was thrown. I remember repeating the experiment, with the same success and failure, and it ended in my poor father having to ride the "Workbench" home, while I ignominiously returned in the chaise, as I had started.

The drift for athletics had swept over the Latin School, also, and the square yard behind the school, which seemed immense, but must have been only thirty feet in each measurement, was fitted up with a vaulting-horse, parallel bars, and so on. But as the fad wore itself out the boys were permitted to destroy these things, and when I entered the school, in 1831, there were only the vaulting-horse and perhaps a pair of parallel bars left; and these gradually disappeared from the curriculum. This playground was the only playground of the school, and was accessible only to the boys in the lowest room. Upstairs, we were confined to a very limited passageway, I might call it, at recess, in which we used to play "tug-of-war," though we never called it by that name. Practically, the recesses were very short, for the simple reason that they did not like to have us in the street.

Earlier than this, I can remember,

when I was only four or five years old, that we looked from the windows of the house out upon the street, to see the sports of the boys there, when rather more liberty was granted them. I think it will amuse the schoolboys of the present day to know that in summer all boys then wore calico gowns during the hot months, cut exactly as a minister's gown is cut now, though without the large sleeves. But this custom had gone by before I was a pupil at the school. I remember distinctly, however, seeing the boys kick their pails to pieces at the end of the school term. They would subscribe for pails in which to keep the water which they wanted to drink in the hot days; and when the term was done, not wishing to leave their pails to their successors, they kicked them about the sidewalk and street until they were ruined.

To this school we repaired at eight o'clock in the morning for the months between April and October, and at nine o'clock from the first of October to the first of April. School lasted till twelve o'clock, excepting for the little boys, who, in the latter part of my time, were "let out" at eleven o'clock. School began again at three, and lasted, in winter as long as there was light, and in summer till six o'clock. I remember the bitter terror which we had one summer afternoon, which must have been in May, 1833, when we were to go and see Fanny Kemble in the evening. As it happened, the school committee chose to come that afternoon for an examination, and we were kept in for the completion of the examination after six o'clock. We sat there terrified, for fear the examination would last until the play began in the Tremont Theatre, hard by. I am afraid the boys of to-day would consider it rather hard lines if they were ever kept at school till the beginning of their theatrical entertainment.

In Mr. Freeman Clarke's autobio-

graphy there is a charming passage about his stay at this school. He does not in the least overstate the admirable democratic effect of the whole thing. We were side by side with the sons of the richest and most prominent men in Boston; we were side by side with the sons of day laborers, I suppose. The odd thing about it is that we did not know, and we did not care, whose sons they were. They were all dressed alike, they spoke equally good English, their hands were equally clean, and all we knew of them was that one fellow was at the head of the class, and one was not. I wish I knew now what was the family or origin of a charming boy named Carleton, — Charles Muzzey Carleton, — who was at the head of my class. He was a pure, manly, upright, gentlemanly fellow, a much better boy than any of the rest of us were, and we therefore chose to nickname him "Piety Carleton." I am afraid we made him very unhappy by the nickname, but he bore himself in just as manly a way in spite of it. If these words happen to fall under the eye of anybody who remembers that boy, I wish I might be told what was his after career.

It was a queer transition time for schools. The present murderous and absurd system of "examinations" was wholly unknown. Each master got along as well as he could with his boys, and the boys got along as well as they could with the master. There was one head-master, a sub-master, and two others, who were called ushers on the printed catalogue, but were never so called by the boys. Whatever the age of these gentlemen, they were always called "old." It was "old Dillaway," "old Gardner," "old Streeter," or "old Benjamin." I now know that the oldest of them was not thirty-five, and that most of them were not twenty-five.

We were changed from room to room, seldom staying in one room more than

three months, but the highest class was always with the head-master. I remember one occasion — I was about ten years old — when, to our delight, we were ordered upstairs from the "English room." We were pleased because it was known that the new master there was very easy, and that the "fellows did as they chose." It was so, indeed. I recollect my amazement when I saw Hancock cross the room without leave, make a snowball from the snow in a pail, and carry it back ostentatiously to place it on the front of his desk. The snow was provided for use on the stove. From this he then made little snowballs with which to pelt the other boys, all without interruption from the master. But other things went on with the same freedom, which were of more import. I was seated next to Hayward, whom I then met for the first time, and who has since been a lifelong friend. They were reading Cicero's orations. He asked me what I knew about Cicero; and when I told him I knew nothing, he kindly went into a somewhat elaborate history of his life and analysis of his character as they appeared to a boy of his age. He has forgotten this, but I remember it perfectly. It seems to me that this extempore private lecture must have lasted the whole afternoon. The poor master made no sort of interference with it, probably glad if two of his scholars were doing nothing worse than talking.

But alas, and alas! this paradise of King Log came to an end in a day or two. This amiable gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, was removed, and Francis Gardner was put in his place. For forty years after, he was master in that school, and is now well known as a distinguished classical teacher and editor. That was his baptism in a schoolmaster's life, and a baptism of fire it was. We were afterwards intimate friends, and he told me once that his first month, when he



was bringing those wild-cat boys into order, was the hardest experience of his life.

In the English room, according to the absurd theory of many schools, the whole class was kept together, without any reference to what they knew of the subject. That is to say, we were classed for our knowledge of Latin, and nobody seemed to care how much or how little we knew of arithmetic. I used to do "the sums" and write down the numerical answers in advance, so far as my slate would hold them. I was fond of arithmetic, and so I would be days ahead of the class, which was also the case with Richard Storrs Willis, the eminent musician, who sat by me. He brought to school Kettell's *Specimens of American Poetry*, a book of that time, in three closely printed octavo volumes. We read the three volumes through, and a deal of trash there is in them. Still, it was better than doing nothing; and so I suppose the master thought, for he never interfered.

To me this was all a curious double life. I was on perfect terms of companionship with the fellows in school, in recess and in the few minutes before school. But as soon as school was over I rushed home, without these companions, to join my brother Nathan, who has been spoken of, for the occupations vastly more important, which I will describe in another chapter. The other fellows would urge us to go down on the wharves, as they did. The fathers of most of them were in mercantile life, for Boston was still largely a shipping town. I can remember asking one of them what we should do on the wharves, with a horrified feeling which I have to this day about any vague future entertainment of which the lines are not indicated. He said, "Oh, we can go about the vessels, we can talk with the men." Perhaps they would be landing molasses, and we could dip straws in the bungholes; or once a cask had broken

open, and the fellows had gathered up brown sugar in their hands. To this day, when I hear of persons going abroad or anywhere else in search of an undefined amusement, I imagine them dipping straws into casks of West India molasses, and then drawing those straws through their mouths.

For me and my brother such temptations were idle. Till the last year of my school life we had more attractive work at home. In that year, Edward Renouf, afterward the well-known preacher, told us that he had access to the wood wharves on Front Street, about where the United States Hotel now stands. He said there were no other fellows there. For some reason not known to me, there were no wharfingers or other attendants. With him, and possibly with Atkins, we used to spend hours on those wharves. The Boston reader will please observe that Beach Street means a street on the beach, and that Harrison Avenue, then called Front Street, was the front of that part of the town. Why there were no keepers on those wharves I never asked, and do not know. Whether what we did were right or wrong in the view of magistrates I do not know. I do know that it was morally and eternally right, because we thought it was. That is one of the queer things about a boy's conscience. I do not remember that, till the time when I dictate these words, for nearly sixty years, it has once occurred to me to ask whose was the property we used on these occasions, or what the owners would have said to our use of it. But they did not suffer much, if at all. There were great stacks of hemlock bark, which was then coming into use in winter as kindling for anthracite coal. You could take one of these pieces of bark, three or four feet long, bore three holes for masts, and fit this hull with three masts made from shingles or laths. Stiff wrapping-paper made good sails, and writing-books were big enough for topsails. Then you could

sail them from wharf to wharf, on voyages much more satisfactory than the shorter voyages of the Frog Pond. I do not know but that, with a favorable western wind, one might come out at Sallee, on the coast of Morocco, with the location of which we were familiar from the experience of Robinson Crusoe and Xury.

But this is an excursus which belongs rather to the chapter on amusements. The home rule was absolute, and always obeyed, that we must report at home as soon as school was done. This rule undoubtedly interfered with excursions to the wharves, which, indeed, had my father been a shipping merchant, might have been more frequent. School life of itself had little to relieve it of its awful monotony. Saturday was better than the other days, because we all went upstairs into the master's room to hear the declamations. Every boy spoke from the stage once a month. And here I have heard William Evarts, Fletcher Webster, Mayor Prince, Thomas Dawes, — ah! and many others who have been distinguished since as orators. Phillips, Hillard, Sumner, and the Emersons were a little before my time, but I have seen the prize exercises of all of them among the treasures of the school.

I remember perfectly the first time I spoke. It must have been in September, 1831. At my mother's instigation, I spoke a little poem by Tom Moore, long since forgotten by everybody else, which I had learned and spoken at the other school. It is a sort of ode, in which Moore abuses some poor Neapolitan wretches because they had made nothing of a rebellion against the Austrians. As Tom Moore was himself an Irish patriot who had never exposed a finger-nail to be hurt for the Irish cause, I have since thought that his passion was all blatherskite.

However that may be, I stepped on the stage, frightened, but willing to do as I had been told, made my bow, and began.

"Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!"

I had been told that I must stamp my foot at the words "down to the dust with them," and I did, though I hated to, and was sore afraid. Naturally enough, all the other boys, one hundred and fifty of them, laughed at such an exhibition of passion from one of the smallest of their number. All the same, I plodded on; but alas, I came inevitably to the other line,

"If there linger one spark of their fire, tread it out!"

and here I had to stamp again, as much to the boys' amusement as before. I did not get a "good mark" for speaking then, and I never did afterwards. But the exercise did what it was meant to do; that is, it taught us not to be afraid of the audience. And this, so far as I know, is all of elocution that can be taught, or need be tried for. In college, it was often very droll when the time came for one of the Southern braggarts to speak at an exhibition. For we saw then the same young man who had always blown his own trumpet loudly, and been cock of the walk in his own estimation, — we saw him with his knees shaking under him on the college platform, because he had to speak in the presence of two hundred people. I owe to the public school and to this now despised exercise of declamation that ease before an audience which I share with most New Englanders. This is to say that I owe to it the great pleasure of public speaking when there is anything to say. I think most public men will agree with me that this is one of the most exquisite pleasures of life.

*Edward Everett Hale.*



## TOWNSEND HARRIS, FIRST AMERICAN MINISTER IN JAPAN.

Who opened Japan to the world, — Matthew Perry or Townsend Harris; the bluff sailor, with a great fleet, or the scholarly diplomatist, without a ship or a soldier? Was it tactics or tact, dramatic display or patient skill?

Between the years 1776 and 1853, in the eyes of foreigners at least, no act of the government of the United States had profoundly affected the world at large. Walter Dixon, an English author, declared that "the national action toward Japan has had a wider cosmopolitan influence than any other act since the Declaration of Independence." That action consisted in sending the brother of the hero of Lake Erie with an armed squadron to demand certain rights of asylum and refreshment. The whale had acted as pioneer of civilization, and had lured American ships and sailors to the distant North Pacific. The "black ships" not only cast ominous shadows on Japanese shores, but left many a wreck and waif. With courage, firmness, time, and patience, a most impressive display of men, ships, and guns, and a consummate skill in the use of their own chosen weapons that amazed even adepts in fuss, brag, and swagger, Matthew Perry won a "brain victory." He secured from the Tycoon and his satellites promise of fair treatment to American sailors, asylum to vessels in stress of weather, and right to buy fuel, provisions, and water. At the suggestion of the able diplomatist, Dr. S. Wells Williams, then secretary and interpreter, — dubbed "*Keredomo san*" (Mr. But) by the Japanese, because of his frequent use of that particular disjunctive conjunction which so often circumvented them and turned the edge of their smooth assurances, — the "favored nation" clause was inserted. In a word, Williams forged the chief weapon for the

future army of diplomatists. Nevertheless, Perry's treaty was one of friendship only, not of trade or residence. To all suggestions of commerce with their people, or alien stay upon the soil, the Japanese gave flat refusal.

Did Perry really open Japan to the world? So it seemed in 1854. He obtained what our government had asked for, but not what Americans wanted. As eager as "boomers" to occupy lands ceded by Indians were the American skippers, who interpreted the treaty too liberally, to live and trade in Japan. Within fifteen days after our frigates left Japanese waters came the first ship to Yedo Bay, soon to be followed by others loaded with families and Yankee notions, but only to be warned off and hustled out with unloaded cargoes. Departing homeward with maledictions on Perry, these voyagers declared that Japan had repudiated solemn treaties, and at home began to agitate for a stalwart commercial policy.

Whatever lofty motives may have furnished the breath that filled the sails of the American squadron, — and there are even Japanese who call it "*jimpu*," or the divine gale, — money-making was the motor that drove the keels of the traders. The market of Japan *must* be opened. The tip of the wedge being already in the crack, who should swing the beetle and drive home the splitting-iron?

When President Pierce and Secretary Marcy looked about to find the man for the work and the hour, they cast their eyes upon one supremely fitted. This man was Townsend Harris, then fifty years old. This typical American, who came of Welsh stock which had transplanted itself to America with Roger Williams, was born at Sandy Hill, Washington County, N. Y., October 3, 1803. His

mother, grand in character and stately in presence, was his chief educator, although he enjoyed the benefits of a district school. When but fourteen years old, his steps were bent to the great metropolis, and the humble beginnings of his business career were with a druggist in New York. Rising steadily by industry and skill, he became, not as one, by a lucky and prophetic misprint, wrote, "a China-merchant," but a widely known dealer in crockery and earthenware. Trade, however, was not the law of his life, but his necessity. Culture was the dominant purpose. He studied and mastered French, Spanish, and Italian, read by system the best literature, and was a close and constant student of natural history, and an independent observer of stars, plants, and animals. In after life, since he never married, and of necessity spent much time alone, these studies were his joy and solace, and powerfully assisted to keep him the man of chaste mind and body he was. In politics he was a Democrat, always refusing to accept a salaried office, and very influential with the best men of his party. He believed the State should furnish the higher education free to those who wanted it. He agitated for the creation of the New York Free Academy, and despite the powerful opposition of Columbia College won the day. The New York Free College is now nearly fifty years old. For several years he served on the Board of Education, and in 1846 and 1847 was its president.

The death of his mother, reverses in business caused by depression in trade, and other events clustering together gave Mr. Harris a long-awaited opportunity. Winding up his business, he purchased two ships, and resolved to be his own supercargo, while gratifying his taste for travel and adventure. He embarked upon one of those old-fashioned trading voyages, which steamships have rendered no longer possible. For seven years, he visited most of the Pacific

islands, and all the Asiatic countries washed by the Indian Ocean. While studying human nature in every form, his experiences were often striking, and sometimes dangerous. On one occasion he spent the night as guest of a cannibal chief. The palace of grass and reeds, black-lacquered with smoke and soot, was decorated with a dado of human skulls. After supper, the cannibal expatiated on the deliciousness of roast man, and gravely pointed out on Mr. Harris's own person the portions which were most tender and toothsome. For a short time Mr. Harris lived in China, and held the position of American consul at Ning-Po.

Throughout these years the merchant navigator was learning diplomacy at first hand, and studying the arts to which men weak in moral courage habitually resort. Oriental and insular human nature relies more on cunning than on truth. Mr. Harris continually proved the advantage of truth-speaking. He believed that one honest man was a match for ten thousand liars. His attitude toward liars was like his feeling about earthquakes, — he never got used to them. Though himself one of the courtliest of men, he hated with ever-deepening hatred both the liar and the politeness that cloaked the deception. He thought that fine manners were a fine art, but that by deceit it was degraded and its beauty turned to ashes.

Townsend Harris and William L. Marcy, Pierce's able Secretary of State, were close personal friends. Marcy wrote to China, summoning Harris, on the plea of personal friendship, to assume the responsible task in Japan. Hurrying home from China by way of the Red Sea, and completing a voyage round the world, he arrived in New York July 27, 1855, feeling as though he wanted never to leave that city "for two hundred and fifty miles in any direction." After an interview with President Pierce, he was officially appointed July 31, 1855.



The tongue of Holland was the only European language which the Japanese knew anything about, it being the basis of their extra-Asiatic culture. Moreover, the kindly offices and recommendation of the Dutch government had been powerful factors in the success of Perry's mission. Mr. Harris's first need, therefore, was an intelligent young Hollander as secretary and interpreter. This person, through the aid of the Rev. Thomas De Witt, of the Collegiate Reformed Church, he found in Mr. Henry C. J. Heusken, whose widowed mother lived in Amsterdam. He was brave, capable, enthusiastic, and scholarly. He acted as interpreter to the British and Prussian embassies during the treaty-making epoch following the success of his chief. He also found it necessary to instruct the Japanese who called themselves interpreters in modern and genuine Dutch; these tyros having made up their mind that a local mercantile *patois*, two hundred years old, and steadily flowing in Japanese moulds of thought, was the only proper form of speech. Moreover, as they insisted that every word in the Dutch versions of treaties, etc., should stand in the same order as the equivalent in the Japanese, they had to be taught not only a new language, but a new cycle of ideas. As an indispensable element in Mr. Harris's diplomatic success the name of Henry Heusken deserves permanent remembrance. He was assassinated by cowardly swashbucklers in Yedo, January 14, 1861. His tomb, in a Buddhist cemetery in Tokio, is but one of many mournful proofs of the great sacrifice of life attending the change of civilization in Japan.

After a hasty trip through Europe, Mr. Harris waited two months at Pulo Penang for the frigate *San Jacinto*. Though without rank as minister, he was charged with the making of treaties with two countries. He was to follow up Mr. Edmund Roberts's work in Siam, and negotiate a new and enlarged con-

vention. This was all the more difficult, as Mr. Balestier, his predecessor, had been unsuccessful in 1851, five years before. After a month's interviews, delays, and annoyances of various sorts at Bangkok, his labors were crowned with complete success, and by June 1, 1856, the prow of the *San Jacinto* was headed for Japan.

On the 22d of August, the *San Jacinto*, piloted into the harbor of Shimoda by a native steersman who bore credentials printed in *The Japan Expedition Press*, cast anchor. By the afternoon of the 4th of September the carpenters of the frigate had finished and set up the emblem of office. Here let Mr. Harris's diary give the story:—

"Flagstaff erected. Men form a ring around it, and at 2½ P. M. of this day *I hoist* the 'first consular flag' ever seen in this empire. Grave reflections—ominous of change—undoubted beginning of the end. Qu[ery] if for the real good of Japan. The *San Jacinto* left at five o'clock, saluting me by dipping her flag, which was answered by me, and then she left me 'alone in my glory.'"

As it proved, it was over twelve months before the blue waters of the bay again mirrored on its bosom, from an American war ship, the flag of his home land.

The warmest welcome to the new envoy was given by the mosquitoes, which are described as "enormous in size." To slaughter the army of cockroaches imported from the *San Jacinto* was his first care. With such occupations as opening boxes, suspending mosquito nets, providing eatables, putting in order his house, which was an old Buddhist temple at Kakizaki, a suburb of Shimoda, and transforming its belfry into a pigeon-house, in which his four pairs of pigeons, soon to furnish a meal to the bob-tailed cats of the neighborhood, were installed, he was too busy to be lonely. On the third night he found an ample field for

the exercise of his tastes in natural history. "Hear a curious insect of the cricket tribe to-night; sound was precisely like a miniature locomotive at great speed. Bats in rooms. See enormous 'tête de mort' spider; the legs extended five and a half inches as the insect stood. Unpleasant discovery of large rats, in numbers, running about the house. Light showers during the night."

Sunday over, on which day Mr. Harris, during his whole stay in Japan, would transact no official business, the long diplomatic struggle of one honest man against a host of liars began. Let us here note the forces and the lines of battle. It is no disgrace to the Japanese of to-day that we call attention to the blackness of moral darkness that overshadowed nearly all government dealings in the Japan of the Ansei era. Nevertheless, it is even yet true that lying and licentiousness are the national sins. Both for politeness' sake and for trivial reasons, much intellect is wasted in calling white black, and black white, while official statistics show one divorce to every three marriages as still the rule. In Harris's day, the very government itself being a fraud, built on lies, and liable at any moment to totter to its fall, it needed a buttressing of falsehood to hold it up and stave off the crash. Hence the originality, ingenuity, and energy shown in prevarication impressed Mr. Harris. His record of their lies is appalling. It seemed to him a dissipation of mental power much better put to use in other directions, while the mass and toughness of the fabrications resembled masonry.

Compelled by the force of circumstances to make the Perry treaty, the Yedo government had relapsed into slumber, only to be rudely awakened in pettish ill humor by the promptness of the Americans. Besides, the more wily ones had expected, after making the treaty, to be able to nullify it by their choice of distant or worthless ports. It

was not at first that Mr. Harris discovered what all along the Yedo officers knew, that Shimoda was nearly useless for foreign commerce. Open to the sea, it was shut in by ranges of high hills, and lay near the end of a barren promontory, remote from trade, highways, and markets. Its chief use now is as a stone quarry for the public buildings in Tokio.

In glancing at the historical situation, the dwarf of to-day can see further than could the giant of a generation ago. The more Japanese history is studied, the more is it seen to be in nothing bizarre, peculiar, or anomalous, and the more is it analogous to that of Europe. Sprung, in all probability, from two distinct stocks, the Malay islanders and the immigrants from the Asiatic highlands, the primitive men of Nippon brought with them the rude feudalism which was common to both Corea and Malaisia. The clan of Yamato, becoming paramount over the other inhabitants of Hondo, or the main island, exalted their chief to the rank of the gods. They quelled the Ainos and their aboriginal neighbors with bolts and blades of dogma as well as of iron. It was superior theology as well as improved weapons that won the day in central Japan. In the seventh century, the introduction from China of the centralized system of imperialism, with standing armies, codes of law, boards of government at the capital, and civil governors sent out to the provinces to rule conjointly with the military magistrates, brought the remotest ends of Hondo, Yezo, Shikoku, and Kiushiu under the sway of the Awful Gate, or Mikado. These centuries, from the seventh to the twelfth, of the undivided rule of the Emperor—despite the fact that in later generations the Fujiwara, Taira, and other noble families practically barred access to the Mikado, monopolized power and office, and dictated nominations to the throne—are looked upon as the golden age of Japan. Even in



this year of grace 1892, of the (mythical) Japanese Empire the twenty-five hundred and fifty-third, and of actual history possibly the sixteen hundredth, a native philosopher, in an elaborate treatise on ethics, makes the central principle of all morals loyalty to the throne.

In Roman history the development of the Pretorium, which made and deposed emperors and dictated the policy of the empire, has a striking parallel in the Bakufu, or Shōgunate, by which Japan was, with a few brief intervals, governed from A. D. 1184 to 1868. The word *pretorium* meant, first of all, a general's tent; and so did the word *bakufu*, from *baku*, a curtain, such as was used to mark off the general's headquarters, and *fu*, authority or government. In time, the tent inclosed and overshadowed all Japan. The typical product of Japanese architecture, the *yashiki*, or clan-caravansary, of which Yedo was full, was but a wooden tent. Kamakura first, and then Yedo, was the camp city of the Japanese pretorian guard. The Shōgun's central castle, girt with moats and masonry, was surrounded by the wooden tents of his vassals. The camp and the throne, Yedo and Kioto, Shōgun and Emperor, divided the goods of the nation; the former holding the purse and sword, the latter monopolizing divinity and honors.

In theory, all the land belonged to the Mikado, but parallel with the development of duarchy was that of feudalism. After the civil magistracies of the middle ages had been swallowed up in the military offices, the next step was to turn districts into fiefs, and the next to make the feudal allotments hereditary in the families of the Shōgun's nominees. The force of feudalism could no further go when these fiefs were parceled out by the Shōgun without reference to the Mikado's will, and this Iyēyasū did. He further so distributed the lands of his kinsmen and most loyal

vassals that the jealous princes of ancient fame and present power could never combine to overthrow the Shōgunate, or Yedo Pretorium. On the chessboard of Japan, the master move, or "king's hand," has always been to get possession of the Mikado and issue edicts in the name of the Son of Heaven. For two hundred and fifty years, because of the iron hand of Iyēyasū, none had been able to make that move. Further, the country had been so long at peace, under the system which seemed fixed forever, that most people forgot that things had ever been different. Not only was feudalism, with its two foci at Yedo and Kioto, coextensive with the whole empire, but in intensiveness its influence permeated every department of life, even morals and religion. The Mikado, whom none except a few august nobles of the court had ever seen, whose feet never touched the ground, whose palace was a *miya*, or temple, whose countenance was a "dragon's," who was a son of the gods, all men loved. The Shōgun, whose iron hand every man, woman, and child felt and feared, was the one to be reverently obeyed. This was Japanese religion.

With foreigners and all the world excluded by edict; with "the evil sect called Christian" extirpated; with the millions of Japan included and made *adscripti glebæ* by the reduction to ashes of all seaworthy ships, by a ban laid on travel to other lands, and death pronounced upon both passenger abroad and Christian within, Japan was isolated from the shock of change.

The apparition of Perry's fleet had indeed been a nightmare; yet even with two ports open to the "ugly" and "hairy" foreigners, was it not possible to keep things as they were? Could not the aliens' eyes be blinked, the veil be kept over Kioto, and the Mikado still float on "purple clouds" as the "spiritual" Emperor only, and the mystery play be continued? This, on the Japa-

nese side, and from the Yedo point of view, was the problem and set purpose.

Yes, and this pretorian purpose might have succeeded, had there been no students or thinkers in Japan. Unfortunately for the Pretorium at Yedo, men studied history, pondered and wrote, and the pen proved mightier than the sword. In reality, even while Townsend Harris was at Shimoda, could he have had the statistics of men imprisoned, tortured, banished, beheaded, or compelled to commit *hara-kiri* for uttering the truth; could he have seen the list of books purged by the censors, or confiscated and suppressed by the Yedo government; could he have seen the eager students furtively copying with wearisome labor English and Dutch books at peril of reputation and life, while even those who would learn science, or introduce new arts, sciences, or weapons of war, jeopardized their lives, his eyes would have been opened as the lad's at Dothan. Mr. Harris was the bearer of a letter from the President of the United States addressed to "the Emperor" in Yedo. To the American envoy, the idea of there being two Emperors, one "spiritual" and the other "temporal," a figment of the government interpreters, was not perplexing. Such an arrangement was implied in the Perry treaty, and had apparently a close analogy in Siam. A critical student might wonder at two suns in the same system, yet consider rather that sun and moon both furnished light; but which was the fire and which the reflector, Kito or Yedo?

Even a decade of life spent by the American envoy in the morally fetid atmospheres of the East had scarcely blunted the edge of his surprise at the mystery surrounding political affairs in Japan, and especially at the subterfuges daily resorted to, daily exposed, and daily repeated. He was, however, so far forearmed that he resolved on no pretext whatever should the President's

letter leave his hands until deposited by him in person before the Tycoon in Yedo. He knew that the consuming curiosity of the Japanese would be his strongest ally.

The Yedo politicians first tried him with local underlings, but without success; then with officers of higher rank; and finally with special dignitaries sent from Yedo. Then bribes alternated with threats. All were in vain; lubricity and creature comforts, honors and gold, were as empty air. Foiling their pertinacity with patience, and their variegated pretenses with simple truth, Mr. Harris won all his points. The currency question was settled,—the American dollar passed for its true value, and not at sixty-six per cent discount; ships' supplies were honestly furnished; truth in petty matters actually began to be the rule; and, greatest of all, the point of audience and residence in Yedo was, after a year's quibbling, granted.

For over a year this exile from home strained his eyes in vain to behold a national vessel which might bring him dispatches from his government. On the 8th of September, 1857, the sailing sloop of war Portsmouth, eighteen days from Shanghai, brought him money and provisions, but not a word from the State Department. She sailed away on the 12th. Six months more were to elapse before word or ship came. After many more interviews, some stormy and others tedious, an imposing document, five feet long and eighteen inches wide, arrived on the 25th of September. It was signed by five daimios composing the regency. Permission was given to enter Yedo. Here let Mr. Harris speak for himself.

*Monday, November 23, 1857.* "At eight this morning I started on my journey to Yedo. I went on horseback. The morning was very fine, and the idea of the importance of my journey and the success that had crowned my efforts to reach Yedo gave me a fine flow of spirits. The American flag was borne



before me, and I felt an honest pride in displaying it in this hitherto secluded country. At Nakamura [Middle Village], about one mile from my house, I joined the main cavalcade."

In the procession duly formed according to native etiquette, numbering about three hundred persons, and extending half a mile, went first of all, about four hundred yards in advance, three lads, each bearing a wand of bamboo with strips of paper attached to the top, forming the well-known baton of office. These cried out to the crowds that lined the roadside, "Sh'taniro! Sh'taniro!" — Down (on your knees). The news had got abroad, and a landslide of humanity seemed to have taken place in the direction of the route to Yedo, while to the great city "millions" — so the Japanese officers said — had flocked to see the new thing in Japan, an unarmed foreigner treated with highest honors.

A military officer of rank led the procession proper. Then followed the American flag, escorted by two guards; then Mr. Harris, surrounded by six mounted *samurai*; next the *norimono*, or palanquin, with its twelve carriers and their chief; then the shoe-bearers. A section of slightly less dignity for Mr. Heusken followed. The train of porters, conveying personal effects, presents, legation property, etc., was succeeded by the cook and his following and impedimenta. The trains of the governors of Shimoda, the mayor of Kakizaki, the suburb in which Mr. Harris had lived, the secretaries, etc., elongated the pomp and circumstance beyond anything seen in Idzu since the days of Yoritomo. Indeed, between the long exile with patient waiting, followed by a sudden outburst of splendid triumph, of the mediæval hero, who founded the very political system which Mr. Harris was even then destroying, and the labors and success of the victorious American, there is a striking analogy. Possibly some of the spectators may have made comparison

of the two chief events in that same neighborhood, separated though they were by seven hundred years.

In the procession, the guards, or two-sworded gentry, were clothed in silk, and had the arms of the United States on the right and left breast of their *haori*, or coats, sewed over their clan or family crests. The private baggage of the minister was covered with black cotton cloth, with the national arms neatly emblazoned. Into each of the packages of presents was stuck a little bamboo staff floating the American flag. Many of the attendants wore the *kami-shimo*, or dress of ceremony, and on the backs of the *norimono*-bearers the imported American eagle overshadowed for the nonce all domestic heraldry.

Making scholarly comparison along the route with Kämpfer's descriptions; for dignity's sake rather than personal convenience ensconcing himself at times in the curtained *norimono*; resisting firmly every attempt to place him on a level with the Shōgun's vassals, the daimios, instead of treating him as the representative of the President of the United States; enjoying the matchless scenery of Hakoné Lake, and the pine-clad mountains ranged around peerless Fuji; noting with interest the swept roads, the gala decorations, the long line of flambeaus which made his cortège during a night journey to Odawara resemble the tail of a fiery dragon; spending the Sunday in rest at Kawasaki, and reading, with Mr. Heusken as his audience and fellow-worshiper, the Prayer-Book service, Mr. Harris entered the outer gateway of the city of Yedo on the afternoon of November 30. As each ward of this camp city was then double-stocked with stout timber palings, making a series of forts, and "as the authorities were changed every one hundred and twenty yards," the passage of Mr. Harris's *norimono* to the quarters assigned him in the northwestern part of the city resembled that of a

canal boat through successive locks and levels.

"A large proportion of the assemblage wore two swords, showing they were of some rank, and almost all had on the *kami-shimo*, or dress of ceremony. The number admitted into the streets through which I passed formed a rank of five deep on each side of the way. Every cross-street had its stockade closed to prevent too great a crowd, and as I looked up and down the streets they seemed a solid mass of men and women. The most perfect order was maintained from Shinagawa to my lodgings, a distance of seven miles. Not a shout or cry was heard. The silence of such a vast multitude had something appalling in it. Lord Byron called a silent woman 'sleeping thunder.'"

On this day, one of the most significant in the whole history of Japan, the Yedo government was in a fever of anxiety lest some untoward accident or fatal marplot should turn a peaceful scene into one of turmoil and blood. By the use of most stringent measures the people of the surrounding country were kept out of Yedo, and all the inner gates of the city had been closed since the previous evening. Traffic was resumed only after the American envoy was safely housed. Eight "commissioners of the voyage of the American ambassador to Yedo" had been appointed to wait upon Mr. Harris, two of whom—Udono, a high officer of the revenue department, and Hayashi, the learned regent of the university—had served in the negotiations with Perry in 1854. On the next day the Tycoon's chamberlain made a visit of ceremony, and, after greetings in the name of "his Majesty" and congratulations, presented Mr. Harris with *seventy pounds* of bonbons and confectionery in elegant trays.

With only feelings of warmest friendship toward the people of Japan,—now abundantly confessed by themselves,—

Mr. Harris would neither use his position to privately favor a Japanese officer, nor allow him to talk of favors to him. In short, he wished, in this delicate position of a pioneer diplomatist in a hermit nation, to sink his private personality in his public duties.

"In my conversations with the Prince of Shinano to-day [December 1], he enlarged on the difficulties that he had overcome and the great labors he had performed to enable me to come to Yedo. He spoke of his anxious days and sleepless nights; that care and anxiety had taken away his appetite, so that he had become lean in his person, and that his blood had frequently gushed from his nose from his great agitation; that he had done all this from his friendship for me," etc.

"Something of this had been before hinted at, but never so fully expressed as now. I replied that I was duly grateful to him for his friendship for me, but, as he appeared to be under a great error regarding my visit to Yedo, I must now fully explain myself on that point. I told him I came to Yedo as the representative of the United States, and not in my private capacity; that the United States did not ask anything of the government of Japan *as a favor*; that it only demanded its rights; and that nothing would be accepted on the ground of favor," etc.

In this frank and manly way, refusing either to court or to fear personal feeling concerning himself as an individual, absolutely truthful and courteous to all, Mr. Harris gave the tone to further proceedings. Resting as usual on Sunday, December 6, he writes after his devotions for the Second Sunday in Advent: "Two hundred and thirty years ago, a law was promulgated in Japan inflicting death on any one who should use any of the rites of the Christian religion in Japan. . . . What is my protection? The American name alone. That name, so powerful and potent now,



cannot be said to have had an existence then, for in all the wide lands that now form the United States there were not at that time five thousand men of Anglo-Saxon origin."

All preparations completed and etiquette settled, Mr. Harris obtained audience of the Tycoon. In the great council hall sat three hundred daimios and all the high dignitaries of the Bakufu, in ceremonial caps and robes. Of the dress of the chief commissioners and the interpreters the breeches were the chief feature. "They are made of yellow silk, and the legs are six to seven feet long! Consequently, when the wearer walks, they stream out behind him, and give him the appearance of walking on his knees,—an illusion which is helped out by the short stature of the Japanese, and the great width on their shoulders of their *kami-shimos*. The cap is also a great curiosity, and defies description. It is made of a black varnished material, . . . and is perched on the very apex of the head.

"At length, on a signal being given, the Prince of Shinano began to crawl along on his hands and knees, and when I half turned to the right and entered the audience chamber a chamberlain called out in a loud voice, 'Embassador Merican.'" After three advances, three halts, and three bows, Mr. Harris stood about ten feet from the chair on which sat the Tycoon, *Iyésada*. On the right, the daimio of *Bitchiu*, who was the Minister of Foreign Affairs, "and the other five members of the great council were prostrate on their faces; on my left hand were three brothers of the Tycoon prostrated in the same manner; and, all of them being nearly 'end on' towards me, after a pause of a few seconds I addressed the Tycoon."

The American envoy's speech of about one hundred words over, he bowed. "After a short silence the Tycoon began to jerk his head backward over his left shoulder, at the same time stamp-

ing with his right foot. This was repeated three or four times. After this he spoke audibly and in a pleasant and firm voice what was afterwards interpreted to me as follows:—

"'Pleased with the letter sent with the ambassador from a far distant country, and likewise pleased with his discourse. Intercourse will be continued forever.'"

Mr. Heusken now advanced with the box containing President Pierce's letter, the Minister of Foreign Affairs rising and standing by Mr. Harris, who opened the letter sufficiently to reveal the writing, and then, replacing the lid and silk covering made of thirteen red and white stripes, handed it to the minister. Placing the document upon a lacquered stand, the minister fell prone again, and after a courteous bow from the Tycoon Mr. Harris withdrew to the anteroom.

Much pressure had been brought to bear upon Mr. Harris to get him to eat dinner alone in the palace, or with Mr. Heusken. The American offered to partake of it provided one of the royal family or the prime minister would eat it with him. "I was told that their customs forbade either from doing so. I replied that the customs of my country forbade any one to eat in a house where the host or his representative did not sit down to table with him."

After an interview with the council of state and safe arrival at his lodgings, Mr. Harris writes: "The dress of the Tycoon was made of silk, and the material had some gold woven with it, but it was as distant from anything like regal splendor as could be conceived. No rich jewels, no elaborate gold ornaments, no diamond-hilted weapon, appeared. . . . I did not see any gilding in any part, and all the wooden columns were unpainted. Not an article of any kind appeared in any of the rooms, except the braziers, and the chairs and tables brought for my use."

Almost as a matter of course, the

result of a visit to this barren dreariness without his overcoat, Mr. Harris took a violent cold.

After fifteen months of patient toil the American envoy had reached his Mysteriousness the Tycoon. He had enlightened the hermits concerning a few points in that international law which had grown up since Thornrose had fallen asleep and her castle doors had been slammed and bolted. Now began the enlightenment of a nation. Nominally Mr. Harris held daily conferences for months with a set of commissioners. In reality he was dealing with the entire Yedo government. What was each day said in council was discussed in castle and offices, so that, as those closeted with Mr. Harris declared, to keep a secret was impossible. Day after day, for weary months, from noon until long after lamplight, Mr. Harris met the commissioners to explain in detail the whole system of modern national life, to lecture upon political economy, diplomacy, and laws of nations, answering ten thousand questions. With Mr. Heusken, who taught the Dutch interpreters, he had to invent a new language in order to introduce a new world of ideas.

Finally, in February, 1858, the treaty document was ready for signature. It provided for the opening of the ports of Kanagawa (Yokohama), Nagasaki, Niigata, Hiogo, and trade and residence therein, and residence in Yedo and Osaka; it established the extra-territoriality of foreigners and their consular courts, fixed limits of travel, guaranteed religious freedom, and introduced for Americans that general state of things which they have enjoyed and suffered for thirty-four years in Japan. Appended to the fourteen articles of the treaty were various regulations as to custom houses and the laws of seaports.

Long before this time Mr. Harris had begun to suspect that the Yedo government was an empty sham, and that the real ruler of Japan was the Mikado,

whose approval of the treaty must be obtained in order to calm the country. First the learned Professor Hayashi was sent to Kioto. After a month's loss of time failure was reported. Forthwith Hotta, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, departed for the "Blossom Capital." In over two hundred years only two missions from the Yedo government had been dispatched to Kioto, success in both cases following within ten days. In this case Hotta waited, negotiated, exhausted all his resources for fifty days in vain. In the native histories the story is a long one about the vacillations of politics in the court; one day the Emperor's premier declaring by edict "that full powers were given to the Bakufu to deal with the foreign question," and the next "the opinion of the court undergoing a profound change." Of Mr. Harris the native historian says that, rendered impatient by long waiting, "he threatened that, if his time was to be wasted in this way, he would proceed forthwith to Kioto and arrange it [the treaty] himself."

All this time Mr. Harris had used no menace or threats of force, though he had not failed to hint at contemporaneous events in India and China, and at the presence of large British and French fleets in neighboring waters. He showed how much they would gain by inaugurating a commercial treaty granted reasonably and freely, before they were compelled by force to make disastrous concessions. So far was this single man, alone in Yedo, successful that, before leaving for Kioto, Hotta, in the name of the government, gave in writing the pledge demanded by Mr. Harris, and in his letter of February 17, 1858, after stating "the necessity of delaying the signing of the treaty," promised "it should be executed before the expiration of sixty days." After the failure of Hotta's mission to Kioto and his return to Yedo, June 5, and another discussion of the whole subject, in view of



the country being on the brink of civil war on account of the treaty matters, the council of state agreed to the treaty without alteration, but asked postponement of signature until September 4. By this set time the Tycoon hoped "to bring the daimios to reason." The letter of the council of state was duly sent and received, as well as a letter from the Tycoon to the President of the United States, the first to any foreign ruler.

Mr. Harris returned to Shimoda June 18. Exhausted nature giving way, he sank unconscious into a nervous fever, which lasted for weeks. The idea of losing their friend at this crisis of affairs so alarmed the statesmen in Yedo that the Tycoon's own physicians were dispatched to Shimoda, with the intimation that their own lives would be in peril if the American's were lost. As on a former occasion in Yedo, the chief lady of the city, the Tycoon's wife, sent Mr. Harris tempting delicacies prepared by her own hands. With a sword suspended, as it were, over their bowels, and possible hara-kiri in view, the doctors, aided by nature, saved their patient.

Let it be noted, then, that Mr. Harris's success had been already substantially won before news of the humiliation of China by the allied forces had reached Japan, even as it had been begun and was well on its victorious way before even the squadrons had gathered in this part of the world. To this day the unenlightened Englishman believes that the unique success of Mr. Harris, "not a diplomatist, but a plain, honest-hearted gentleman," was "due to the influence he obtained over the Taikoon at a time when the Taikoon and council in Yedo were agitated and alarmed by our second war in 1857, as well as the subsequent opportune arrival of Lord Elgin with a British squadron at Yedo in 1858."

As matter of fact, Japan was already bound by the written promise of the

Yedo government, as early as February 17, to execute the treaty, nor was any attempt made to evade, revoke, or modify the instrument. It was only for the peace of the country and in the hope of obtaining the Mikado's signature (which, however, came not until 1868) that the Tycoon's officers asked even for delay.

On July 23, 1858, the U. S. S. S. Mississippi arrived at Shimoda with the news of peace in China and the coming of the allied fleets. On the 25th Commodore Tatnall appeared in the Powhatan. On the 27th Mr. Harris went to Kanagawa and communicated the news.

For the first time the Yedo government acted promptly and with independence, for the simple reason that there was a man at the helm who dared for his country's good. The memory of Ii Kamon no Kami (assassinated March 23, 1861), so long desecrated, is now cleansed from stain by the scholarly labors of Shimada Saburo. Unwilling to risk his country's becoming like India or China, Ii, the regent and premier, dispatched two commissioners to Kanagawa, who signed the treaty at three P. M. on the 29th. After twenty-one months of mental strain, the sound of as many cannon saluting the Japanese and American flags run up together at the fore of the Powhatan was joyful music to Townsend Harris.

With mighty fleets, the British, French, and Russians came later and made treaties, and these were followed by seventeen other nations, but the treaty negotiated by Townsend Harris is the basis of them all.

In Yedo, as American minister, amid murders, assassinations, and incendiarisms, while all his colleagues had struck their flags and retired to Yokohama, Mr. Harris held his position alone, and kept the American colors flying. With intensest sympathy for the brave men who had to suffer and fall with the hoary system to which their loyalty was pledged, he helped with his kindly ad-

vice the Tycoon's ministers as he was able. In due time, he turned over the legation to the Hon. Robert H. Pruyn.

At home, supremely loyal to the Union, he gratified his own heart by presenting in due time the magnificent sword given him by the Tycoon to General U. S. Grant. He lived to see him made "the first President of the free republic" that knew no slaves, and receiving in the White House the ambassadors of the Mikado and of Japan, which no longer knew feudalism or duarchy, united after the civil war of 1868. He died in New York, February 25, 1878.

Townsend Harris intended the treaty he made with the Japanese to be just, honorable, fair; to protect them in their ignorance; to remain in force only during their childhood of experience, but to be revised after July 1, 1872, "if desired by either party."

How Japan has for twenty years suffered "oppression" by treaty, how the provisions have been altered in the interests of European nations and to the detriment of Japan, how her efforts at either revision or redress have been steadily repulsed, how her rights have been trampled upon and her wrongs multiplied by a delay every hour of which is injustice, has been already told by able writers in this magazine. Let now the Japanese speak for themselves through the editor of the *Tokumin no Tomo*, or *The Nation's Friend*. In a recent number of this *Tokio* magazine, he says:—

"Why is the United States the true friend of our nation? We do not need to repeat the story of Commodore Perry at Uraga. Then his procedure involved or manifested not a few elements of disturbance and confusion. We dare not give our gratitude to Commodore Perry for everything he did. We cannot do that. But let us consider the commercial treaty, which, though not in any sense perfect, yet contains the

guarantees of our national interests, which restrict the English, Russian, German, and French powers, so that they cannot go further in their arbitrariness than the limits specified in the treaty. In all this matter who is the influential one? However many patriots there be who demand the revision of the treaties, they ought to shed tears of gratitude for Townsend Harris, the author of the *Ansei* [A. D. 1854-59] treaty. Is it not a fact that he gave us more freedom than we find in the treaties to-day,—even when we have the National Diet, in which the nation's voice is heard? Though the present tariff is, on the average, less than five per cent, yet in the document drawn up by Mr. Harris this five per cent tariff was limited to steam-machinery, lumber, ships' supplies, coal, flour, zinc, and lead. All kinds of liquors were to be charged thirty-five per cent, while all other things were to pay twenty per cent. These generous arrangements were made by our benefactor. Whether a high tariff is still necessary to our country or not is not now our question. At this moment, we desire only to express our satisfaction with his generous proposition at such a time, when the *Shōgun's* officers were effeminate and ignorant. Had he chosen, he could have done us a most terrible injury, like a lion ravaging sheep. Such an instinct the honest spirit of Townsend Harris commanded him to repress.

"Moreover, he said [in later years] concerning the fiction of law called *jigwai-hoken*: 'The extra-territoriality given to the people of the United States who are in Japan is against my conscience. Ah! am I not to see the day when these unjust treaties shall be abrogated, before I die?' His deep sorrow in the bottom of his heart may be imagined. When we think of those ministers of European powers who have indulged their covetousness, taking advantage of a crisis in our national his-



tory as their opportunity ; when we think of their selfishness and thoughtlessness in availing themselves of the alarm of our people and the timidity of the Shōgun's officers ; when we think of their

making our extremity their gain by overreaching us, we know not what to say. All the more can we see the abounding friendship of the United States for the Land of the Rising Sun."

*William Elliot Griffis.*

## A FLORENTINE EPISODE.

### IN TWO PARTS. PART SECOND.

TOWARDS the end of June, the weather, hitherto comparatively cool, with frequent showers, became suddenly warm. The white roads, stretching out so alluringly, beckoning Keith and Phillis to follow, grew whiter still as they settled deep into dust ; the landscape lost color ; in fact, the midsummer heats had begun. The favorite excursion was now to Fiesole by tramway early in the morning, and after lunch and dinner at the Trattoria Aurora they would return in the late dusk to Florence. As they ascended and descended the mountain side, Phillis often asked her companion which one of the walled villas they were passing he would choose for his honeymoon residence. The joke, no matter how stale, could hardly lose its pungency for Keith, when not only the possibility, but the inevitableness, of such a fate grew more real hour by hour. A woman may be irresponsible about the future, but not a man, and he felt that these summer days were fixing his destiny. Did he wish to alter it ? Could he ever let Phillis drift away from him into that world of poverty and makeshift at which she hinted ? Never. She loved Italy ; she had eaten of its fatal fruit, could be happy nowhere else ; and it flattered all his manly instincts that he could keep her in that promised land.

On one of these warm afternoons Phillis was sitting in the lowest circle of the ruins of the Roman theatre at Fiesole,

her sketchbook in her lap. Keith had picked her a handful of poppies, and she had fastened them in the belt of her white linen blouse. Her hat lay tossed on the stones beside her, and as she sat looking up at the engirdling hills, with which Nature herself has amplified the amphitheatre until its highest circles kiss the sky, her features took on an expression which reminded him of a sibyl. He often felt that he saw thoughts in her face which she never uttered to him. Of what was she thinking ? Their eyes met, and his heart beat.

"I am going to make a sketch of you," she called. "It suddenly dawns upon me that, if we were to go our two ways, I have nothing tangible by which to remember you."

"Go our two ways ?" said Keith, startled. "What makes you suggest such a thing ?"

"There are few ideas which, first or last, do not come into my head. I sometimes have glimpses into heaven ; then again, I say to myself it is not Dante alone who has walked in the Inferno."

"Scale any heights you please, but don't go into the depths," said Keith, balancing himself on a fragment of a shaft. "Don't talk of our being separated. I can't bear it."

"Nonsense. There — don't move ! I want to catch that expression. Keith Tresillian, do you know that sometimes you are perfectly beautiful ?"

Her glance and words sent lightnings through his veins, but he knew by the very frankness of her compliment that it meant nothing.

"There is an altar-piece by Titian in the Frari at Venice," said Phillis, as if in a dream, "and out of a dull group looks a boy's face, — oh, such a lovely face!"

"Do you mean that I am like him?"

"No; at this moment you are like Raphael's St. John in the Tribuna. I was thinking about beauty — beauty. What is beauty in a face? What does it mean? What does it interpret? I know a man whose soul is so lovely he ought to be more beautiful than the Antinous, yet he is homely, common-looking, without a fine feature. I was thinking whether I wished he might look like the Antinous. But I do not. Antinous always seems half sulky."

"It is not often," said Keith, "that I have an idea, but I have an idea about the Antinous. When I look at him, I say to myself that I understand him."

"Is it a secret between you two?"

"I don't mind telling you. The pre-sentiment of his early death is imposed from on high. He feels the stirring in him of great powers, but Fate lays her finger on his hope and withers it, like blasted fruit on a green bough. All his victory is to be victorious over death. People quarrel, too, with Achilles for sulking in his tent when he ought to be fighting; but I always pitied Achilles when he said to his mother that, since Jove had made his life so brief, he ought to have crowned it with happiness and honor."

"Did he say that?" said Phillis, her pencil busy. "Whom the gods love die young."

Keith flung up his arms. "Love me not too well, O ye gods!" he cried. "I would not die young."

"Do not move, for the world. I want that pose!" she cried eagerly.

But he soon dropped out of it, ashamed of his freak, and began leaping restlessly

from stone to stone, spouting a medley from Homer, Sophocles, and Byron. Phillis had by this time finished her outline, and was now filling it up with her usual frenzy, and he determined to satisfy a vagrant curiosity by exploring the excavations. All at once he heard a sharp exclamation. Bounding back into the arena, he perceived that a stranger, a man of thirty or more, had joined Phillis, and was addressing her with the air of an old acquaintance, his smiling assurance in singular contrast with her suddenly serious, almost indignant mien.

While Keith stood in doubt whether to advance or recede, the intruder gave a light mocking laugh, with an ironic gesture in his direction, made a motion as of despairing entreaty to Phillis, then ran up the steps, and, pausing on the highest, offered a deep salute, and vanished behind the railing.

By this time Keith had come up.

"So you met a friend?" he remarked, startled afresh by her flushed cheeks and dilated eyes.

"Don't call him a friend," she returned, in a husky voice. "The beast! I detest him! I should like to run a stiletto into him."

"He was impertinent to you!" said Keith, lips, eyes, voice, and clenched fist all instinct with sudden fury.

"He is always impertinent," she replied. "He is one of those men who cannot have an idea about a woman that is not impertinent. But no matter."

"It matters very much. Who is the coward?"

"His name is Rau."

"What countryman is he?"

"A French Creole from Porto Rico. He is the Paris agent of a New York house."

"When did you ever know him?"

"In Paris, two years ago."

"What did he say to you now?"

She grew uneasy as she looked at Keith: his eyes were expanded, his nostrils quivered, his mouth was set,



and the effect was to give a strength and elevation which aggrandized his whole bearing.

"I could n't repeat it, and nothing would induce me to repeat it," she said, drawing a long breath; "and after all, it does not matter."

"It does matter. Who strikes at you strikes at me. You are under my protection."

"How foolish!" she exclaimed petulantly. "I am not in the least under your protection. You have no right to assume such a thing. We are casual acquaintances who have found it convenient to go about together for a few days. Please dismiss it all from your mind, for actually what he said was nothing. Only I have hated the horrible creature for two years, and his presence is offensive to me. I loathe the expression of his eyes and his slimy smile."

Keith had already discovered that Phillis could at need assume the dignity and decision of a mature woman. Now, while he stood looking at her, wounded by her response to his passionate outburst, she changed the subject, and tried to dispel the impression she had given of her humiliation and pain. She showed him the sketch she had made of him, — a sketch, we admit, calculated to humble a young man's pride into the dust; then, observing that his wrath was not appeased, she asked him to climb the hill with her, declaring she had always been curious to see what was on the other side. She had been languid all day, but now a tricky spirit had apparently entered into her. Yet, pretty and coquettish as she was, Keith could not so easily get over the effect of his wrath, and that chill of apprehension like a lump of ice in a glass of fiery wine.

But when they had gained the top of the ridge, she declared that there was nothing to see save hills and more hills, ilexes and olives, all alike dull and dreary. The laughing side of Fiesole

lay towards Florence. Her spirits had flagged; she confessed she was tired, and wanted to go down and sit on the "Strangers' Seat," near the monastery. Luckily, the bench on the high terrace was empty, and she sank down as if exhausted. The straw-workers came up to offer their baskets and fans with smiling importunity, and Keith dispersed them with a franc apiece; and a handful of sous and an imperative "Andate via!" scattered the children who offered bunches of carnations. The Franciscan monks toiling up the ascent cast bright-eyed glances at the two young people. Keith believed that Phillis wished to enjoy the tranquillity which rested over heights and valley. His own first vivid emotion had died away. He leaned over the parapet and gazed across the wide plain where the far-away bends of the Arno were beginning to take the light. The olive-trees beneath him felt the breeze, and broke into a silver ripple. It was a pleasure to tell over the domes and towers of the city, like beads in a rosary. The reddening rays of the sun, as it neared the horizon, divided into broad level bars of rosy light, which made an interchange of shine and shadow, flushing the Campanile and the Duomo, while Santa Croce and the Palazzo Vecchio stood out clear, but rayless.

"Oh, look!" he said, turning back to his companion; but instead of meeting her quick smiling attention he saw quite a different Phillis from the one he had known hitherto. She was huddled into a corner of the bench, her face covered with her hands.

"You are crying!" he exclaimed in bewilderment.

"Of course I am crying," she returned tartly. "Who has more to cry about than I have, I should like to know?"

There seemed to him a note of accusation in her voice.

"Have I done or said anything wrong?" he gasped.

"You are so unfeeling, — everybody is so unfeeling," she sobbed.

"What have I said? What have I done?" he asked, in an agony of remorse. "If I held my tongue, it was because I did not wish to remind you of that scoundrel."

"You were thinking about me. Doubts of my being a proper person rose in your mind."

"Never for an instant."

"Then you have less knowledge of the world than I gave you credit for," she said indignantly, "for I told you that creature was impertinent, and all appearances were against me. The matter is simply this: I once took M. Rau for a gentleman, and found out my dire mistake. That was all. And it would be strange indeed if a girl, not wholly unattractive, should live all alone in Europe for five years, utterly unbefriended, so poor that she cannot extricate herself from awkward *contre-temps* by drawing out a full purse, boarding in pensions where horrid women spy and cackle all day long, or lodging by herself in lonely rooms so high up the *concierge* will take no trouble about them, and never have anything happen. Why, queens on their thrones have been insulted. Nothing can protect a woman against a man's brutality except the safeguard in himself."

"I can protect you," said Keith, that horrible dread once more overtaking him.

"I did not say I wanted you to protect me. I meant only that I hate to be suspected. I have always protected myself. I always shall protect myself. I should scorn to conceal anything if I had actually done wrong. I should kill myself outright if I could not take the world honestly."

"You do!" cried Keith, at his wits' end to say something to soothe her.

"This sort of experience makes me feel as if I were a Pears' soap or an

Epps's cocoa advertisement," she continued. "It is as if I were placarded all over Europe. I loathe myself! I want to enter a nunnery, — hide myself behind grate and veil for the rest of my life."

"Oh, good heavens," Keith murmured, "don't, please don't!"

"I told you I had a fit of homesickness now and then," she faltered, as she looked at him, her thick lashes heavy with tears, her whole face sad, quivering, pallid, yet still dimpled childishly, and more passingly sweet in its distress even than in its laughter. He longed to kiss her, to comfort her, to claim her, to hold her. "At such moments," she went on with a sob, "I feel so thankful that there is somebody in the world who, in spite of all my follies and mistakes, adores me; not out of idle love of amusement, not out of an occasional impulse, but out of a complete faith and knowledge; who held me in his arms when I was a baby; who in spite of all my five years of absence has never for an instant forgotten me."

Keith tingled as if he had been struck a blow. Evidently he was not that man.

"If I said you were like him, you would probably be indignant," she proceeded. "Still, what attracted me towards you at first sight was the expression of your eyes, which reminded me of his. He is a plain man, not dressed by Bond Street tailors. I don't suppose he ever wore a pair of gloves in his life. He never knows what to do with his hands or his legs, yet all the same, in essentials, I have felt there was a likeness between you. You have always been kind to me, — never flippant, never coarse. You have understood that I have a mind, a heart, a soul. Too often I have been treated like a show, baited, as it were, to make myself an amusing spectacle, led on simply to see what my high spirits would bring me to. It is pleasant to be set aglow, but when



the intoxication is past I hate the idea of it. Don't be afraid but that I have my poor moments, like a jelly-fish left by the tide."

Keith was studying her face.

"I can't help being curious about this paragon whom I resemble. Where does he live?" he inquired.

"In Saugatuck, Ohio."

"Is he a brother?"

"No."

"A cousin?"

"Well, a sort of cousin; at least I call him 'cousin David.' Don't ask me to define him. I like simply to feel that he exists, like the bounty of God; that at need I can call him; that he will never fail me while he lives."

Keith experienced a dismay shot through with a genuine pang. Her piercing sweet voice, her tender lips, her lovely eyes, thrilled him, but did he dare to wrestle with this phantom of a "sort of cousin," overcome it, and claim her for his own? He had for days been in the mood to ask Phillis to marry him. He admired her, enjoyed her companionship, and felt tenderly towards her. Of course, being in love with anybody, after his experience with Rose Bellew, was out of the question. As well might a lovely crystal jar broken at the well be restored to flawless perfection. When certain things go to pieces, they go to pieces for good and all, and a young man's heart is one of those things. Still, happy or unhappy, there is a necessity for living on; honor exists and duty exists, and if Phillis would accept a share in his destiny, and they could establish themselves in a white villa guarded by two cypresses and set about with fig and olive orchards, he thought existence might be endurable. He was already interested in Italian agriculture; and how enchanting to study the processes of irrigation, and make little channels to bring water to his terraces and vineyards, while his charming Phillis looked on, the cicadas chirped, and the fountain

splashed! The girl had risen, and they were leaning together over the wall, looking down at the valley, where the sunset lights had changed the Arno into a sinuous track of rose and flame. How easily he might at this moment have broached the subject, except for that spectre of a cousin she had so unfeelingly invoked! Was there actually such an individual, or was he a happy invention? He thought of asking if she had a photograph of him about her.

The monastery bells had been ringing with a sweet wild clangor, but now ceased.

"I don't wonder," she remarked casually, breaking in upon his dubitations, "that women who commit imprudences like to be Catholics. There are so many saints to meet you halfway, if you have a little votive offering ready."

"Let me be your patron saint," Keith returned, with new ardor in his voice. "I will meet you more than halfway."

"I don't wish," she said earnestly, "to do anything wrong. I only like to do what I like, and when people see harm in my actions it simply shows that they have horrid imaginations. The reason I sometimes long to turn Catholic is that Protestantism is so right up and down,—it insists that you shall be either one thing or the other; no rounding off, no tenderness for human infirmity! It is so matter of fact, so masculine!"

"Now I insist," said Keith, with enthusiasm, "that poetry, all-embracing tenderness, large magnanimity, are purely masculine traits. If you want full sympathy, confess your sins to a man, not to a woman."

She burst into a fit of laughter.

"That is so exactly like cousin David!" she said.

Naturally Keith was nettled.

"Meanwhile, I have no objection to dinner or supper," he observed. "Shall we go over to the Aurora?"

She grew nervous on the instant. It

was evident that she had apprehensions of a possible second encounter with the objectionable acquaintance. She suggested that it was high time to take the tramway back to town, where they might sup at Bonciani's.

Every table in the upper dining-room was full, when they entered the place. But some gentlemen were just settling their bill, Angelo, Keith's favorite waiter, hastened to suggest, and if the signora would but sit down in the anteroom for a moment! The signora was glad enough to withdraw into the shadow; indeed, as she saw two men issuing from the room, she even hid her face with a scarf she pretended to be readjusting. Keith did not perceive that the stranger who had vexed Phillis was passing, but the stranger recognized Keith. A few minutes later, when Angelo had summoned the signor and signora to the freshened table, and with his obliging air brought a new *fiasco* of Chianti and the *carta del giorno*, M. Rau peeped in at the door. Keith was giving his order, when all at once his heart came to his mouth. The Frenchman had approached Phillis, and was bending over her.

"Mademoiselle failed to give me her address," he said.

"I am on the point of leaving Florence," she replied.

"Hardly to-night or to-morrow," he persisted, smiling.

"I receive no visitors," returned Phillis, with the same trepidation and air of revolt she had shown in the afternoon.

"That is incredible, incredible. I must find you. I cannot so easily believe that you will deny an old friend like me."

Under his exaggerated deference there was all the time a suggestion of mocking irony.

Keith had risen. "Permit me, monsieur," he said, "to have a word with you outside." He led the way to the

top of the stairway. "Do you understand," he asked calmly, "that I am the companion of the lady whom you addressed?"

"I felicitate monsieur upon his good fortune as much as I envy him," the man replied.

"Permit me, in the name of the lady, to say that she declines your further acquaintance."

"Monsieur could not be so cruel if he understood the claims I have upon mademoiselle. I am an old and most particular friend."

"You have no claims; you are insolent, and I forbid you even to approach her."

Rau smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Is monsieur, then, her husband — her?" —

"Evidently you are not acquainted with the ideas or manners of decent people," Keith returned, with disdain. He measured the position of the other as he stood on the top of the shallow stairway. "Via!" he said contemptuously, at the same time raising his foot and giving just sufficient impetus to his kick to send the intruder sprawling down half a dozen steps, where he fell on the midway landing. His companion had been waiting for him in the vestibule below, and now, looking up, saw the scuffle and darted towards Rau, who was regaining his feet with a crimson face, and shaking his clenched fist at Keith.

"I will" — he burst out when his friend caught his arm. "You" — he cried in impotent wrath.

Keith was tugging at the pocket of his waistcoat. He pulled out a card, and with a look of scorn flung it at the two men; then turned and went back to the table, where Phillis was waiting for him with no little disquietude. His cheeks were flushed, his heart was beating violently, he could hardly restrain angry tears, but for the first time in his life he was able to act a part. He par-



ried the girl's questions, persuaded her that nothing was amiss, ate his supper with apparent relish, then sent for a cab and put her into it, promising to meet her at the Uffizi at eleven o'clock the next day.

Left alone on the curbstone, he drew a long breath that did not wholly evidence a sensation of relief. As he stood irresolute somebody clapped him on the shoulder. He turned with a start.

"Why, Mayo!" he exclaimed. "I was just going to look you up."

"To ask me to sup with you?" said Mr. Mortimer Mayo gayly. "All right. I'm your man. It just occurred to me, as I strolled up the street, that if I had happened to have my purse with me I would have had one of Bonciani's cutlets before I went to bed."

"Come in," said Keith. He led the way into the lower restaurant, and sat down in the corner on a cushioned seat against the wall, and drew Mayo to his side. "I want to talk to you," he said, with subdued vehemence. "You are a sort of cousin, and you are, besides, the only man I know in Florence."

"My young friend, you are, I fear, in some scrape," rejoined Mayo, his pointed beard bristling and all his features assuming a look of concern.

"I shall very likely receive a challenge to fight a duel, and in that case may I refer to you as my second?"

"Oh, my dear Keith, what have you been doing?"

"I have done nothing that I regret. I merely kicked a rascal downstairs."

"I suppose it's about that girl. I warned you that with that sort of woman there was invariably plenty of drama."

"She is as noble and sweet a girl as I ever knew in my life," said Keith hotly. "Unluckily, she has been poor and lived about as she could while she devoted herself to art."

"O Art, Art! what atrocities are committed in thy name!"

"But that lady's name must not be

drawn into the question," said Keith, with decision.

"Who is the man?"

"His name is Rau. He lives in Paris."

"What did he do?"

"He was impertinent."

"To that — lady?"

"To me."

"What did you do?"

"I told you I kicked him downstairs."

"That was imprudent, I fear, — most imprudent. Nobody likes to be kicked downstairs."

"What I wish to know," Keith proceeded, with growing restlessness, "is whether you will act as my second in case he takes the matter up."

"But I don't know how to be a second. I rather pique myself," Mr. Mayo proceeded plaintively, "on my knowledge of the world, but I have never had anything to do with duels. In fact, they are obsolete. They are talked about only in novels and on the stage."

"Plenty of duels are fought all the time in Europe."

"I don't even feel certain that I know how to load a pistol," said Mayo, more and more staggered as the details of the possible affair presented themselves to his imagination. "I suppose you expect to fight with pistols?"

"I don't object to swords. I've taken lessons in fencing," said Keith moodily.

"Oh, you lamb, you tender lamb! I feel like sprinkling you with mint sauce. You don't realize what you may be in for. Pistols, swords! Did you ever use firearms at all?"

"I have had little or no pistol practice, but I have hunted with a rifle in the Adirondacks, and once, in the Rockies, I killed a bear."

"I'm afraid rifles would be considered wholly out of the question," observed Mayo mournfully. "Oh, what folly it is! For an American, a sensible, matter-of-fact American, with a clear sense of the value of human life, of the beauty of law and order — I mean —

that is, of course — a really civilized American living in a North Atlantic city! Have you gone so far as to reflect that people may be killed in duels?"

"Of course that possibility does exist."

"It is the object of duels. What else are they for? And even in a duel of the tamest description at least one of the principals is sure to be wounded. The idea of being wounded! Horrible! Do you take into account all the abominable, the disgusting contingencies, — surgeons, stretchers? Have you begun to realize what the thing involves?"

"I have not," returned Keith impatiently, "and, what is more, I do not intend to work myself up over accidents which have not happened. What I want to be sure of is that, in case I am challenged, I may send the fellow to you."

"Oh, lord, yes! Send him, of course. I'll stand by you through thick and thin," said Mayo, with a groan.

"Very well. I'm most grateful. Good-night."

"Oh, by the way!" cried Mayo, conscious that he had given the waiter a comprehensive order, "have you any spare silver about you? I thought, as I was ordering for two, and as you generally insist on settling" —

"Oh, of course," said Keith, his hand in his pocket.

"I shall need to keep up my strength," murmured Mayo gently, as he shook hands with Keith in a mournfully affectionate way. Left alone, however, he went at his supper with some zest, pulling down the fiasco of Chianti many a time; yet all the while his thoughts were anxious.

"A duel? What will Mrs. Tresillian say? She will blame me. Blame me? Perhaps Keith will be killed, and I shall be arrested. We may be running a tremendous risk. I have never looked into the Italian laws about dueling. The idea of my permitting myself to be mixed up in this ridiculous mess! It is incredible that, in spite of my experi-

ence of the world, I should be in such a position. So foolish, so reckless! A young fellow, with all the money he wants to spend, setting himself up as a target for a Frenchman to shoot at, — for all I know a crack shot and a hardened duelist, — and all for the sake of a little *diable* of an artist! I won't let myself be exposed to such mischances. I'll warn the police. I'll have Keith watched. I might telegraph to Mrs. Tresillian. She could come in time to stop it. Of course that is the right, the only thing to do. She would never forgive me if I did otherwise."

And before he slept Mr. Mayo did telegraph to Mrs. Tresillian. That is, reflecting that Mrs. Tresillian was an anxious mother, and probably a nervous, delicate, excitable woman, that he had never met her, while he did chance to be well acquainted with Miss Rose Bellew, who was traveling in the same party, he addressed his dispatch to that young lady.

"Break news carefully to Mrs. Tresillian. Keith is on the point of fighting a duel with a Frenchman. In absence of lawful guardians, shall I speak to police? Young lady in the case; quandary; no jurisdiction; dread of interference; need of instructions from interested parties.

MORTIMER MAYO."

Keith turned into his bed as soon as he reached the Hotel Europa, feeling that, although it would be of no use to try to sleep, it must bring relief to shut away the light from his throbbing head. But he slept nevertheless: he did not hear the clatter of the market wagons at dawn, the bells of the donkeys, nor the summons to matins, and when he awoke it was seven o'clock. As usual, his first thought was of Rose Bellew; that he was not to see her that day, and that the day she was to brighten for him was never to shine again. Then suddenly he started into a sitting posture, and, staring at the canopy, rubbed his forehead with his



hand. Recollection had smitten him, and the events of yesterday had to be met and marshaled. He tingled afresh at the affront to Phillis. It helped him to accept the consequence of his own acts. Yesterday he had been excited, carried away. He now confessed to himself that there had been some swagger in the pose he had assumed, yet, with simple sincerity of outlook, he could not accuse himself of having gone beyond the necessities of the case. The cad had behaved in a way which could be answered only by a kick, and he had kicked him.

Still, at this moment he was under no glamour, and certain perceptions burned in upon his mind. Miss Phillimore's confession had not been full, but it was evident that she had, at one period, confided in the Frenchman to some degree, until she had been compelled to give him a rebuff, for which he evidently bore her a grudge. Keith could but admit that even the girl's best friend must have ample faith in her indiscretion. So long as a woman has to do with a man willing to interpret her every speech and action chivalrously she is safe; but a *roué*, or even a coxcomb, can easily put an unprotected woman hopelessly in the wrong for her play of innocent coquetry; for it is she who heaps the fagots, and it is he who brings the fire. So long as the world lasts, Keith said with conviction, if a woman aims at enjoying a man's freedom, she must be at least half a man, not show herself a pretty woman from her finger-tips to the way she sets down her feet in their pointed shoes.

For his idea of Phillis had suddenly assumed all the simplicity, the narrowness, the jealousy, of a lover's. Of course she must be his wife; nothing else was any longer possible for either of them. That paragon of a Hoosier might or might not have a palpable existence; but he was four thousand miles away, and could hardly fit into the requirements of the present emergency.

What if a duel came off? What if he should be killed? Would Rose Bellew remember that she had sent him away desperate? He would write her a letter, to be delivered in case of his not surviving the encounter. In strong, simple language he would tell her she had said he was too young, that he had never been face to face with the realities of life, but that here he was face to face with death, the only actual reality for mortals.

What a fool he was, — always rehearsing some rôle, but playing no part but that of a dreamer! He must bathe, dress, prepare for visitors. By this time tomorrow, perhaps — He wondered where Florentines fought duels. Were the choice left to him, he would choose the Roman theatre at Fiesole. He remembered the insolent look in Rau's face as he addressed Phillis, and the fury of yesterday returned. He felt that, standing ten paces from the scoundrel, he should not waste his shot in the air. Yet it was hideous to have this confused sense of trouble, shame, and wrath coupled with his belief in Phillis's absolute purity and truth. The conviction lay upon his heart like a dead weight that she had once seemed to encourage Rau as she had encouraged himself; then, having discovered that she was playing with fire, had tried to put it out, and had not been over-successful.

Again Keith said to himself that he lacked energy, concentration, — that he must rise and dress; and now he did get up, go through the processes of his morning toilet, ordering his coffee before he had finished in order to gain time. He told the waiter that he should be in all the morning; then thought of calling him back and explaining that he had an engagement at eleven, but desisted, saying to himself that he was weak, fussy, nervous.

It was by this time nine o'clock. He ate his rolls and drank his coffee hurriedly; then regretted his haste, as he

found himself without occupation. He sat down at the table with the intention of writing to his mother. It was out of the question, however, that he should write letters until he knew what was likely to happen. A knock sounded at the door. It was only the man to take away the breakfast things, but Keith's heart hammered in his ears. However, when, ten minutes later, another knock came, he was glad to find himself perfectly calm. A card was brought him.

M. VICTOR STEINHOF.

Keith directed that the visitor should be shown up. It was, as he expected, the individual who had run to Rau's assistance the night before; a well-dressed, good-looking man of forty, who began talking at once in fairly good English. He said he had been requested by M. Rau to call upon M. Tresillian and suggest that the preceding day had been one of trying heat; at such times the blood goes to the head and the nerves become irritable; in this climate of Italy a man almost has a sunstroke without being in the sun; besides, the Chianti is a fiery wine; one sometimes behaves in a manner not quite satisfactory. In short, M. Tresillian might like a chance to apologize.

"I apologize?" said Keith, whose blood at this moment was certainly all in his head. "I am conscious of the courtesy of the suggestion, but I have nothing to apologize for."

"Softly, softly," said the bland Steinhof. "You are a very young man, traveling perhaps without guardians?"

"I am twenty-five years of age lacking two months," replied Keith.

"Ah, so old? I should not have thought it. Still, twenty-five is young, and there is sometimes a lack of experience; and I may venture to say that when a man is older he has learned to smile and to shrug his shoulders instead of taking the trouble to get into a rage. M. Rau has every respect for the lady.

Although a Frenchman, he has lived in America, and holds the theory — erroneous, no doubt — that American young ladies are very good-natured. He is an old friend of Mademoiselle Phillimore's, and he wished to express his pleasure at meeting her unexpectedly. If her pleasure was not equal to his, it is his misfortune, not his fault."

"I know nothing of M. Rau's past acquaintance with any one. What I object to is his very unpleasant manner in the present."

"Each man has his own manners," said Steinhof.

"M. Rau needs to mend his," Keith returned dryly.

"You are very good to dictate to us what we shall do," said Steinhof, suddenly bristling, "but I came here to insist on an apology from yourself."

"You will have no apology from me," said Keith calmly. "I cannot feel that I was in the wrong. M. Rau may like an opportunity to apologize."

"You understand the alternative?"

Keith shrugged his shoulders.

"Will you name a friend with whom we may discuss the business?" asked Steinhof, with more and more alertness and decision.

"Certainly," answered Keith. He gave Mr. Mortimer Mayo's name and address at the Albergo Vittoria, and Steinhof withdrew with an air of execrating politeness.

Left alone, Keith stretched himself with a half laugh. His spirits had risen. He left a message for Mr. Mortimer Mayo, and went out to keep his engagement with Miss Phillimore. He had heard the bells ringing all the morning; now, as he walked along the streets, their pealing faltered into sobs, then with a final note they were silent. Everything wore a festival air: niches and shrines were heaped with flowers; crowds had gathered before the Duomo, and he suddenly recalled the fact that this was the day of Florence's patron saint, St. John.



As it was a holiday, of course all the galleries would be closed; his engagement was void. He was glad; it was better that he and Phillis should not meet to-day.

The bishop was alighting from his carriage as Keith reached the cathedral, and almost against his own volition he found himself swept along with the procession into the church, where he was presently seated in the nave, with a clear view of the magnificently decorated altar. The choir was full of canons in vestments of white and gold; acolytes came and went, bearing missals, chalices, and candlesticks. As the rich vibration of the organ voluntary died away, a grand mass of Rossini's began, played by an orchestra, and sung by a great chorus. Keith found himself in a condition of mind and senses to feel the full charm of the splendid ceremonial. He watched the celebrant at the altar; he studied the faces of the priests, stamped in general with distinction and self-confidence. He gazed up into Brunelleschi's dome, and his heart swelled at the thought of the patient, heroic effort of men; that is, of the men who have moulded the world. Ah, what a world! What possibilities it offered for achievement! What privileges for those who did not act, yet could feel with admiration and with sympathy the greatness of other men! How short was even the longest life, how pathetic, how conclusively final, the general decree of death! Yet here he had been almost exulting that he was about to fight a duel. But he was too much under the influence of the music and the service to give himself to a distinctly personal idea. He was diverted by the incessant and serious occupation which the bishop's mitre imposed upon the attendant priest, who was constantly receiving it, then readjusting it on the anointed brows; the waving of the censers before the high dignitary, whose rich robes were parted to receive the clouds of incense, started more problems in Keith's mind than he

could solve; the mystery of the "pax" touched him; the priest who carried the blessing had a sweet illuminated face, and the young fellow felt that his own devouring restlessness, his growing insurrection against the fate hurrying towards him, might be appeased by that laying on of hands.

The music was so piercingly sweet it brought the tears to his eyes. Verses from one of Tourgenieff's prose poems forced themselves upon his mind.

"What shall I think of when it comes to me to die, if indeed I am then in a condition to think?"

"Shall I think of this, — that I have made a poor use of my life, that I have slept it away, dreamed it away, that I knew not how to enjoy its gifts?"

"How? This already death? So soon? Impossible. When I have not succeeded in doing anything, — I have only gathered things to do."

The thoughts conscience imposed began to be unbearable. Keith looked on all sides, to see if, somewhere in the great crowd, there was not some movement, some possible outlet. As his eyes turned this way and that, they suddenly rested on Miss Phillimore's head and shoulders rising above the choir screen at the left. She was evidently standing on her chair, in order to look into the chancel. As usual, she took the eye irresistibly. She challenged observation; he could not remove his gaze from her. It was clear that she had a companion, towards whom she constantly leaned with smiles and whispers. Keith asked himself, with incredulous anger, whether it could be the man Rau. He must satisfy himself about the matter. The trouble of head and brain began again. He hated this suspense, this inaction, this waste of life and feeling. He longed to have the whole affair ended, no matter how.

He had not counted on the density of the crowd. It was impossible to gain a glimpse of Miss Phillimore on his way

out. As soon as he was free of the throngs of people in the square it was time to go back to his hotel, where he had left word for Mr. Mayo he would be between twelve and two o'clock. He found this note awaiting him : —

"Everything settled ; hope it's satisfactory. To-morrow at nine, outside the Prato gate. Pistols, twenty paces. Very busy. Try to see you before two o'clock.

M. M."

Keith read the missive over and over. Certainly it was packed full of meaning for him. His brain could not have been entirely clear, for it was impossible to carry all the points in his mind, and he had constantly to refer to the document, when he would repeat, "Pistols — twenty paces — to-morrow morning, outside the Prato gate, at nine!"

It was explicit, yet somehow he felt the necessity of having more details, although of course it was the business of the seconds to spare the principals all the burden of minor arrangements. In spite of the exciting nature of the situation, time hung heavy on his hands. He could settle to nothing until he had had a satisfactory talk with Mr. Mortimer Mayo. Two o'clock finally came, and that gentleman had not appeared. Keith ordered luncheon. He hoped that matters would seem less hazy and unsubstantial when he had reinforced his strength with food and a bottle of Orvieto. Yet, strange to relate, his sense of the painful realities of his position was not deepened by a hearty meal. He felt lighter of heart. As he luxuriously smoked a cigar, it amused him to call up time-honored stories of duels, particularly of encounters between Frenchmen and Englishmen. There was one, in which an Englishman had fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman, over which he chuckled irresistibly, although the particulars had escaped him, save for this desirable climax.

Four o'clock, half past four! Five

o'clock, half past five! Still his second did not appear. Keith sent a messenger to the Albergo Vittoria for Mr. Mayo, but word came that the gentleman had been out since eleven o'clock. Keith shrugged his shoulders. After all, he himself had nothing to do save to play out his own part the next morning outside the Prato gate, — a part which it was impossible to rehearse. He decided to dismiss all feeling of responsibility, and to go to San Miniato, leaving word that if Mr. Mayo called he was to follow him thither and dine. He joined the crowd outside, which laughed and buzzed in a happy fashion. Every one turned into the dimly lighted Baptistery, where a few priests were singing an office sitting in their stalls, and another, at the altar, was going through genuflections, attended by an acolyte. The edifice was full of children, who played hide-and-seek round the columns, or were lifted by their mothers to kiss the images of the Madonna and of the patron saint, which were almost hidden in flowers. Keith made his way through the joyous groups, passed out at an opposite door from that by which he had entered, and threaded his way through the constantly increasing crowds as far as the Signoria, where he took the tramway for San Miniato. Here at last he found the tranquillity he had been seeking. He walked up and down the terrace, and half in reverie, and half in haze of mind, watched the lovely colors of the fading day. From the city below rose a soft clangor of bells, sobbing out a final appeal only to recommence with new entreaty. The many-bridged river, the villa-crowned slopes, the white walls of Fiesole, were all a dream within a dream. The engagement for the morrow, his foolish wrath, even Miss Philimore herself, — all had alike become far off, dim, unimportant. It was irksome to think about the absurd imbroglio. His sweep of vision was so wide, his sense of space so unconfined, — for the sapphire and amethystine hills appeared



not to inclose him with horizons, but to lead the eye up to grander vistas, — that he liked simply to look, to feel, to enjoy. Bells went on sounding from the spires, campaniles, pinnacles, and turrets, but they helped to intensify the silence which seemed like a visible presence to fold its wings and brood. Seven o'clock! Where was Mr. Mortimer Mayo? Streams of people began to pass along the walks and terraces, spoiling the solitude. Keith searched the place for his guest, sat down in the restaurant, ordered a dinner which he left almost untouched, then again took his stand at the high angle overlooking the city to wait for the illumination. The sun was setting, and the Arno caught the light in rosy patches, breaking the monotony of the dusky levels. The tiers upon tiers of olive-trees along the slopes grew gray, silvery, weird; the hills deepened through every lovely gradation of blue and chocolate into violet, and the sky faded from rose to daffodil.

Keith's eyes, ranging round the great amphitheatre, fastened by chance on the bronze David. Something plucked at his heart with sudden reminder, and he felt a hot throb of excitement. All day long he had been trying to catch up with himself, as it were, to take hold of himself with his two hands. But this boy's look and attitude, as he measured himself against his destiny, taught him what he, Keith Tresillian, ought to be feeling. Not that he himself could conquer Goliath, or even a pigmy; but if he had an ounce of David's heroism in his veins, he ought to be able to summon a force which would make him a match for the powers he had to contend with. This was no happy shepherd lad, like Donatello's David with his foot on the neck of the giant. This battle was unfought, the victory unwon. Michael Angelo always perpetuated, not the triumph, but the struggle.

The crowd behind pressed tumultuously forward. A galaxy of stars shot

out of the deepening shadows, gemming the lovely outlines of the Duomo and of Giotto's Tower.

"Now did you ever see anything in Ohio equal to that?" said a voice out of the babel, whose every intonation Keith knew by heart.

"Wa'al, no, not exactly."

Keith had turned. Miss Phillimore was just behind him; not looking at him, however, nor even at the illumination, but at a tall man beside her, on whose stalwart arm rested a little bare hand, a hand whose curves Keith had studied by the hour, as it wrought with brush or crayon. He could not withdraw his gaze from the couple, although the fireworks had begun, and the city was enveloped in a rosy blaze, while the Arno mirrored a deadly crimson.

Miss Phillimore soon felt his compelling glance.

"Oh, Mr. Tresillian!" she burst out. "How very odd! I wanted so much to see you! I owe you a thousand apologies for not being at the Uffizi this morning, but my cousin — let me introduce you to Mr. David Norton — reached Florence just after sunrise."

Had Keith shown his real feelings, his blank amazement would have been a comic display. He felt like a dog on the chase whose track has run up a tree. He murmured something, nevertheless, about his pleasure in making Mr. Norton's acquaintance.

"Happy to meet you, sir," that gentleman returned, grasping the young fellow's hand with warmth. "Matty was telling me what a good friend you had been to her this past fortnight, and any friend of hers is a friend of mine."

"It is quite the other way; she has made Florence delightful to me," replied Keith, coerced to respond, though his words seemed to come from a hitherto unknown corner of his brain, where the parts of speech exercised themselves independently of his own thought and will. "I have been waiting for my mother

and her party to join me, and unless I could have carried Miss Phillimore's sketchbook around for her I must have perished of sheer dullness."

"She is going to lay aside that sketchbook now," observed Mr. Norton, in the large, serene way which characterized his look, manner, and speech. "She has got tired of painting at last, and is going back to real life. We are to be married at the American consul's day after tomorrow, and shall hope to see you, Mr. Tresillian. Next day we propose to set out for the lakes and Switzerland, and July 14th we sail from Bremen for home."

While he was speaking a fresh discharge of fireworks sent long streamers of violet-colored flame almost up to the zenith. For a moment, Florence, with its spires, domes, towers, and turrets, set in its encircling hills, shone in a light that never was on sea or land. At the spectacle, the crowd, pressing forward to gain a point of vantage, broke and was scattered like the crest of a wave. Miss Phillimore had withdrawn her hand from the arm of her *fiancé*, and while he was swept in one direction, she and Keith, to whom she happened to cling, were borne in the other.

"Are you surprised?" she asked, looking up into his face with a sad, shy, but candid glance.

"'Surprised' is a word I have used before," said Keith. "I need a new vocabulary. Tell me one thing: were you expecting him?"

"He had written that he was coming for me," she replied soberly. "Of course I could n't be absolutely sure about the date of his arrival."

Keith looked at her as if he would read her heart.

"One more question: have you been engaged to him all this time I have known you?"

"All this fortnight? David says that I promised to marry him when I was seventeen, and now I am twenty-six.

No doubt it was all fixed and settled at the beginning. Everything comes to an end finally, and so has my European experience. Every dog has his day, and I have had mine."

He was certain that there were tears in her eyes.

"But," he murmured, "if it is a sacrifice" —

"A sacrifice?" she repeated. "A sacrifice? Hitherto I have painted wretched pictures; think of me hereafter in Ohio, making butter, looking after hens and chickens, dividing my year by the spring and autumn cleaning."

He whispered her name; he put his hand upon hers, but she threw off his clasp.

"No, no, no," she said, with a little sound, half a laugh and half a sob. "Did you hear him call me Matty? Phillis was just a pretense, like the rest of it. She has gone to be a ghost, never to take body again. My real name is Martha Jane, and plain Martha Jane I shall be to the end of my life. I shall settle down, and like it, no doubt. I have loved him always, he is so good! Although he is not clever or learned, although he has had no experience, although he has certain ideas I am ready to laugh at, and little habits that, by a foolish fastidious taste, I might wish to be different, yet in my real honest heart I render him and all his ideas and traits and ways homage. And the life I shall go back to in Ohio, crude as it is, is the only real life I have or can have, for all my early impressions centre there; with eyes and ears and heart and mind I absorbed them from my infancy; they grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength. We are born only once; we have only one childhood, and that maps out our mental estate for us."

"I want you to be happy," began Keith. "I" —

"I shall be very happy," she interrupted resolutely, "and I am going to make David wildly happy. Here he is."



"I can find you a better place for seeing," said the individual to whom this beatitude was promised, "if you and Mr. Tresillian will come this way, Matty."

They nodded at Keith, expecting him to follow; but after one faint effort he seemed to give it up as hopeless, and, dizzily making his way out of the crowd, sat down on the steps of the statue. He felt as if a limb had been lopped off. He was conscious of a silent, weak rage against himself that he had suffered this thing to happen. He loved Phillis, — that is, he was fond of her, and could have grown to love her, and was ready to swear that she could have loved him; yet he had permitted this possible felicity to drift away, as he permitted everything to drift away from him. By one moment of clear intuition that he had missed a complete and possible felicity he paid his debt to Phillis — that is, to Martha Jane Phillimore — for making him almost happy. She was so witty, so wise, so foolish, so clever, so everything that he required to give zest to his existence. Almost happy! The twinkling rushlight she had offered had sometimes made him content without the full-orbed moon he had once worshipped. Now all was sheer blackness; in his firmament shone no star. And, as if his desolation were not enough, he had a duel on his hands for the next day! Seen in these new lights, the complication was as monstrously false as it was monstrously absurd, full of a grim irony. Had he put his whole head and heart into his half love affair, he might have been willing to endure the results which grew out of the situation, no matter how incalculable. However, if those creeping hours ever passed, if the farce of the next morning's encounter were ever gone through, and he found himself once more awake, alive, he would try to snatch at the realities of life he had hitherto passed by.

He went back to his hotel, feeling

sure that there he should at last find Mr. Mortimer Mayo; but that gentleman went on defeating expectation.

Accordingly, as it was almost midnight, Keith went to bed, giving orders that he should be called at five o'clock, and fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

He was roused by a terrible pounding at the door.

"I am awake," he returned calmly.

"Let me in, won't you?" said Mortimer Mayo. "It is almost nine o'clock."

With a blank horror clutching at his conscience, Keith tottered to his feet, unbolted the door, and stood, tall, lean, disconsolate, in his night gear, staring as if stupefied at his visitor, who entered, sat down, and gave way to irrepressible laughter.

"Is it too late?" Keith gasped.

"Too late to reach the Prato gate? Yes, by an hour."

For a minute there was danger in Keith. He looked ready to fly at Mayo, seize and shake him. Then he relented, but with a crimson face and quivering nostrils began to pace the room.

"What shall I do?" he cried finally, like a creature driven to the wall.

"Do? Nothing to do now," said Mayo cheerfully.

Keith beat his forehead with his hands. His vanity felt the blow.

"It is your fault!" he burst out. "Why did you keep away from me yesterday? And to-day you let me sleep on."

"The people downstairs tell me they tried to rouse you at five o'clock, but could get no answer."

Keith palpitated in every pulse with anger and shame. He longed to break bonds, but knew not on whom to visit his wrath except himself. Such a fiasco! It whipped him like a lash across his tenderest feelings that the story would run about and people would hear of it.

"Come, come, Keith," said Mayo. "Be sensible. Get yourself dressed, and be thankful you are well out of a bad mess. I told you people did not fight duels nowadays."

"But it was all arranged!" shrieked Keith.

"Oh, well, in a way. Steinhof is a right-minded fellow, and he felt that Rau had behaved ill. He said he was always warning the brute that his little civilities would be answered by the pistol or bowie-knife of some irate American. I assured him that if the thing went on they would find themselves in no end of trouble with the authorities."

"Do you mean you gave notice to the police?" Keith gasped.

"I should not have ventured on such a step. So long as it was a mere affair of picnics and sight-seeing I was willing to act *in loco parentis*, but when it came to the question of a duel I thought Mrs. Tresillian's advice ought to be asked."

"And she has come?" said Keith, with a twitching nostril and clenched hands.

"Her representative is here."

"Who, the courier Simone?"

"As I say, her representative reached Florence yesterday afternoon. We had an interview with Rau and Steinhof, and extracted an apology, which will be given you if you will take the trouble to put on some clothes."

"If you will leave me," said Keith, with what loftiness he could assume, "I will dress."

"Then I may inform Mrs. Tresillian's representative that you will soon appear?"

"You may send the fellow to me."

"Oh, I don't allude to the courier."

"Then I suppose it is Colonel Talbot," said Keith, with intense disgust.

Mr. Mayo went out and shut the door, and we will follow his example. Left face to face with what seemed to Keith the most ridiculous passage of his luckless life, he was in no happy frame of

mind. When he issued from his room, his face was pale and a fire burned at the bottom of his eye. He negatived Mayo's proposal of breakfast with no little energy in his accent and disdain in his glance, for he detected a twinkle in the eye of that gentleman.

"Please lead the way," he said.

"Up these stairs," said Mayo, and, tapping at a door, he ushered Keith into a small parlor with a balcony looking out upon the Piazza. "Mr. Keith Tresillian," he announced, "let me introduce you to Mrs. Tresillian's representative." Then, with the tact and discretion which invariably characterized Mr. Mortimer Mayo, he withdrew.

Keith stood gazing. There she was, the girl he had loved before he was old enough to put on knickerbockers, whom he had loved every year since, and should love till he died, — a slim princess of a woman, with eyes of the serenest brilliancy, and the loveliest smile in the world.

"Keith," she said, holding out her hand.

"I expected to find Colonel Talbot," he blurted out.

"No, it is I."

"Do you mean it is you who have made me a laughing-stock?"

"I certainly did not want you to fight a duel."

"You told me I was too young, only a boy. It is consistent, perhaps, that you should treat me like a child, but — but" —

"I did not stop to think of consistency, Keith," she said, now holding out both hands as if in entreaty. Her color came and went; her lips quivered.

"Did my mother send you?" he faltered.

"No; Mr. Mayo telegraphed to me. I did not tell your mother."

"Did you come alone?"

"I had my maid besides Simone."

He tried to make a brave stand against this insidious enemy.



"I suppose I ought to thank you," he said stiffly, in a very low voice. "But a woman cannot perhaps realize what it is for a man to feel that he has been helped out of a position from which there is but one honorable door."

"I assure you, both Mr. Rau and Mr. Steinhof were glad of any excuse. It needed but a word."

"What was that word?" he demanded.

"Mr. Rau said that he could not have presumed to meddle with Miss Phillimore if he had supposed you were her suitor. I told him you were incapable of anything except serious and respectful attentions to a girl." She looked up into his face. "Keith, you see I could speak for you, for once you even put me on a pedestal and worshiped me. You cannot think how deep my sympathy is for this new happiness you have found. I insist that you shall take me to see Miss Phillimore."

"I hardly think" — he began stiffly. She laid her hand on his sleeve.

"Why are you so cold to me?" she asked coaxingly. "Surely not because that foolish duel is off? Those two men started for Venice this morning at six o'clock. It is actually they who ran away. Surely you cannot consider dueling anything but wicked and absurd, and why should you be angry with me simply because I want you to live and be happy?"

"Much you care about my happiness!" he burst out. "I loved you. I had gone on loving and loving you. You knew that you were my conscience, my aspiration, all that I hoped for or cared about. Then when I put it into words, you said I seemed to you a mere boy."

"Certainly you consoled yourself promptly," said Miss Bellew, with spirit. "And since you have so easily consoled yourself, Keith, I will tell you this; it can make no difference now except that it may help you to forgive my interference. You had not been gone a day, scarcely an hour, before I was wretched. I had nobody to turn to. I suddenly found out" —

She met his startled, incredulous eyes, and broke off.

"You found out" — he repeated. His face was transfigured. He had grasped both her hands, and she found further confession difficult. She blushed more and more deeply, her eyes dropping their lids. She tried to turn away.

"Can you mean," he whispered, detaining her, "that you found out you loved me?"

"Of course I loved you," she said, with a sob. "You understood me so well, you ought to have known it all the time — for you saw that — indeed, instead of being my slave, you actually were my master — I" —

A subtle fire ran through his veins. He longed to play with the possibilities of this moment, to test the reality of this strange, sweet confession, now at last that he had her at his mercy. But the revulsion of feeling made him beside himself with joy, and he clasped her in his arms.

"But Miss Phillimore!" cried Miss Bellew.

"I will take you to see her to-morrow morning," he returned, with a low laugh. "She is to be married. She is to marry an excellent man, a man I honor and rejoice in, — Mr. David Norton, of Ohio."

*Ellen Olney Kirk.*

## THE PASSING OF THE BIRDS.

"The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing."  
OMAR KHAYYÂM.

By the first of August the bird-lover's year is already on the wane. In the chestnut grove, where a month ago the wood thrush, the rose-breasted grosbeak, and the scarlet tanager were singing, the loiterer now hears nothing but the wood pewee's pensive whistle and the sharp monotony of the red-eyed vireo. The thrasher is silent in the berry pasture, and the bobolink in the meadow. The season of jollity is over. Orioles, to be sure, after a month of silence, again have fits of merry fifing. The field sparrow and the song sparrow are still in tune, and the meadow lark whistles, though rarely. Catbirds still practice their feeble improvisations and mimicries in the thickets along the brooksides as evening comes on, and of the multitudes of robins a few are certain to be heard warbling before the day is over. Goldfinches have grown suddenly numerous, or so it seems, and not infrequently one of them breaks out in musical canary-like twitterings. On moonlight evenings the tremulous, haunting cry of the screech-owl comes to your ears, always from far away; and if you walk through the chestnut grove aforesaid in the daytime you may chance to catch his faint, vibratory, tree-frog whistle. For myself, I never enter the grove without glancing into the dry top of a certain tall tree, to see whether the little rascal is sitting in his open door. More than half the time he is there, and always with his eye on me. What an air he has! — like a judge on the bench! If I were half as wise as he looks, these essays of mine would never more be dull. For his and all other late-summer music let us be thankful; but it is true, nevertheless, that the year is waning. How

short it has been! Only the other day the concert opened, and already the performers are uneasy to be gone. They have crowded so much into so brief a space, — the passion of a lifetime into the quarter of a year! They are impatient to be gone, I say; but who knows how many of them are gone already? Where are the blue golden-winged warblers that sang daily on the edge of the wood opposite my windows, so that I listened to them at my work? I have heard nothing of their rough *dsee, dsee* since the 21st of June, and in all that time have seen them but once, — a single bird, a youngling of the present year, stumbled upon by accident while pushing my way through a troublesome thicket on the first day of August. Who knows, I say, how many such summer friends have already left us? An odd coincidence, however, warns me at this very moment that too much is not to be made of merely negative experiences; for even while I was penciling the foregoing sentence about the blue golden-wing there came through the open window the hoarse upward-sliding chant of his close neighbor, the prairie warbler. I have not heard that sound since the 6th of July, and it is now the 22d of August. The singers had not gone, I knew; I saw several of them (and beautiful creatures they are!) a few days ago among the pitch pines; but why did that fellow, after being dumb for six or seven weeks, pipe up at that precise moment, as if to punctuate my ruminations with an interrogation point? Does he like this dog-day morning, with its alternate shower and sunshine, and its constant stickiness and heat? In any case I was glad to hear him, though I cannot in the spirit of veracity call him a good singer. Whist! There goes an oriole, a gorgeous creature, flashing from one



elm to another, and piping in his happiest manner as he flies. It might be the middle of May, to judge from his behavior. *He* likes dog-day weather, there can be no question of that, however the rest of the world may grumble.

This is a time when one sees many birds, but few species. Bluebirds are several times as abundant as in June. The air is sweet with their calls at this moment, and once in a while some father of the flock lets his happiness run over in song. One cannot go far now without finding the road full of chirping sparrows, springing up in their pretty, characteristic way, and letting the breeze catch them. The fences and wayside apple-trees are lively with kingbirds and phœbes. I am already watching the former with a kind of mournful interest. In ten days, or some such matter, we shall have seen the last of their saucy antics. Gay tyrants! They are among the first birds of whom I can confidently say, "They are gone;" and they seem as wide-awake when they go as when they come. Being a man, I regret their departure; but if I were a crow, I think I should be for observing the 31st of August as a day of annual jubilee.

A few years ago, in September, I saw the white-breasted swallows congregated in the Ipswich dunes,—a sight never to be forgotten. On the morning of the 9th, the fourth day of our visit, a considerable flock, but no more, perhaps, than we had been seeing daily, came skimming over the marshes and settled upon a sand-bar in the river, darkening it in patches. At eight o'clock, when we took the straggling road out of the hills, a good many — there might be a thousand, I guessed — sat upon the fence wires, as if resting. We walked inland, and on our return, at noon, found, as my notes of the day express it, "an innumerable host, thousands upon thousands," about the landward side of the dunes. Fences and haycocks were covered. Multitudes were on the

ground, in the bed of the road, about the bare spots in the marsh, and on the gray faces of the hills. Other multitudes were in the bushes and low trees, literally loading them. Every few minutes a detachment would rise into the air like a cloud, and anon settle down again. As we stood gazing at the spectacle, my companion began chirping to a youngster who sat near him on a post, as one might chirp to a caged canary. The effect was magical. The bird at once started toward him, others followed, and in a few seconds hundreds were flying about our heads. Round and round they went, almost within reach, like a cloud of gnats. "Stop! stop!" cried my companion; "I am getting dizzy." We stopped our squeakings, and the cloud lifted; but I can see it yet. Day after day the great concourse remained about the hills, till on the 13th we came away and left them. The old lighthouse keeper told me that this was their annual rendezvous. He once saw them circle for a long time above the dunes, for several hours if I remember right, till, as it seemed, all stragglers had been called in from the beach, the marsh, and the outlying grassy hills. Then they mounted into the sky in a great spiral till they passed out of sight; and for that year there were no more swallows. This, he insisted, took place in the afternoon, "from three to four o'clock." He was unquestionably telling a straightforward story of what he himself had seen, but his memory may have been at fault; for I find it to be the settled opinion of those who ought to know that swallows migrate by day, and not by night, while the setting out of a great flock late in the afternoon at such a height would seem to indicate a nocturnal journey. Morning or evening, I would give something to witness so imposing a start.

The recollection of this seaside gathering raises anew in my mind the question why, if swallows and swifts

migrate exclusively in the daytime, we so rarely see anything of them on the passage. Our Ipswich birds were all tree swallows, — white-breasted martins, — and might fairly be supposed to have come together from a comparatively limited extent of country. But beside tree swallows there are purple martins, barn swallows, sand martins, cliff swallows, and chimney swifts, all of which breed to the northward of us in incalculable numbers. All of them go south between the middle of July and the first of October. But who in New England has ever seen any grand army of them actually on the wing? Do they straggle along so loosely as to escape particular notice? If so, what mean congregations like that in the Ipswich dunes? Or are their grand concerted flights taken at such an altitude as to be invisible?

On several afternoons of last September, this time in an inland country, I observed what might fairly be called a steady stream of tree swallows flying south. Twice, while gazing up at the loose procession, I suddenly became aware of a close bunch of birds at a prodigious height, barely visible, circling about in a way to put a count out of the question, but evidently some hundreds in number. On both occasions the flock vanished almost immediately, and, as I believed, by soaring out of sight. The second time I meant to assure myself upon this point, but my attention was distracted by the sudden appearance of several large hawks within the field of my glass, and when I looked again for the swallows they were nowhere to be seen. Were the stragglers which I had for some time been watching, flying high, but well within easy ken, and these dense, hardly discernible clusters, — hirundine nebulae, as it were, — were all these but parts of one innumerable host, the main body of which was passing far above me, altogether unseen? The conjecture was one to gratify the imagi-

nation. It pleased me even to think that it *might* be true. But it was only a conjecture, and meantime another question presented itself.

When this daily procession had been noticed for two or three afternoons, it came to me as something remarkable that I saw it always in the same place, or rather on the same north and south line, while no matter where else I walked, east or west, not a swallow was visible. Had I stumbled upon a regular route of swallow migration? It looked so, surely; but I made little account of the matter till a month afterward, when, in exactly the same place, I observed robins and bluebirds following the same course. The robins were seen October 26, in four flocks, succeeding each other at intervals of a few minutes, and numbering in all about 130 birds. They flew directly south, at a moderate height, and were almost certainly detachments of one body. The bluebird movement was two days later, at about the same hour, the morning being cold, with a little snow falling. This time, too, as it happened, the flock was in four detachments. Three of these were too compact to be counted as they passed; the fourth and largest one was in looser order, and contained a little more than a hundred individuals. In all, as well as I could guess, there might have been about three hundred birds. They kept a straight course southward, flying high, and with the usual calls, which, in autumn at least, always have to my ears a sound of farewell. Was it a mere coincidence that these swallows, bluebirds, and robins were all crossing the valley just at this point?

This question, too, I count it safer to ask than to answer; but all observers, I am sure, must have remarked so much as this, — that birds, even on their migrations, are subject to strong local preferences. An ornithologist of the highest repute assures me that his own experience has convinced him so strongly



of this fact that if he shoots a rare migrant in a certain spot he makes it a rule to visit the place again a year afterward on the same day, and, if possible, at the same hour of the day. Another friend sends me a very pretty story bearing upon the same point. The bird of which he speaks, Wilson's black-cap warbler, is one of the less common of our regular Massachusetts migrants. I count myself fortunate if I see two or three specimens during its spring or autumn passage. My correspondent shall tell the story for himself:—

"While I was making the drawings for the Silva, at the old Dwight house, I was in the habit of taking a turn every pleasant day in the gardens, after my scanty lunch. On the 18th of May, 1887, in my daily round I saw a Wilson's black-cap for the first time in my life. He was in a bush of *Spiræa media*, which grew in the midst of the rockery, and allowed me to examine him at near range with no appearance of fear. Naturally I made a note of the occurrence in my diary, and talked about it with my family when I got home. The seeing of a new bird always makes a red-letter day.

"The next spring, as I was looking over my notebook of the previous year, I came upon my entry of May 18, and thought I would be on the lookout for a black-cap on that date. Several times during the morning I thought of the matter, and after my lunch I sauntered into the rockery, just as I had done the year before. Imagine my start when there, in the very same bush, was the black-cap peering at me; and I found, on looking at my watch, that it was precisely the same hour, — half past one! I rubbed my eyes and pinched myself to make sure it was not a dream. No, it was all real. Of course I thought the coincidence very singular, and talked about it, not only with my family, but also with other people. You must remember that I had never seen the bird elsewhere.

"Well, another spring came round. The 18th of May was fixed in my mind, and I thought many times of my black-cap (I called it *my* black-cap now), and wondered if it would keep tryst again. On the morning of the 18th, the first thing I thought of when I awoke was my black-cap. That forenoon I actually felt nervous as the time approached, for I felt a sort of certainty (you smile) that I should see my bird again. My lunch was hastier than usual, and I was about to sally forth when it flashed across me, 'Suppose the bird should be there again, who would believe my story? Hold! I will have a witness.' I called to Mr. J——, who was at work upstairs, and, after explaining what I wanted, invited him to accompany me. We cautiously entered the rockery, and within a few minutes there flitted from a neighboring thicket into that very spiræa bush my black-cap! I took out my watch. It was just half past one!"

My own experiences in this kind have been much less striking and dramatic than the foregoing, but I may add that a few years ago I witnessed the vernal migration in a new piece of country — ten miles or so from my old field — and found myself at a very considerable disadvantage. I had never realized till then how much accustomed I had grown to look for particular birds in particular places, and not in other places of a quite similar character.

I speak of witnessing a migration; but what we see for the most part (ducks and geese being excepted) is not the actual movement northward or southward. We see the stragglers, more or less numerous, that happen to have dropped out of the procession in our immediate neighborhood, — a flock of sandpipers about the edge of the pond, some sparrows by the roadside, a bevy of warblers in the wood, — and from these signs we infer the passing of the host.

Unlike swallows, robins, bluebirds, blackbirds, and perhaps most of the sparrows, our smaller wood birds, the

warblers and vireos especially, appear to move as a general thing in mixed flocks. Whenever the woods are full of them, as is the case now and then every spring and fall, one of the most striking features of the show is the number of species represented. For the benefit of readers who may never have observed such a "bird wave," or "rush," let me sketch hastily one which occurred a few years ago, on the 22d of September. As I started out at six o'clock in the morning, in a cool northwest wind, birds were passing overhead in an almost continuous stream, following a westerly course. They were chiefly warblers, but I noted one fairly large flock of purple finches. All were at a good height, and the whole movement had the air of a diurnal migration. I could only conjecture that it was the end of the nocturnal flight, so far, at least, as the warblers were concerned; in other words, that the birds, on this particular occasion, did not finish their nightly journey till a little after sunrise. But if many were still flying, many others had already halted; for presently I came to a piece of thin, stunted woods by the roadside, and found in it a highly interesting company. Almost the first specimen I saw was a Connecticut warbler, perched in full view and exposing himself perfectly. Red-bellied nuthatches were calling, and warblers uncounted were flitting about in the trees and underbrush. A hurried search showed blackpolls, black-throated greens, blue yellow-backs, one redstart, one black-and-white creeper, one Blackburnian, one black-and-yellow, one Canadian flycatcher (singing lustily), one yellow redpoll, and one clearly marked bay-breast. The first yellow-bellied woodpecker of the season was hammering in a tree over my head, and not far away was the first flock of white-throated sparrows. After breakfast I passed the place again, and the only bird to be found was one phoebe! Within half a mile of the spot, however, I

came upon at least three goodly throngs, including scarlet tanagers (all in yellow and black), black-throated blue warblers, pine warblers, olive-backed and gray-cheeked thrushes, a flock of chowwinks (made up exclusively of adult males, so far as I could discover), red-eyed vireos, one solitary vireo, brown thrashers, with more redstarts, a second Blackburnian, and a second black-and-yellow. Every company had its complement of chickadees. Of the morning's forty species, thirteen were warblers; and of these thirteen, four were represented by one specimen each. For curiosity's sake, I may add that a much longer walk that afternoon, through the same and other woods, was utterly barren. Except for two or three flocks of white-throated sparrows, there was no sign whatever that the night before had brought us a "flight."

Autumnal ornithology may almost be called a science by itself. Not only are birds harder to find (being silent) and harder to recognize in autumn than in spring, but their movements are in themselves more difficult of observation. A few years of note-taking will put one in possession of the approximate dates of arrival of all our common vernal migrants. Every local observer will tell you when to look for each of the familiar birds of his neighborhood; but he will not be half so ready with information as to the time of the same birds' departure. Ask him about a few of the commonest,—the least flycatcher and the oven-bird, or the golden warbler and the Maryland yellow-throat. He will answer, perhaps, that he has seen Maryland yellow-throats in early October, and golden warblers in early September; but he will very likely add that these were probably voyagers from the north, and that he has never made out just when his own summer birds take their leave.

After the work of nidification is over, birds as a rule wander more or less from their breeding haunts; and even if



they do not wander they are likely to become silent. If we miss them, therefore, we are not to conclude as a matter of course that they have gone south. Last year, during the early part of the season, cuckoos, both black-bills and yellow-bills, were unusually plentiful, as it seemed to me. Then I discovered all at once that there were none to be found. After the first of July I neither saw nor heard a cuckoo of either species! Had they moved away? I do not know; but the case may be taken as an extreme illustration of the uncertainty attaching to the late-summer doings of birds in general. Every student must have had experiences of a sort to make him slow to dogmatize when such points are in question. Throughout May and June, for example, he has heard and seen wood thrushes in a certain grove. After that, for a whole month he hears and sees nothing, though he is frequently there. The thrushes have gone? So it would seem. But then, suddenly, they are singing again in the very same trees, and he is forced to conclude that they have not been away, but during their period of mid-summer silence have eluded his notice. On the whole, therefore, after making allowance for particular cases in which we may have more precise information, it would be hard, I think, to say just when our nocturnal travelers set out on their long journey. As the poet prayed Life to do,

They steal away, give little warning,  
Choose their own time;  
Say not good-night, — but in May's brighter  
    time  
Bid us good-morning.

Their departure bereaves us, but, all in all, it must be accounted a blessing. Like the falling of the leaves, it touches the heart with a pleasing sadness, — a sadness more delicious, if one is born to enjoy it, than all the merry-making of springtime. And even for the most unsentimental of naturalists the autumn

season has many a delightful hour. The year is almost done; but for the moment the whole feathered world is in motion, and the shortest walk may show him the choicest of rarities. Thanks to the passing of the birds, his local studies are an endless pursuit. "It is now more than forty years that I have paid some attention to the ornithology of this district, without being able to exhaust the subject," says Gilbert White; "new occurrences still arise as long as any inquiries are kept alive." A happy man is the bird-lover; always another species to look for, another mystery to solve. His expectations may never be realized, but no matter; it is the hope, not its fulfillment, that makes life worth having. How can any New Englander imagine that he has exhausted the possibilities of existence so long as he has never seen the Lincoln finch and the Cape May warbler?

But "I speak as a fool." Our happiness, if we are bird-lovers indeed, waits not upon novelties and rarities. All such exceptional bits of private good fortune let the Fates send or withhold as they will. The grand spectacle itself will not fail us. Even now, through all the northern country, the procession is getting under way. For the next three months it will be passing, — millions upon millions: warblers, sparrows, thrushes, vireos, blackbirds, flycatchers, wrens, kinglets, woodpeckers, swallows, humming-birds, hawks; with sandpipers, plovers, ducks and geese, gulls, and who knows how many more? Night and day, week days and Sundays, they will be flying: now singly or in little groups, and flitting from one wood or pasture to another; now in great companies, and with protracted all-day or all-night flights. Who could ask a better stimulus for his imagination than the annual southing of this mighty host? Each member of it knows his own time and his own course. On such a day the snipe will be in such a

meadow, and the golden plover in such a field. Some, no doubt, will lose their way. Numbers uncounted will perish by storm and flood; numbers more, alas, by human agency. As I write, with the sad note of a bluebird in my ear, I

can see the sea beaches and the marshes lined with guns. But the army will push on; they will come to their desired haven; for there is a spirit in birds, also, "and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

*Bradford Torrey.*

## DON ORSINO.<sup>1</sup>

### XVI.

It was long before Orsino saw Maria Consuelo again, but the circumstances of his last meeting with her constantly recurred to his mind during the following months. It is one of the chief characteristics of Rome that it seems to be one of the most central cities in Europe during the winter, whereas in the summer months it appears to be immensely remote from the rest of the civilized world. From having been the prey of the inexpressible foreigner in his shooting season, it suddenly becomes, and remains during about five months, the happy hunting-ground of the silent flea, the buzzing fly, and the insinuating mosquito. The streets are indeed still full of people, and long lines of carriages may be seen towards sunset in the Villa Borghesa and in the narrow Corso. Rome and the Romans are not so easily parted as London and London society, for instance. May comes, the queen of the months in the south. June follows. Southern blood rejoices in the first strong sunshine. July trudges in at the gates, sweating under the cloudless sky, heavy, slow of foot, oppressed by the breath of the coming dog-star. Still the nights are cool. Still, towards sunset, the refreshing breeze sweeps up from the sea and fills the streets. Then behind closely fastened blinds the glass windows are opened, and the weary hand

drops the fan at last. Then men and women array themselves in the garments of civilization and sally forth, in carriages, on foot, and in trams, according to the degrees of social importance which provide that in old countries the second class shall be made to suffer for the priceless treasure of a respectability which is a little higher than the tram, and financially not quite equal to the cab. Then, at that magic touch of the west wind the house-fly retires to his own peculiar Inferno, wherever that may be, the mosquito and the gnat pause in their work of darkness and blood to concert fresh and more bloodthirsty deeds, and even the joyous and wicked flea tires of the war dance and lays down his weary head to snatch a hard-earned nap. July drags on, and terrible August treads the burning streets, bleaching the very dust upon the pavement, scourging the broad campagna with fiery lashes of heat. Then the white-hot sky reddens in the evening when it cools, as the white iron does when it is taken from the forge. Then, at last, all those who can escape from the condemned city flee for their lives to the hills, while those who must face the torment of the sun and the poison of the air turn pale in their sufferings, feebly curse their fate, and then grow listless, weak, and irresponsible as over-driven galley slaves, indifferent to everything, — work, rest, blows, food, sleep, and the

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1891, by Macmillan & Co.



hope of release. The sky darkens suddenly. There is a sort of horror in the stifling air. People do not talk much, and if they do are apt to quarrel, and sometimes to kill one another without warning. The splash of the fountains has a dull sound, like the pouring out of molten lead. The horses' hoofs strike visible sparks out of the gray stones in broad daylight. Many houses are shut, and one fancies that there must be a dead man in each whom no one will bury. A few great drops of rain make ink-stains on the pavement at noon, and there is an exasperating half-sulphurous smell abroad. Late in the afternoon they fall again. An evil wind comes in hot blasts from all quarters at once; then a low roar like an earthquake, and presently a crash that jars upon the overwrought nerves; great and splashing drops again, a sharp, short flash, — then crash upon crash, deluge upon deluge, and the worst is over. Summer has received its first mortal wound. But its death is more fatal than its life. The noontide heat is fierce, and drinks up the moisture of the rain, and the fetid dust with it. The fever-wraith rises in the damp, cool night, far out in the campagna, and steals up to the walls of the city, and over them and under them and into the houses. If there are those yet left in Rome who can by any possibility take themselves out of it, they are not long in going. Till that moment there has been only suffering to be borne; now there is danger of something worse. Now, indeed, the city becomes a desert inhabited by white-faced ghosts. Now, if it be a year of cholera, the dead-carts rattle through the streets all night, on their way to the gate of St. Lawrence, and the workmen count their numbers when they meet at dawn. But the bad days are not many, if only there be rain enough; for a little is worse than none. The nights lengthen, and the September gales sweep away the poison-mists with kindly strength.

Body and soul revive, as the ripe grapes appear in their vine-covered baskets at the street corners. Rich October is coming, the month in which the small citizens of Rome take their wives and the children to the near towns, — to Marino, to Frascati, to Albano and Aricia, — to eat late fruits and drink new must, with songs and laughter, and small miseries and great delights, such as are remembered a whole year. The first clear breeze out of the north shakes down the dying leaves and brightens the blue air. The brown campagna turns green again, and the heart of the poor lame cab-horse is lifted up. The huge porter of the palace lays aside his linen coat and his pipe, and opens wide the great gates; for the masters are coming back, from their castles and country places, from the sea and the mountains, from north and south, from the magic shore of Sorrento, and from distant French bathing-places, — some with brides or husbands, some with rosy Roman babies making their first triumphal entrance into Rome, and some, again, returning companionless to the home they left in companionship. The great and complicated machinery of social life is set in order and repaired for the winter; the lost or damaged pieces in the engine are carefully replaced with new ones which will do as well or better, the joints and bearings are lubricated, the whistle of the first invitation is heard, there is some puffing and a little creaking at first, and then the big wheels begin to go slowly round, solemnly and regularly as ever, while all the little wheels run as fast as they can, and set fire to their axles in the attempt to keep up the speed, and are finally jammed and caught up and smashed, as little wheels are sure to be when they try to act like big ones. But unless something happens to one of the very biggest the machine does not stop until the end of the season, when it is taken to pieces again for repairs.

That is the brief history of a Roman year, of which the main points are very much like those of its predecessor and successor. The framework is the same, but the decorations change, slowly, surely, and not, perhaps, advantageously, as the younger generation crowds into the place of the older, as young acquaintances take the place of old friends, as faces strange to us hide faces we have loved.

Orsino Saracinesca, in his new character as a contractor and a man of business, knew that he must either spend the greater part of the summer in town, or leave his affairs in the hands of Andrea Contini. The latter course was repugnant to him, partly because he still felt a beginner's interest in his first success, and partly because he had a shrewd suspicion that Contini, if left to himself in the hot weather, might be tempted to devote more time to music than to architecture. The business, too, was now on a much larger scale than before, though Orsino had taken his mother's advice in not at once going so far as he might have gone. It needed all his own restless energy, all Contini's practical talents, and perhaps more of Del Ferice's influence than either of them suspected, to keep it going on the road to success.

In July Orsino's people made ready to go up to Saracinesca. The old prince, to the surprise of every one, declared his intention of going to England, and roughly refused to be accompanied by any one of the family. He wanted to find out some old friends, he said, and desired the satisfaction of spending a couple of months in peace, which was quite impossible at home, owing to Giovanni's outrageous temper and Orsino's craze for business. He thereupon embraced them all affectionately, indulged in a hearty laugh, and departed in a special carriage with his own servants.

Giovanni objected to Orsino's staying in Rome during the great heat.

Though Orsino had not as yet entered into any explanation with his father, the latter understood well enough that the business had turned out better than had been expected, and began to feel an interest in its further success for his son's sake. He saw the boy developing into a man by a process which he would naturally have supposed to be the worst possible one, judging from his own point of view. But he could not find fault with the result. There was no disputing the mental superiority of the Orsino of July over the Orsino of the preceding January. Whatever the sensation which Giovanni experienced as he contemplated the growing change, it was not one of anxiety nor of disappointment. But he had a Roman's well-founded prejudice against spending August and September in town. His objections gave rise to some discussion, in which Corona joined.

Orsino enlarged upon the necessity of attending in person to the execution of his contracts. Giovanni suggested that he should find some trustworthy person to take his place. Corona was in favor of a compromise. It would be easy, she said, for Orsino to spend two or three days of every week in Rome, and the remainder in the country with his father and mother. They were all three quite right according to their own views, and they all three knew it. Moreover, they were all three very obstinate people. The consequence was that Orsino, who was in possession, so to say, since the other two were trying to make him change his mind, got the best of the argument, and won his first pitched battle. Not that there was any apparent hostility, or that any of the three spoke hotly or loudly. They were none of them like old Saracinesca, whose feats of argumentation were vehement, eccentric, and fiery as his own nature. They talked with apparent calm through a long summer's afternoon, and the vanquished retired with a fairly good grace,



leaving Orsino master of the field. But on that occasion Giovanni Saracinesca first formed the opinion that his son was a match for him, and that it would be wise in future to ascertain the chances of success before incurring the risk of a humiliating defeat.

Giovanni and his wife went out together, and talked over the matter as their carriage swept round the great avenues of Villa Borghese.

"There is no question of the fact that Orsino is growing up, — is grown up already," said Sant' Ilario, glancing at Corona's calm, dark face.

She smiled with a certain pride, as she heard the words.

"Yes," she answered, "he is a man. It is a mistake to treat him as a boy any longer."

"Do you think it is this sudden interest in business that has changed him so?"

"Of course; what else?"

"Madame d'Aranjuez, for instance," Giovanni suggested.

"I do not believe she ever had the least influence over him. The flirtation seems to have died a natural death. I confess I hoped it might end in that way, and I am glad if it has. And I am very glad that Orsino is succeeding so well. Do you know, dear, I am glad because you did not believe it possible that he would."

"No, I did not. And now that I begin to understand it, he does not like to talk to me about his affairs. I suppose that is only natural. Tell me, — has he really made money? Or have you been giving him money to lose, in order that he may buy experience?"

"He has succeeded alone," said Corona proudly. "I would give him whatever he needed, but he needs nothing. He is immensely clever and immensely energetic. How could he fail?"

"You seem to admire our firstborn, my dear," observed Giovanni, with a smile.

"To tell the truth, I do. I have

no doubt that he does all sorts of things that he ought not to do, and of which I know nothing. You did the same at his age, and I shall be quite satisfied if he turns out like you. I should not like to have a ladylike son, with white hands, and delicate sensibilities, and hypocritical affectations of exaggerated morality. I think I should be capable of trying to make such a boy bad, if it only made him manly, — though I dare say that would be very wrong."

"No doubt," said Giovanni. "But we shall not be placed in any such position by Orsino, my dear. You remember that little affair, last year, in England? It was very nearly a scandal. But then, the English are easily led into temptation, and very easily scandalized afterwards. Orsino will not err in the direction of hypocritical morality. But that is not the question. I wish to know from you, since he does not confide in me, how far he is really succeeding."

Corona gave her husband a remarkably clear statement of Orsino's affairs, without exaggeration so far as the facts were concerned, but not without highly favorable comment. She did not attempt to conceal her triumph, now that success had been in a measure attained, and she did not hesitate to tell Giovanni that he ought to have encouraged and supported the boy from the first.

Giovanni listened with very great interest, and bore her affectionate reproaches with equanimity. He felt in his heart that he had done right, and he somehow still believed that things were not in reality all that they seemed to be. There was something in Orsino's immediate success against odds apparently heavy which disturbed him. He had not, it was true, any personal experience of the building speculations in the city, nor of financial transactions in general, as at present understood, and he had recently heard of cases in which individuals had succeeded beyond their own wildest expecta-

tions. There was, perhaps, no reason why Orsino should not do as well as other people, or even better, in spite of his extreme youth. Andrea Contini was probably a man of superior talent, well able to have directed the whole affair alone, if other circumstances had been favorable to him, and there was, on the whole, nothing to prove that the two young men had received more than their fair share of assistance or accommodation from the bank. But Giovanni knew well enough that Del Ferice was the most influential personage in the bank in question, and the mere suggestion of his name lent to the whole affair a suspicious quality which disturbed Orsino's father. In spite of all reasonable reflections there was an air of unnatural good fortune in the case which he did not like, and he had enough experience of Del Ferice's tortuous character to distrust his intentions. He would have preferred to see his son lose money through Ugo rather than that Orsino should owe the latter the smallest thanks. The fact that he had not spoken with the man for over twenty years did not increase the confidence he felt in him. In that time Del Ferice had developed into a very important personage, having much greater power to do harm than he had possessed in former days, and it was not to be supposed that he had forgotten old wounds or given up all hope of avenging them. Del Ferice was not very subject to that sort of forgetfulness.

When Corona had finished speaking, Giovanni was silent for a few moments.

"Is it not splendid?" Corona asked enthusiastically. "Why do you not say anything? One would think that you were not pleased."

"On the contrary, so far as Orsino is concerned I am delighted. But I do not trust Del Ferice."

"Del Ferice is far too clever a man to ruin Orsino," answered Corona.

"Exactly. That is the trouble. That is what makes me feel that though

Orsino has worked hard and shown extraordinary intelligence, — and deserves credit for that, — yet he would not have succeeded in the same way if he had dealt with any other bank. Del Ferice has helped him. Possibly Orsino knows that as well as we do, but he certainly does not know what part Del Ferice played in our lives, Corona. If he did, he would not accept his help."

In her turn Corona was silent, and a look of disappointment came into her face. She remembered a certain afternoon in the mountains when she had entreated Giovanni to let Del Ferice escape, and Giovanni had yielded reluctantly, and had given the fugitive a guide to take him to the frontier. She wondered whether the generous impulse of that day would bear evil fruit at last.

"Orsino knows nothing about it at all," she said at last. "We kept the secret of Del Ferice's escape very carefully; for there were good reasons to be careful in those days. Orsino only knows that you once fought a duel with the man and wounded him."

"I think it is time that he knew more."

"Of what use can it be to tell him those old stories?" returned Corona. "And after all, I do not believe that Del Ferice has done so much. If you could have followed Orsino's work, day by day and week by week, as I have, you would see how much is really due to his energy. Any other banker would have done as much as he. Besides, it is in Del Ferice's own interest" —

"That is the trouble," interrupted Giovanni. "It is bad enough that he should help Orsino. It is much worse that he should help him in order to make use of him. If, as you say, any other bank would do as much, then let him go to another bank. If he owes Del Ferice money at the present moment, we will pay it for him."

"You forget that he has bought the buildings he is now finishing from Del Ferice, on a mortgage."



Giovanni laughed a little.

"How you have learned to talk about mortgages and deeds and all sorts of business!" he exclaimed. "But what you say is not an objection. We can pay off this mortgage, I suppose, and take the risk ourselves."

"Of course we could do that," Corona answered thoughtfully. "But I really think you exaggerate the whole affair. For the time being Del Ferice is not a man, but a banker. His personal character and former doings do not enter into the matter."

"I think they do," said Giovanni, still unconvinced.

"At all events, do not make trouble now, dear," said Corona in earnest tones. "Let the present contract be executed and finished, and then speak to Orsino before he makes another. Whatever Del Ferice may have done, you can see for yourself that Orsino is developing in a way we had not expected, and is becoming a serious, energetic man. Do not step in now and check the growth of what is good. You will regret it as much as I shall. When he has finished these buildings, he will have enough experience to make a new departure."

"I hate the idea of receiving a favor from Del Ferice, or of laying him under an obligation. I think I will go to him myself."

"To Del Ferice?" Corona started and looked round at Giovanni as she sat. She had a sudden vision of new trouble.

"Yes. Why not? I will go to him and tell him that I should rather wind up my son's business with him, as our former relations were not of a nature to make transactions of mutual profit either fitting or even permissible between any of our family and Ugo Del Ferice."

"For Heaven's sake, Giovanni, do not do that."

"And why not?" He was surprised at her evident distress.

"For my sake, do not quarrel with Del Ferice. It was different then, in the old days. I could not bear it now." She stopped, and her lower lip trembled a little.

"Do you love me better than you did then, Corona?"

"So much better, — I cannot tell you."

She touched his hand with hers, and her dark eyes were a little veiled as they met his. Both were silent for a moment.

"I have no intention of quarreling with Del Ferice, dear," said Giovanni gently.

His face had grown a shade paler as she spoke. The power of her hand and voice to move him had not diminished in all the years of peaceful happiness that had passed so quickly.

"I do not mean any such thing," he said again. "But I mean this: I will not have it said that Del Ferice has made a fortune for Orsino, nor that Orsino has helped Del Ferice's interests. I see no way but to interfere myself. I can do it without the suspicion of a quarrel."

"It will be a great mistake, Giovanni. Wait till there is a new contract."

"I will think of it before doing anything definite."

Corona well knew that she should get no greater concession than this. The point of honor had been touched in Giovanni's sensibilities, and his character was stubborn and determined where his old prejudices were concerned. She loved him very dearly, and this very obstinacy of his pleased her. But she fancied that trouble of some sort was imminent. She understood her son's nature, too, and dreaded lest he should be forced into opposing his father.

It struck Corona that she might herself act as intermediary. She could certainly obtain concessions from Orsino which Giovanni could not hope to

extract by force or stratagem. But the wisdom of her own proposal in the matter seemed unassailable. The business now in hand should be allowed to run its natural course before anything was done to break off the relations between Orsino and Del Ferice.

In the evening she found an opportunity of speaking with Orsino in private. She repeated to him the details of her conversation with Giovanni during the drive in the afternoon.

"My dear mother," answered Orsino, "I do not trust Del Ferice any more than you and my father trust him. You talk of things which he did years ago, but you do not tell me what those things were. So far as I understand, it all happened before you were married. My father and he quarreled about something, and I suppose there was a lady concerned in the matter. Unless you were the lady in question, and unless what he did was in the nature of an insult to you, I cannot see how the matter concerns me. They fought, and it ended there, as affairs of honor do. If it touched you, then tell me so, and I will break with Del Ferice to-morrow morning."

Corona was silent, for Orsino's speech was very plain, and if she answered at all the answer must be the truth. There could be no escape from that. And the truth would be very hard to tell. At that time she had been the wife of old Astrardente, and Del Ferice's offense had been that he had purposely concealed himself in the conservatory of the Frangipani palace in order to overhear what Giovanni Saracinesca was about to say to another man's wife. The fact that on that memorable night she had bravely resisted a very great temptation did not affect the difficulty of the present case in any way. She asked herself rather whether Del Ferice's eavesdropping would appear to Orsino to be in the nature of an insult to her, to use his own words, and she had no doubt that

it would seem so. At the same time, she would find it hard to explain to her son why Del Ferice suspected that there was to be anything said to her worth overhearing, seeing that she bore at that time the name of another man, then living. How could Orsino understand all that had gone before? Even now, though she knew that she had acted well, she humbly believed that she might have done much better. How would her son judge her? She was silent, waiting for him to speak again.

"That would be the only conceivable reason for my breaking with Del Ferice," said Orsino. "We have only business relations, and I do not go to his house. I went once. I saw no reason for telling you so at the time, and I have not been there again. It was at the beginning of the whole affair. Outside of the bank we are the merest acquaintances. But I repeat what I said: if he ever did anything which makes it dishonorable for me to accept even ordinary business services from him, let me know it. I have some right to hear the truth."

Corona hesitated, and laid the case again before her own conscience, and tried to imagine herself in her son's position. It was hard to reach a conclusion. There was no doubt that when she had learned the truth, long after the event, she had felt that she had been insulted and justly avenged. If she said nothing now, Orsino would suspect something, and would assuredly go to his father, from whom he would get a view of the case not conspicuous for its moderation; and Giovanni would undoubtedly tell his son the details of what had followed, — how Del Ferice had attempted to hinder the marriage when it was at last possible, and all the rest of the story. At the same time, she felt that, so far as her personal sensibilities were concerned, she had not the least objection to the continuance of a mere business relation



between Orsino and Del Ferice. She was more forgiving than Giovanni.

"I will tell you this much, my dear boy," she said at last. "That old quarrel did concern me, and no one else. Your father feels more strongly about it than I do, because he fought for me, and not for himself. You trust me, Orsino. You know that I would rather see you dead than doing anything dishonorable. Very well. Do not ask any more questions, and do not go to your father about it. Del Ferice has only advanced you money in a business way, on good security and at a high interest. So far as I can judge of the point of honor involved, what happened long ago need not prevent your doing what you are doing now. Possibly, when you have finished the present contract, you may think it wiser to apply to some other bank, or to work on your own account with my money."

Corona believed that she had found the best way out of the difficulty, and Orsino seemed satisfied, for he nodded thoughtfully and said nothing. The day had been filled with argument and discussion about his determination to stay in town, and he was weary of the perpetual question and answer. He knew his mother well, and was willing to take her advice for the present. She, on her part, told Giovanni what she had done, and he consented to consider the matter a little longer before interfering. He disliked even the idea of a business relation extremely, but he feared that there was more behind the appearances of commercial fairness than either he or Orsino himself could understand. The better Orsino succeeded, the less his father was pleased; and his suspicions were not unfounded. He knew from San Giacinto that success was becoming uncommon, and he knew that all Orsino's industry and energy could not have sufficed to counterbalance his inexperience. Andrea Contini, too, had been recommended

by Del Ferice, and was presumably Del Ferice's man.

On the following day, Giovanni and Corona, with the three younger boys, went up to Saracinesca, leaving Orsino alone in the great palace, to his own considerable satisfaction. He was well pleased with himself, and especially at having carried his point. At his age and with his constitution, the heat was a matter of supreme indifference to him, and he looked forward with delight to a summer of uninterrupted work in the not uncongenial society of Andrea Contini. As for the work itself, it was beginning to have a sort of fascination for him as he understood it better. The love of building, the passion for stone and brick and mortar, is inherent in some natures, and is capable of growing into a mania little short of actual insanity. Orsino began to ask himself seriously whether it were too late to study architecture as a profession, and in the mean while he learned more of it in practice from Contini than he could have acquired in twice the time at any polytechnic school in Europe.

He liked Contini himself more and more as the days went by. Hitherto he had been much inclined to judge his own countrymen from his own class. He was beginning to see that he had understood little or nothing of the real Italian nature when uninfluenced by foreign blood. The study interested and pleased him. Only one unpleasant memory occasionally disturbed his peace of mind. When he thought of his last meeting with Maria Consuelo, he hated himself for the part he had played, though he was quite unable to account logically, upon his assumed principles, for the severity of his self-condemnation.

## XVII.

Orsino necessarily led a monotonous life, although his occupation was an

absorbing one. Very early in the morning he was with Contini where the building was going on. He then passed the hot hours of the day in the office, which, as before, had been established in one of the unfinished houses. Towards evening he went down into the city to his home, refreshed himself after his long day's work, and then walked or drove until half past eight, when he went to dinner in the garden of a great restaurant in the Corso. Here he met a few acquaintances who, like himself, had reasons for staying in town after their families had left. He always sat at the same small table, at which there was barely room for two persons; for he preferred to be alone, and he rarely asked a passing friend to sit down with him.

On a certain hot evening in the beginning of August he had just taken his seat, and was trying to make up his mind whether he was hungry enough to eat anything, or whether it would not be less trouble to drink a glass of iced coffee and go away, when he was aware of a lank shadow cast across the white cloth by the glaring electric light. He looked up and saw Spicca standing there, apparently uncertain where to sit down, for the place was fuller than usual. He liked the melancholy old man, and spoke to him, offering to share his table.

Spicca hesitated a moment, and then accepted the invitation. He deposited his hat upon a chair beside him and leaned back, evidently exhausted either in mind or body, if not in both.

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear Orsino," he observed. "There is an abominable crowd here, which means an unusual number of people to avoid, — just as many as I know, in fact, excepting yourself."

"I am glad you do not wish to avoid me, too," remarked Orsino, by way of saying something.

"You are a less evil, so I choose you in preference to the greater," Spicca

replied. But there was a not unkindly look in his sunken eyes as he spoke.

He tipped the great flask of Chianti that hung in its swinging plated cradle in the middle of the table, and filled two glasses.

"Since all that is good has been abolished, let us drink to the least of evils," he said; "in other words, to each other."

"To the absence of friends," answered Orsino, touching the wine with his lips.

Spicca emptied his glass slowly, and then looked at him.

"I like that toast," he said. "To the absence of friends. I dare say you have heard of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. Do they still teach the dear old tale in these modern schools? No. But you have heard it? Very well. You will remember that if they had not allowed the serpent to scrape acquaintance with them on pretense of a friendly interest in their intellectual development, Adam and Eve would still be inventing names for the angelic little wild beasts who were too well behaved to eat them. They would still be in Paradise. Moreover, Orsino Saracinesca and John Nepomucene Spicca would not be in daily danger of poisoning in this vile cookshop. Summary ejection from Eden was the first consequence of friendship, and its results are similar to this day. What nauseous mess are we to swallow to-night? Have you looked at the card?"

Orsino laughed a little. He foresaw that Spicca would not be dull company on this particular evening. Something unusually disagreeable had probably happened to him during the day. After long and melancholy hesitation he ordered something which he believed he could eat, and Orsino followed his example.

"Are all your people out of town?" Spicca asked, after a pause.

"Yes. I am alone."

"What in the world is the attrac-



tion here? Why do you stay? I do not wish to be indiscreet, and I was never afflicted with curiosity; but cases of mental alienation grow more common every day, and as an old friend of your father's I cannot overlook symptoms of madness in you. A really sane person avoids Rome in August."

"It strikes me that I might say the same to you," answered Orsino. "I am kept here by business. You have not even that excuse."

"How do you know?" asked Spicca sharply. "Business has two main elements, credit and debit. The one means the absence of the other. I leave it to your lively intelligence to decide which of the two means Rome in August, and which means Trouville or St. Moritz."

"I had not thought of it in that light."

"No? I dare say not. I constantly think of it."

"There are other places, nearer than St. Moritz," suggested Orsino. "Why not go to Sorrento?"

"There was such a place once, but my friends have found it out. Nevertheless, I might go there. It is better to suffer friendship in the spirit than fever in the body. But I have a reason for staying here just at present, — a very good one."

"Without indiscretion?"

"No, certainly not without considerable indiscretion. Take some more wine. When intoxication is bliss it is folly to be sober, as the proverb says. I cannot get tipsy, but you may, and that will be almost as amusing. The main object of drinking wine is that one person should make confidences for the other to laugh at; the one enjoys it quite as much as the other."

"I would rather be the other," said Orsino, with a laugh.

"In all cases in life it is better to be the other person," observed Spicca thoughtfully, though the remark lacked precision.

"You mean the patient, and not the agent, I suppose?"

"No, I mean the spectator. The spectator is a well-fed, indifferent personage, who laughs at the play and goes home to supper, — perdition upon him and his kind! He is the abomination of desolation in a front stall, looking on while better men cut one another's throats. He is a fat man, with a pink complexion and small eyes; and when he has watched other people's troubles long enough, he retires to his comfortable vault in the family chapel in the Campo Varano, which is decorated with colored tiles, embellished with a modern altar-piece, and adorned with a bust of himself by a good sculptor. Even in death he is still the spectator, grinning through the window of his sanctuary at the rows of nameless graves outside. He is happy and self-satisfied still, even in marble. It is worth living to be such a man."

"It is not an exciting life."

"No. That is the beauty of it. Look at me. I have never succeeded in imitating that well-to-do, thoroughly worthy villain. I began too late. Take warning, Orsino. You are young. Grow fat and look on; then you will die happy. All the philosophy of life is there. Farinaceous food, money, and a wife, — that is the recipe. Since you have money, you can purchase the gruel and the affections. Waste no time in making the investment."

"I never heard you advocate marriage before. You seem to have changed your mind of late."

"Not in the least. I distinguish between being married and taking a wife, — that is all."

"Rather a fine distinction."

"The only difference between a prisoner and his jailer is that they are on opposite sides of the same wall. Take some more wine. We will drink to the man on the outside."

"May you never be inside," said Orsino.

Spicca emptied his glass, and looked at him as he set it down again.

"May you never know what it is to have been inside," he said.

"You speak as though you had some experience."

"Yes, I have, through an acquaintance of mine."

"That is the most agreeable way of gaining experience."

"Yes," answered Spicca, with a ghastly smile. "Perhaps I may tell you the story some day. You may profit by it. It ended rather dramatically, so far as it can be said to have ended at all. But we will not speak of it just now. Here is another dish of poison. Do you call that thing a fish, Checco? Ah, yes. I perceive that you are right. The fact is apparent at a great distance. Take it away. We are all mortal, Checco, but we do not like to be reminded of it so very forcibly. Give me a tomato and some vinegar."

"And the birds, signore? Do you not want them any more?"

"The birds? Yes, I had forgotten. And another flask of wine, Checco."

"It is not empty yet, signore," observed the waiter, lifting the rush-covered bottle and shaking it a little.

Spicca silently poured out two glasses and handed the man the empty flask. He seemed to be very thirsty. Presently he got his birds. They proved eatable,—for quails are to be had all through the summer in Italy,—and he began to eat in silence. Orsino watched him with some curiosity, wondering whether the quantity of wine he drank would not ultimately produce some effect. As yet, however, none was visible; his cadaverous face was as pale and quiet as ever, and his sunken eyes had their usual expression.

"And how does your business go on, Orsino?" he asked, after a long silence.

Orsino answered him willingly enough, and gave him some account of

his doings. He grew somewhat enthusiastic as he compared his present busy life with his former idleness.

"I like the way you did it, in spite of everybody's advice," said Spicca kindly. "A man who can jump through the paper ring of Roman prejudice without stumbling must be nimble and have good legs. So nobody gave you a word of encouragement?"

"Only one person, at first. I think you know her,—Madame d'Aranjuez. I used to see her often just at that time."

"Madame d'Aranjuez?" The old man looked up sharply, pausing with his glass in his hand.

"You know her?"

"Very well indeed," replied Spicca before he drank. "Tell me, Orsino," he continued when he had finished the draught, "are you in love with that lady?"

Orsino was surprised by the directness of the question, but he did not show it.

"Not in the least," he answered coolly.

"Then why did you act as though you were?" asked Spicca, looking him through and through.

"Do you mean to say that you were watching me all winter?" inquired Orsino, bending his black eyebrows rather angrily.

"Circumstances made it inevitable that I should know of your visits. There was a time when you saw her every day."

"I do not know what the circumstances, as you call them, were," returned Orsino. "But I do not like to be watched, even by my father's old friends."

"Keep your temper, Orsino," said Spicca quietly. "Quarreling is always ridiculous unless somebody is killed, and then it is inconvenient. If you understood the nature of my acquaintance with Maria Consuelo—with Madame d'Aranjuez, you would see that,



while not meaning to spy upon you in the least, I could not be ignorant of your movements."

"Your acquaintance must be a very close one," observed Orsino, far from pacified.

"So close that it has justified me in doing very odd things on her account. You will not accuse me of taking a needless and officious interest in the affairs of others, I think. My own are quite enough for me. It chanced that they are intimately connected with the doings of Madame d'Aranjuez, and have been so for a number of years. The fact that I do not desire the connection to be known does not make it easier for me to act, when I am obliged to act at all. I did not ask an idle question when I asked you if you loved her."

"I confess that I do not at all understand the situation," said Orsino.

"No. It is not easy to understand, unless I give you the key to it. And yet you know more already than any one in Rome. I shall be obliged if you will not repeat what you know."

"You may trust me," returned Orsino, who saw from Spicca's manner that the matter was very serious.

"Thank you. I see that you are cured of the idea that I have been frivolously spying upon you for my own amusement."

Orsino was silent. He thought of what had happened after he had taken leave of Maria Consuelo. The mysterious maid who called herself Maria Consuelo's nurse, or keeper, had perhaps spoken the truth. It was possible that Spicca was one of the guardians responsible to an unknown person for the insane lady's safety, and that he was consequently daily informed by the maid of the coming and going of visitors, and of other minor events. On the other hand, it seemed odd that Maria Consuelo should be at liberty to go whithersoever she pleased. She could not reasonably be supposed to have a

guardian in every city of Europe. The more he thought of this improbability, the less he understood the truth.

"I suppose I cannot hope that you will tell me more?" he said.

"I do not see why I should," answered Spicca, drinking again. "I asked you an indiscreet question, and I have given you an explanation which you are kind enough to accept. Let us say no more about it. It is better to avoid unpleasant subjects."

"I should not call Madame d'Aranjuez an unpleasant subject."

"Then why did you suddenly cease to visit her?" asked Spicca.

"For the best of all reasons, — because she repeatedly refused to receive me." He was less inclined to take offense now than five minutes earlier. "I see that your information was not complete."

"No. I was not aware of that. She must have had a good reason for not seeing you."

"Possibly."

"But you cannot guess what the reason was?"

"Yes, and no. It depends upon her character, which I do not pretend to understand."

"I understand it well enough. I can guess at the fact. You made love to her, and one fine day, when she saw that you were losing your head, she quietly told her servant to say that she was not at home when you called. Is that it?"

"Possibly. You say you know her well; then you know whether she would act in that way or not."

"I ought to know. I think she would. She is not like other women, — she has not the same blood."

"Who is she?" asked Orsino, with a sudden hope that he might learn the truth.

"A woman, rather better than the rest; a widow, too, — the widow of a man who never was her husband, thank God!"

Spicca slowly refilled and emptied his goblet for the tenth time.

"The rest is a secret," he added, when he had finished drinking.

The dark, sunken eyes gazed into Orsino's with an expression so strange and full of a sort of inexplicable horror as to make the young man think that the deep potations were beginning to produce an effect upon the strong old head. Spicca sat quite still for several minutes after he had spoken, and then leaned back in his cane chair with a deep sigh. Orsino sighed, too, in a sort of unconscious sympathy; for, even allowing for Spicca's natural melancholy, the secret was evidently an unpleasant one. Orsino tried to turn the conversation, not, however, without a hope of bringing it back unawares to the question which interested him.

"And so you really mean to stay here all summer?" he remarked, lighting a cigarette and looking at the people seated at a table behind Spicca.

Spicca did not answer at first, and when he did his reply had nothing to do with Orsino's interrogatory observation.

"We never get rid of the things we have done in our lives," he said dreamily. "When a man sows seed in a ploughed field, some of the grains are picked out by birds, and some never sprout. We are much more perfectly organized than the earth. The actions we sow in our souls all take root, inevitably and fatally, and they all grow to maturity sooner or later."

Orsino stared at him for a moment.

"You are in a philosophizing mood this evening," he said.

"We are only logic's pawns," continued Spicca, without heeding the remark. "Or, if you like it better, we are the Devil's chess pieces in his match against God. We are made to move each in his own way, — the one by short irregular steps in every direction, the other in long straight lines between starting-point and goal; the one stands

still, like the king piece, and never moves unless he is driven to it; the other jumps unevenly, like the knight. It makes no difference. We take a certain number of other pieces, and then we are taken ourselves — always by the adversary — and tossed aside out of the game. But then, it is easy to carry out the simile, because the game itself was founded on the facts of life by the people who invented it."

"No doubt," said Orsino, who was not very much interested.

"Yes. You have only to give the pieces the names of men and women you know, and to call the pawns society — you will see how very like real life chess can be. The king and queen on each side are a married couple. Of course the object of each queen is to get the other king, and all her friends help her, — knights, bishops, rooks, and her set of society pawns. Very like real life, is it not? Wait till you are married."

Spicca smiled grimly and took more wine.

"There at least you have no personal experience," objected Orsino.

But Spicca only smiled again, and vouchsafed no answer.

"Is Madame d'Aranjuez coming back next winter?" asked the young man.

"Madame d'Aranjuez will probably come back, since she is free to consult her own tastes," answered Spicca gravely.

"I hope she may be out of danger by that time," said Orsino quietly. He had resolved upon a bolder attack than he had hitherto made.

"What danger is she in now?" asked Spicca.

"Surely you must know."

"I do not understand you. Please speak plainly, if you are in earnest."

"Before she went away I called once more. When I was coming away, her maid met me in the corridor of the hotel and told me that Madame d'Aran-



juez was not quite sane, and that she, the maid, was in reality her keeper, or nurse, or whatever you please to call her."

Spicca laughed harshly. No one could remember to have heard him laugh many times.

"Oh, she said that, did she?" He seemed very much amused. "Yes," he added presently, "I think Madame d'Aranjuez will be quite out of danger before Christmas."

Orsino was more puzzled than ever. He was almost sure that Spicca did not look upon the maid's assertion as serious, and in that case, if his interest in Maria Consuelo was friendly, it was incredible that he should seem amused at what was at least a very dangerous piece of spite on the part of a trusted servant.

"Then there is no truth in that woman's statement?" asked Orsino.

"Madame d'Aranjuez seemed perfectly sane when I last saw her," answered Spicca indifferently.

"Then what possible interest had the maid in inventing the lie?"

"Ah, what interest? That is quite another matter, as you say. It may not have been her own interest."

"You think that Madame d'Aranjuez had instructed her?"

"Not necessarily. Some one else may have suggested the idea, subject to the lady's own consent."

"And she would have consented? I do not believe that."

"My dear Orsino, the world is full of such apparently improbable things that it is always rash to disbelieve anything on the first hearing. It is really much less trouble to accept all that one is told without question."

"Of course, if you tell me positively that she wishes to be thought mad" —

"I never say anything positively, especially about a woman, and least of all about the lady in question, who is undoubtedly eccentric."

Instead of being annoyed, Orsino felt

his curiosity growing, and made a rash vow to find out the truth at any price. It was inconceivable, he thought, that Spicca should still have perfect control of his faculties, considering the extent of his potations. The second flask was growing light, and Orsino himself had not taken more than two or three glasses. Now a Chianti flask never holds less than two quarts. Moreover, Spicca was generally a very moderate man. He would assuredly not resist the confusing effects of the wine much longer, and he would probably become confidential.

But Orsino had mistaken his man. Spicca's nerves, overwrought by some unknown disturbance in his affairs, were in that state in which far stronger stimulants than Tuscan wine have little or no effect upon the brain. Orsino looked at him, and wondered, as many had wondered already, what sort of life the man had led, outside and beyond the social existence which every one could see. Few men had been dreaded like the famous duelist, who had played with the best swordsmen in Europe as a cat plays with a mouse. And yet he had been respected as well as feared. There had been that sort of fatality in his quarrels which had saved him from the imputation of having sought them. He had never been a gambler, as reputed duelists often are. He had never refused to stand second for another man out of personal dislike or prejudice. No one had ever asked his help in vain, high or low, rich or poor, in a reasonably good cause. His acts of kindness came to light accidentally after many years. Yet most people fancied that he hated mankind, with that sort of generous detestation which never stoops to take a mean advantage. In his duels, he had always shown the utmost consideration for his adversary, and the utmost indifference to his own interest, when conditions had to be made. Above all, he had never killed a man by accident. That is a crime

which society does not forgive. But he had not failed, either, when he had meant to kill. His speech was often bitter, but never spiteful, and, having nothing to fear, he was a very truthful man. He was also reticent, however, and no one could boast of knowing the story which every one agreed in saying had so deeply influenced his life. He had often been absent from Rome for long periods, and had been heard of as residing in more than one European capital. He had always been supposed to be rich, but during the last three years it had become clear to his friends that he was poor. That is all, roughly speaking, that was known of John Nepomucene, Count Spicca, by the society in which he had spent more than half his life.

Orsino, watching the pale and melancholy face, compared himself with his companion, and wondered whether any imaginable series of events could turn him into such a man at the same age. Yet he admired Spicca, besides respecting him. Boylike, he envied the great duelist his reputation, his unerring skill, his unfaltering nerve; he even envied him the fear he inspired in those whom he did not like. He thought less highly of his sayings now, perhaps, than when he had first been old enough to understand them. The youthful affectation of cynicism had agreed well with the old man's genuine bitterness; but the pride of growing manhood was inclined to put away childish things, and had not yet suffered so as to understand real suffering. Six months had wrought a change in Orsino, and so far the change was for the better. He had been fortunate in finding success at the first attempt, and his passing passion for Maria Consuelo had left little trace beyond a certain wondering regret that it had not been greater, and beyond the recollection of her sad face at their parting and of the sobs he had overheard. Though he could give those tears only one meaning,

Orsino realized less and less, as the months passed, that they had been shed for him.

That Maria Consuelo should often be in his thoughts was no proof that he still loved her in the smallest degree. There had been enough odd circumstances about their acquaintance to rouse any ordinary man's interest, and just at present Spicca's strange hints and half confidences had excited an almost unbearable curiosity in his hearer. But Spicca did not seem inclined to satisfy it any further.

One or two points, at least, were made clear. Maria Consuelo was not insane, as the maid had pretended. Her marriage with the deceased Aranjuez had been a marriage only in name, if it had even amounted to that. Finally, it was evident that she stood in some very near relation to Spicca, and that neither she nor he wished the fact to be known. To all appearance, they had carefully avoided meeting during the preceding winter, and no one in society was aware that they were even acquainted. Orsino recalled more than one occasion when each had been mentioned in the presence of the other. He had a good memory, and he remembered that a scarcely perceptible change had taken place in the manner or conversation of the one who heard the other's name. It even seemed to him that at such moments Maria Consuelo had shown an infinitesimal resentment, whereas Spicca had faintly exhibited something more like impatience. If this were true, it argued that Spicca was more friendly to Maria Consuelo than she was to him. Yet on this particular evening Spicca had spoken somewhat bitterly of her; but then, Spicca was always bitter. His last remark was to the effect that she was eccentric. After a long silence, during which Orsino hoped that his friend would say something more, he took up the point.

"I wish I knew what you meant by 'eccentric,' " he said. "I had the ad-



vantage of seeing Madame d'Aranjuez frequently, and I did not notice any eccentricity about her."

"Ah, perhaps you are not observant, or perhaps, as you intimate, we do not mean the same thing."

"That is why I should like to hear your definition," observed Orsino.

"The world is mad on the subject of definitions," answered Spicca. "It is more blessed to define than to be defined. It is a pleasant thing to say to one's enemy, 'Sir, you are a scoundrel.' But when your enemy says the same thing to you, you kill him without hesitation or regret, — which proves, I suppose, that you are not pleased with his definition of you. You see, definition, after all, is a matter of taste. So, as our tastes might not agree, I would rather not define anything this evening. I believe I have finished that flask. Let us take our coffee. We can define that beforehand, for we know by daily experience how diabolically bad it is."

Orsino saw that Spicca meant to lead the conversation away in another direction.

"May I ask you one serious question?" he inquired, leaning forward.

"With a little ingenuity you may even ask me a dozen, all equally serious, my dear Orsino. But I cannot promise to answer all or any particular one. I am not omniscient, you know."

"My question is this. I have no sort of right to ask it, — I know that. Are you nearly related to Madame d'Aranjuez?"

Spicca looked curiously at him.

"Would the information be of any use to you?" he asked. "Should I be doing you a service in telling you that we are or are not related?"

"Frankly, no," answered Orsino, meeting the steady glance without wavering.

"Then I do not see any reason whatever for telling you the truth," returned Spicca quietly. "But I will give you

a piece of general information. If harm comes to that lady through any man whomsoever, I will certainly kill him, even if I have to be carried upon the ground."

There was no mistaking the tone in which the threat was uttered. Spicca meant what he said, though not one syllable was spoken louder than another. In his mouth the words had a terrific force, and told Orsino more of the man's true nature than he had learnt in years. Orsino was not easily impressed, and was certainly not timid, morally or physically; moreover, he was in the prime of youth, and not less skillful than other men in the use of weapons. But he felt at that moment that he would infinitely rather attack a regiment of artillery single-handed than be called upon to measure swords with the cadaverous old invalid who sat on the other side of the table.

"It is not in my power to do any harm to Madame d'Aranjuez," he answered, proudly enough; "and you ought to know that if it were it could not possibly be in my intention. Therefore your threat is not intended for me."

"Very good, Orsino. Your father would have answered like that, and you mean what you say. If I were young, I think that you and I should be friends. Fortunately for you, there is a matter of forty years' difference between our ages, so that you escape the infliction of such a nuisance as my friendship. You must find it bad enough to have to put up with my company."

"Do not talk like that," answered Orsino. "The world is not all vinegar."

"Well, well, you will find out what the world is in time. And perhaps you will find out many other things which you want to know. I must be going, for I have letters to write. Checco! my bill."

Five minutes later they parted.

## XVIII.

Although Orsino's character was developing quickly in the new circumstances which he had created for himself, he was not of an age to be continually on his guard against passing impressions; still less could it be expected that he should be hardened against them by experience, as many men are by nature. His conversation with Spicca, and Spicca's own behavior while it lasted, produced a decided effect upon the current of his thoughts, and he was surprised to find himself thinking more often and more seriously of Maria Consuelo than during the months which had succeeded her departure from Rome. Spicca's words had acted indirectly upon his mind. Much that the old man had said was calculated to rouse Orsino's curiosity; but Orsino was not naturally curious, and though he felt that it would be very interesting to know Maria Consuelo's story, the chief result of the count's half-confidential utterances was to recall the lady herself very vividly to his recollection.

At first his memory merely brought back the endless details of his acquaintance with her, which had formed the central feature of the first season he had spent without interruption in Rome and in society. He was surprised at the extreme precision of the pictures evoked, and took pleasure in calling them up when he was alone and unoccupied. The events themselves had not, perhaps, been all agreeable, yet there was not one which it did not give him some pleasant sensation to remember. There was a little sadness in some of them, and more than once the sadness was mingled with something of humiliation. Yet even this last was bearable. Though he did not realize it, he was quite unable to think of Maria Consuelo without feeling some passing touch of happiness at the

thought; for happiness can live with sadness, when it is the greater of the two. He had no desire to analyze these sensations. Indeed, the idea did not enter his mind that they were worth analyzing. His intelligence was better employed with his work, and his reflections concerning Maria Consuelo chiefly occupied his hours of rest.

The days passed quickly at first, and then, as September came, they seemed longer instead of shorter. Orsino was beginning to wish that the winter would come, that he might again see the woman of whom he was continually thinking. More than once he thought of writing to her, for he had the address which the maid had given him, an address in Paris, which said nothing; a mere number with the name of a street. He wondered whether she would answer him; and at last, when he had reached the self-satisfying conviction that she would, he wrote a letter, such as any person might write to another. He told her of the weather, of the dullness of Rome, of his hope that she would return early in the season, and of his own daily occupations. It was a simply expressed, natural, and not at all emotional epistle, — not at all like that of a man in the least degree in love with his correspondent; but Orsino felt an odd sensation of pleasure in writing it, and was surprised by a little thrill of happiness as he posted it with his own hand.

He did not forget the letter when he had sent it, either, as one forgets the uninteresting letters one is obliged to write out of civility. He hoped for an answer. Even if she were in Paris, Maria Consuelo might not, and probably would not, reply by return of post. And it was not probable that she would be in town at the beginning of September. Orsino calculated the time necessary to forward the letter from Paris to the most distant part of frequented Europe, allowed her three days for answering, and three days more for her



letter to reach him. The interval elapsed, but nothing came. Then he was irritated, and at last he became anxious. Either something had happened to Maria Consuelo, or he had somehow unconsciously offended her by what he had written. He had no copy of the letter, and could not recall a single phrase which could have displeased her, but he feared lest something might have crept into it which she might misinterpret. But this idea was too absurd to be tenable for long, and the conviction grew upon him that she must be ill or in some great trouble. He was amazed at his own anxiety.

Three weeks had gone by since he had written, and yet no word of reply had reached him. Then he sought out Spicca and asked him boldly whether anything had happened to Maria Consuelo, explaining that he had written to her and had got no answer. Spicca looked at him curiously for a moment.

"Nothing has happened to her, so far as I am aware," he said, almost immediately. "I saw her this morning."

"This morning?" Orsino was surprised almost out of words.

"Yes. She is here, looking for an apartment in which to spend the winter."

"Where is she?"

Spicca named the hotel, adding that Orsino would probably find her at home during the hot hours of the afternoon.

"Has she been here long?" asked the young man.

"Three days."

"I will go and see her at once. I may be useful to her in finding an apartment."

"That would be very kind of you," observed Spicca, glancing at him rather thoughtfully.

On the following afternoon Orsino presented himself at the hotel and asked for Madame d'Aranjuez. She received him in a room not very different from the one which she had made her sitting-

room during the winter. As always, one or two new books and the mysterious silver paper-cutter were the only objects of her own which were visible. Orsino hardly noticed the fact, however, for she was already in the room when he entered, and his eyes met hers at once.

He fancied that she looked less strong than formerly, but the heat was great and might easily account for her pallor. Her eyes were deeper, and their tawny color seemed darker. Her hand was cold.

She smiled faintly as she met Orsino, but said nothing, and sat down at a distance from the windows.

"I heard only last night that you were in Rome," he said.

"And you came at once to see me. Thanks. How did you find it out?"

"Spicca told me. I had asked him for news of you."

"Why him?" inquired Maria Consuelo, with some curiosity.

"Because I fancied he might know," answered Orsino, passing lightly over the question. He did not wish even Maria Consuelo to guess that Spicca had spoken of her to him. "The reason why I was anxious about you was that I had written you a letter. I wrote some weeks ago to your address in Paris, and got no answer."

"You wrote?" Maria Consuelo seemed surprised. "I have not been in Paris. Who gave you the address? What was it?"

Orsino named the street and number.

"I once lived there a short time, two years ago. Who gave you the address? Not Count Spicca?"

"No."

Orsino hesitated to say more. He did not like to admit that he had received the address from Maria Consuelo's maid, and it might seem incredible that the woman should have given the information unasked. At the same time, the fact that the address was to all intents and purposes a false

one tallied with the maid's spontaneous statement in regard to her mistress's mental alienation.

"Why will you not tell me?" asked Maria Consuelo.

"The answer involves a question which does not concern me. The address was evidently intended to deceive me. The person who gave it attempted to deceive me about a far graver matter, too. Let us say no more about it. Of course you never got the letter?"

"Of course not."

A short silence followed, which Orsino felt to be rather awkward. Maria Consuelo looked at him suddenly.

"Did my maid tell you?" she asked.

"Yes, since you ask me. She met me in the corridor, after my last visit, and thrust the address upon me."

"I thought so," said Maria Consuelo.

"You have suspected her before?"

"What was the other deception?"

"That is a more serious matter. The woman is your trusted servant. At least you must have trusted her when you took her" —

"That does not follow. What did she try to make you believe?"

"It is hard to tell you. For all I know, she may have been instructed, — you may have instructed her yourself. One stumbles upon odd things in life, sometimes."

"You called yourself my friend once, Don Orsino."

"If you will let me, I will call myself so still."

"Then, in the name of friendship, tell me what the woman said!" Maria Consuelo spoke with sudden energy, touching his arm quickly with an unconscious gesture.

"Will you believe me?"

"Are you accustomed to being doubted, that you ask?"

"No. But this thing is very strange."

"Do not keep me waiting; it hurts me!"

"The woman stopped me as I was going away. I had never spoken to her. She knew my name. She told me that you were — how shall I say? — mentally deranged."

Maria Consuelo started and turned very pale.

"She told you that I was mad?"

Her voice sank to a whisper.

"That is what she said."

Orsino watched her narrowly. She evidently believed him. Then she sank back in her chair with a stifled cry of horror, covering her eyes with her hands.

"And you might have believed it!" she exclaimed. "You might really have believed it — you!"

The cry came from her heart, and would have shown Orsino what weight she still attached to his opinion, had he not himself been too suddenly and deeply interested in the principal question to pay attention to details.

"She made the statement very clearly," he said. "What could have been her object in the lie?"

"What object? Ah, if I knew that!"

Maria Consuelo rose and paced the room, her head bent and her hands nervously clasping and unclasping. Orsino stood by the empty fireplace, watching her.

"You will send the woman away, of course?" he said in a questioning tone.

But she shook her head, and her anxiety seemed to increase.

"Is it possible that you will submit to such a thing from a servant?" he asked in astonishment.

"I have submitted to much," she answered in a low voice.

"The inevitable, of course. But to keep a maid whom you can turn away at any moment" —

"Yes, but can I?" She stopped and looked at him. "Oh, if I only could! If you knew how I hate the woman!"

"But then" —

"Yes?"

"Do you mean to tell me that you



are in some way in her power, so that you are bound to keep her always?"

Maria Consuelo hesitated a moment.

"Are you in her power?" asked Orsino a second time. He did not like the idea, and his black brows bent themselves rather angrily.

"No, not directly. She is imposed upon me."

"By circumstances?"

"No, again; by a person who has the power to impose much upon me. But this, — oh, this is almost too much! To be called mad!"

"Then do not submit to it."

Orsino spoke decisively, with a kind of authority which surprised himself. He was amazed and righteously angry at the situation so suddenly revealed to him, undefined as it was. He saw that he was touching a great trouble, and his natural energy bid him lay violent hands on it and root it out if possible.

For some minutes Maria Consuelo did not speak, but continued to pace the room, evidently in great anxiety. Then she stopped before him.

"It is easy for you to say 'do not submit,' when you do not understand," she said. "If you knew what my life is, you would look at this in another way. I must submit, — I cannot do otherwise."

"If you would tell me something more, I might help you," answered Orsino.

"You?" She paused. "I believe you would, if you could," she added thoughtfully.

"You know that I would. Perhaps I can, as it is, in ignorance, if you will direct me."

A sudden light gleamed in Maria Consuelo's eyes, and then died away as quickly as it had come.

"After all, what could you do?" she asked, with a change of tone, as though she were somehow disappointed. "What could you do that others would not do as well, if they could, and with a better right?"

"Unless you will tell me, how can I know?"

"Yes, if I could tell you."

She went and sat down in her former seat, and Orsino took a chair beside her. He had expected to renew the acquaintance in a very different way, and that he should spend half an hour with Maria Consuelo in talking about apartments, about the heat, and about the places she had visited. Instead, circumstances had made the conversation an intimate one, full of an absorbing interest to both. Orsino found that he had forgotten much which pleased him strangely now that it was again brought before him. He had forgotten most of all, it seemed, that an unexplained sympathy attracted him to her, and her to him. He wondered at the strength of it, and found it hard to understand that last meeting with her in the spring.

"Is there any way of helping you without knowing your secret?" he inquired in a low voice.

"No; but I thank you for the wish."

"Are you sure there is no way? Quite sure?"

"Quite sure."

"May I say something that strikes me?"

"Say anything you choose."

"There is a plot against you. You seem to know it. Have you never thought of plotting on your side?"

"I have no one to help me."

"You have me, if you will take my help; and you have Spieca. You might do better, but you might do worse. Between us we might accomplish something."

Maria Consuelo had started at Spieca's name. She seemed very nervous that day.

"Do you know what you are saying?" she asked, after a moment's thought.

"Nothing that should offend you, at least."

"No; but you are proposing that I

should ally myself with the man of all others whom I have reason to hate."

"You hate Spicca?" Orsino was passing from one surprise to another.

"Whether I hate him or not is another matter. I ought to."

"At all events, he does not hate you."

"I know he does not. That makes it no easier for me. I could not accept his help."

"All this is so mysterious that I do not know what to say," said Orsino thoughtfully. "The fact remains, and it is bad enough. You need help urgently. You are in the power of a servant who tells your friends that you are insane and thrusts false addresses upon them, for purposes which I cannot explain."

"Nor I either, though I may guess."

"It is worse and worse. You cannot even be sure of the motives of this woman, though you know the person or persons by whom she is forced upon you. You cannot get rid of her yourself, and you will not let any one else help you."

"Not Count Spicca."

"And yet I am sure that he would do much for you. Can you not even tell me why you hate him, or ought to hate him?"

Maria Consuelo hesitated, and looked into Orsino's eyes for a moment.

"Can I trust you?" she asked.

"Implicitly."

"He killed my husband."

Orsino uttered a low exclamation of horror. In the deep silence which followed, he heard Maria Consuelo draw her breath once or twice sharply through her closed teeth, as though she were in great pain.

"I do not wish it known," she said presently, in a changed voice. "I do not know why I told you."

"You can trust me."

"I must, since I have spoken."

In the surprise caused by the startling confidence, Orsino suddenly felt that his capacity for sympathy had

grown to great dimensions. If he had been a woman, the tears would have stood in his eyes. Being what he was, he felt them in his heart. It was clear that she had loved the dead man very dearly. In the light of this evident fact, it was hard to explain her conduct towards Orsino during the winter, and especially at their last meeting.

For a long time neither spoke. Orsino, indeed, had nothing to say at first, for nothing he could say could reasonably be supposed to be of any use. He had learned of the existence of something like a tragedy in Maria Consuelo's life, and he seemed to be learning the first lesson of friendship, which teaches sympathy. It was not an occasion for making insignificant phrases expressing his regret at her loss, and the language he needed in order to say what he meant was unfamiliar to his lips. He was silent, therefore, but his young face was grave and thoughtful, and his eyes sought hers from time to time, as though trying to discover and forestall her wishes. At last she glanced at him quickly, then looked down, and at last spoke to him.

"You will not make me regret having told you this, will you?" she asked.

"No. I promise you that."

So far as Orsino could understand the words meant but little. He was not very communicative, as a rule, and would certainly not tell what he had heard, so that the promise was easily given and easy to keep. If he did not break it, he did not see that she could have any further cause for regretting her confidence in him. Nevertheless, by way of reassuring her, he thought it best to repeat what he had said in different words.

"You may be quite sure that whatever you choose to tell me is in safe-keeping," he said. "And you may be sure, too, that if it is in my power to do you a service of any kind, you will find me ready, and more than ready, to help you."



"Thank you," she answered, looking earnestly at him.

"Whether the matter be small or great," he added, meeting her eyes.

Perhaps she expected to find more curiosity on his part, and fancied that he would ask some further question. He did not understand the meaning of her look.

"I believe you," she said at last. "I am too much in need of a friend to doubt you."

"You have found one."

"I do not know. I am not sure. There are other things" — She stopped suddenly and looked away.

"What other things?"

But Maria Consuelo did not answer. Orsino knew that she was thinking of all that had once passed between them. He wondered whether, if he led the way, she would press him as she had done at their last meeting. If she did, he wondered what he should say. He had been very cold then, — far colder than he was now. He now felt drawn to her, as in the first days of their acquaintance. He felt always that he was on the point of understanding her, and yet that he was waiting for something which should help him to pass that point.

"What other things?" he asked, repeating his question. "Do you mean that there are reasons which may prevent me from being a good friend of yours?"

"I am afraid there are. I do not know."

"I think you are mistaken, madame. Will you name some of those reasons, or even one?"

Maria Consuelo did not answer at once. She glanced at him, looked down, and then her eyes met his again.

"Do you think that you are the kind of man whom a woman chooses for her friend?" she asked at last, with a faint smile.

"I have not thought of the matter."

"But you should, before offering your friendship."

"Why? If I feel a sincere sympathy for your trouble, if I am" — he hesitated, weighing his words — "if I am personally attached to you, why can I not help you? I am honest and in earnest. May I say as much as that of myself?"

"I believe you are."

"Then I cannot see that I am not the sort of man whom a woman might take for a friend, when a better is not at hand."

"And do you believe in friendship, Don Orsino?" asked Maria Consuelo quietly.

"I have heard it said that it is not wise to disbelieve anything nowadays," answered Orsino.

"True; and the word 'friend' has such a pretty sound!" She laughed, for the first time since he had entered the room.

"Then it is you who are the unbeliever, madame. Is not that a sign that you need no friend at all, and that your questions are not seriously meant?"

"Perhaps. Who knows?"

"Do you know, yourself?"

"No." Again she laughed a little, and then grew suddenly grave.

"I never knew a woman who needed a friend more urgently than you do," said Orsino. "I do not in the least understand your position. The little you have told me makes it clear enough that there have been and still are unusual circumstances in your life. One thing I see. That woman whom you call your maid is forced upon you against your will, to watch you, and is privileged to tell lies about you which may do you a great injury. I do not ask why you are obliged to suffer her presence, but I see that you must, and I guess that you hate it. Would it be an act of friendship to free you from her, or not?"

"At present it would not be an act

of friendship," answered Maria Consuelo thoughtfully.

"That is very strange. Do you mean to say that you submit voluntarily?"

"The woman is a condition imposed upon me. I cannot tell you more."

"And no friend, no friendly help, can change the condition, I suppose?"

"I did not say that. But such help is beyond your power, Don Orsino," she added, turning towards him rather suddenly. "Let us not talk of this any more. Believe me, nothing can be done. You have sometimes acted strangely with me, but I really think you would help me if you could. Let that be the state of our acquaintance. You are willing, and I believe that you are. Nothing more. Let that be our compact. But you can perhaps help me in another way,—a smaller way. I want a habitation of some kind for the winter, for I am tired of camping out in hotels. You who know your own city so well can name some person who will undertake the matter."

"I know the very man," said Orsino promptly.

"Will you write out the address for me?"

"It is not necessary. I mean myself."

"I could not let you take so much trouble," protested Maria Consuelo.

But she accepted, nevertheless, after a little hesitation. For some time they discussed the relative advantages of the various habitable quarters of the city, both glad, perhaps, to find an almost indifferent subject of conversation, and both relatively happy merely in being together. The talk made one of those restless interludes which are so necessary, and often so hard to produce, between two people whose thoughts run upon a strong common interest, and who find it difficult to exchange half a dozen words without being led back to the absorbing topic.

What had been said had produced a decided effect upon Orsino. He had come expecting to take up the acquaintance on a new footing, but ten minutes had not elapsed before he had found himself as much interested as ever in Maria Consuelo's personality, and far more interested in her life than he had ever been before. While talking with more or less indifference about the chances of securing a suitable apartment for the winter, Orsino listened with an odd sensation of pleasure to every tone of his companion's voice, and watched every changing expression of the striking face. He wondered whether he were not perhaps destined to love her sincerely, as he had already loved her in a boyish, capricious fashion which would no longer be natural to him now. But for the present he was sure that he did not love her, and that he desired nothing but her sympathy for himself, and to feel sympathy for her. Those were the words he used, and he did not explain them to his own intelligence in any very definite way. He was conscious, indeed, that they meant more than formerly, but the same was true of almost everything that came into his life, and he did not therefore attach any especial importance to the fact. He was altogether much more in earnest than when he had first met Maria Consuelo; he was capable of deeper feeling, of stronger determination, and of more decided action in all matters, and though he did not say so to himself he was none the less aware of the change.

"Shall we make an appointment for to-morrow?" he asked, after they had been talking some time.

"Yes. But there is one thing I wanted to ask you" —

"What is that?" inquired Orsino, seeing that she hesitated.

The faint color rose in her cheeks, but she looked straight into his eyes with a kind of fearless expression, as though she were facing a danger.



"Tell me," she said: "in Rome, where everything is known and every one talks so much, will it not be thought strange that you and I should be driving about together, looking for a house for me? Tell me the truth."

"What can people say?" asked Orsino.

"Many things. Will they say them?"

"If they do, I can make them stop talking."

"That means that they will talk, does it not? Would you like that?"

There was a sudden change in her face, with a look of doubt and anxious perplexity. Orsino saw it, and felt that she was putting him upon his honor, and that, whatever the doubt might be, it had nothing to do with her trust in him. Six months earlier he would not have hesitated to demonstrate that her fears were empty; but he felt that six months earlier she might not have yielded to his reasoning. It was instinctive, but his instinct was not mistaken.

"I think you are right," he said slowly. "We should not do it. I will send my architect with you."

There was enough regret in the tone to show that he was making a considerable sacrifice. A little delicacy means more when it comes from a strong man than when it is the natural expression of an over-refined and somewhat effeminate character; and Orsino was rapidly developing a strength of which other people were conscious. Maria Consuelo was pleased, though she too was perhaps sorry to give up the projected plan.

"After all," she said thoughtlessly, "you can come and see me here, if" —

She stopped and blushed again, more deeply this time; but she turned her face away, and in the half light the change of color was hardly noticeable.

"You were going to say 'if you care to see me,'" said Orsino. "I am glad you did not say it. It would not have been kind."

"Yes, I was going to say that," she answered quietly. "But I will not."

"Thank you."

"Why do you thank me?"

"For not hurting me."

"Do you think that I would hurt you willingly, in any way?"

"I should rather not think so. You did once."

The words slipped from his lips almost before he had time to realize what they meant. He was thinking of the night when she had drawn up the carriage window, leaving him standing on the pavement, and of her repeated refusals to see him afterwards. It seemed long ago, and the hurt had not really been so sharp as he fancied that it must have been, judging from what he now felt. She looked at him quickly, as though wondering what he would say next.

"I never meant to be unkind," she said. "I have often asked myself whether you could say as much."

It was Orsino's turn to change color. He was young enough for that, and the blood rose slowly in his dark cheeks. He thought again of their last meeting, and of what he had heard as he shut the door after him on that day. Perhaps he would have spoken, but Maria Consuelo was sorry for what she had said, as well as a little ashamed of her weakness, and she immediately turned back to a former point of the conversation, not too far removed from what had last been said.

"You see," said she, "I was right to ask you whether people would talk. And I am grateful to you for telling me the truth. It is a first proof of friendship, — of something better than our old relations. Will you send me your architect to-morrow, since you are so kind as to offer his help?"

After arranging for the hour of meeting Orsino rose to take his leave.

"May I come to-morrow?" he asked. "People will not talk about that," he added, with a smile.

"You can ask for me. I may be out. If I am at home, I shall be glad to see you."

She spoke coldly, and Orsino saw that she was looking over his shoulder.

He turned instinctively, and found that the door was open and Spicca was standing just outside, looking in, and apparently waiting for a word from Maria Consuelo before entering.

*F. Marion Crawford.*

## THE BENEDICTION.

ALL the village was astir while the hours were yet dark. Before the outlines of the chalets were distinguishable upon the hillside, fires were aglow on the hearths of their windowless kitchens as in central hollows of the earth, and, in the chill of the August morning, preparations for the day were going forward. The clouded night passed by imperceptible degrees to a clouded dawn, and the sun concealed his rising; but it did not rain, and there was no question of postponement. At half past four a service was held in the church, and at five the church bell rang out anew over the forming of the procession. The occasion was one which partook of the double nature of festival and pilgrimage; for the procession had a stiff climb before it of two hours to the top of a mountain pass, and a descent into the high valley beyond, where it was to assist at the benediction of the cows, already grazing there — it is to be hoped not wholly unblest — for three summer weeks.

The church stood midway of the village, on a little terrace above the street, a simple stuccoed pile, with a pointed steeple cased in new shining tin. Beside it huddled the village graves, not a numerous company, marked by black crosses, some of wood, others of wrought iron, tilted at all angles, and garlanded with immortelles and wreaths of tissue paper. The service over, white-veiled women came out of the porch and grouped about a large white-and-gilt banner; the rest of the congregation followed, and

the terrace was soon alive with figures moving in and out, the masses of white showing pure and cool, with gray shadows, against the gray walls in the early clouded light. Each found a place at last in the procession, which, when formed, consisted of the entire adult population of the village, with the exception of the infirm and those whom some special necessity kept at home. It could not measure its length in the churchyard, but it was not very imposing in extent, for all that; for Fins Hauts has scarce a foothold on its own mountain side, and the proportion of space which it occupies on the earth's surface and in the geographical census is of extreme modesty. The herald and vanguard of the procession was a small boy armed with a dinner bell, which he rang with lusty solemnity at regular intervals. He was followed by the young girls and unmarried women, wearing large square veils of white linen. The foremost carried the white-and-gilt banner, — no light weight considering the destination of the band; but the maiden to whom it was entrusted, the younger of the two Demoiselles C., who presided over the household destinies of our pension, walked erect, with placid Puritan countenance, under this "burden of an honor," and had evidently no desire to relinquish it. There were some pretty faces under the stiff linen veils, and many more pleasing and wholesome ones, with that expression of great simplicity, good sense, and a sort of reticent sweetness



which greets us everywhere in Switzerland, especially in the French cantons, and which, in the rarity of any striking distinction of feature or coloring, may be taken as a gracious substitute for a national type of beauty.

After the maidens came the choristers and young men, with a red banner bearing the image of St. Sebastian, and a shrine mounted on a pole, wherein a prim doll Virgin stood, with the Child in her arms, behind curtains of lace paper; then the *curé*, walking in the centre of his flock, in red robe, with open book and chaplet; next the married men, each hat in hand; and lastly the matrons, each with a basket on her arm containing the bread for the breakfast. The women wore no distinctive peasant costume, no bright bodices or gay skirts, but gowns of neutral gray, brown, or dull blue, and wide graceful straw hats bound with black ribbons. The gala hat of the canton of Valais, a monument of gilt lace, is rarely found nowadays in the mountain districts, being, fortunately, beyond the slender resources of the people.

Small though it was, and subdued in color, the Fins Hauts procession satisfied the eye, and the spirit also: it was simple, touching, reverent. As it moved through the churchyard, one or another of the participants turned aside to bow the head and make the sign of the cross before some special grave, acknowledging in the nearest loss the universal mystery and omnipotent law; and two by two, singing as they went, they descended the slanting path from the terrace and turned into the village road.

The road from Vernayaz to Chamonix which passes through Fins Hauts is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland, having more charm and variety than the nearly parallel route, more often chosen by tourists, from Martigny over the Tête-Noire; but much of its loveliness, alas, will soon become a memory, if the railroad fiend, who is already eying it speculatively, should succeed in

fastening his claws in its mountain flanks. It is a narrow road and very steep, the only vehicle that can be used on it being a little one-horse carriage with low wheels, holding one or two persons. The economical tourist is apt to be rather taken aback at first by the demand made by the tariff at Vernayaz of fifty francs for the day's journey to Chamonix in this modest conveyance, with a proportionate charge for a small cart to carry trunks. The rate is considerably less for parties of three or four, though in such cases an extra carriage has to be sent. Even the solitary traveler, however, by the time he has reached his noonday halt at Fins Hauts, is becoming convinced that the stout little horse and his driver, both of whom have walked all the way, are earning their money, and that the sum does not require comparison with a New York hack fare to appear a reasonable one. It is a delightful route for pedestrians, — for those of uphill tastes, at least; for to get the full sense of its scenery it should be traversed from the Rhone Valley towards Chamonix. The ascent begins immediately after leaving Vernayaz. On either side of the valley's broad smooth level a line of mountains rises abruptly, almost precipitously, without a break or a beguiling foothill. Our road plunges right at one of these walls of wild rock and forest, mounts in sharp zigzags up its front, crossing the descending torrent no less than forty-eight times, allowing backward views over the valley, vistas of the perilous-looking steps ascended, and of the lacing of little bridges over the stream above; then it strikes across the top of the ridge to the picturesque village of Salvan, nestling among its orchards, — a place with little breadth of prospect, but famous as a centre for excursions, and especially as a starting-point for the ascension of the Dent du Midi. After leaving Salvan it takes to the woods again, and later, in their depths, is seized for a moment in the

roar and dampness of the Cascade du Triège, which falls seething through a series of rocky wells, then gathers itself for a final descent close to the bridge, and rushes away under its high stone arch to join the Trient in the ravine below. A pause of a few moments gives time for ascending the steps leading to the waterfall, and allows the horse to stand tranquilly on the bridge, amid damp and noise, and munch oats from a wooden crib. Then forward again into the silence of the forest, and up a long ascent, with views of stern, rugged mountains rising above the road and over against it, — mountains to which the traveler's relation changes every few minutes. There is something very fascinating to the intellect in this kaleidoscopic action of a mountain range; in the mighty individuality of a mountain which merges itself, as we approach it, in other individualities and threatens to disappear, yet is always there, clear, vigorous, inalienable.

At the highest point of the road after it has emerged from the forest and crossed a rocky ledge, the traveler comes suddenly in sight of Fins Hauts lying directly before him, with its steep hay-fields running up on the right to a ridge of alp and gray rock dominated by the Bel Oiseau Mountain, and descending on the left to a ravine with a torrent rushing through it, too far below to be heard. The forward view, up the ravine, terminates in the abrupt stern precipice of the Perron and the broad shoulders and sharp peaks of the Aiguilles Rouges, at the entrance of the Chamonix Valley, symmetrical in outline, ruddy in color, and often streaked and powdered with summer snow. On the left-hand side of the valley, directly opposite the village of Fins Hauts, a break in the row of dark mountains allows the torrent to receive a tributary stream descending straight from the Glacier du Trient, and discloses to view the glacier itself crowned by a dome of snow. The Tête-Noire

road avails itself of this opening to descend from the Col de la Forclaz, and, curving round the pine-clad mountain from which it gets its name, runs for a time parallel to the Vernayaz road on the other side of the valley. They descend to meet, as Emerson says men do; the tryst being at the village of Châtelard, which is reached from Fins Hauts by a staircase of zigzags similar to the one above Vernayaz. The approach to the Chamonix Valley, facing its glaciers, is therefore the same for both routes, but the wild changeful picturesqueness of the Vernayaz road is its own; it catches the first view of Mont Blanc immediately after leaving Fins Hauts, and in striking through that village it has chosen the higher and more open side of the valley, and passed one of the loveliest spots that a handful of houses can cling to.

On entering Fins Hauts from Vernayaz the road goes through what is called "the tunnel," formed by the upper stories of the chalets which meet above the highway. Farther on, beyond the church, it walks up against a wall, and, as if taken by surprise, turns at a right angle. It is nowhere wide, and at one or two places so narrow that a halt of one of the little carriages blocks the way even to an unencumbered foot passenger.

There was not room in the village for procession and spectators, so we started in advance, and after walking for a few minutes gained a point of vantage in a little ascent, where we paused and turned to watch its approach. The only level in sight was the road, which was sliced out horizontally along the edge of the mountain, following the curves of its modeling, and lying white against its newly shorn brown slopes, like a peeled line on a russet apple. Between us and the village this pale line was four times bisected by the whiter lines of slender torrents, visible all their length from the heights above, leaping downward in the short grass with a directness which was



varied, not by loiterings, but by little accelerations of haste, petulant curves, and overlapping plumes of spray.

Along the white road, past the white torrents, came the white-veiled procession, singing and praying by turns, winding with the windings of the way, and blessing unconsciously the whole rugged landscape as it passed. When it reached us, the women with veils went by with downcast eyes, feeling themselves set apart for the service of the Church and of the day; but those of the men and matrons whom we knew had a smile and a nod of recognition for us, or a word of greeting, after which they resumed their beads and murmured prayers. The momentary interruption, simple and kindly as it was, took away nothing from the impressiveness or religious significance of the scene. Nor did it lose, to my mind, by the recollection of a conversation in which one of the women had said to me but a few days before: "You Protestants have an easier religion than we. You do not have so many services, so many things required of you." Does not one source of the strength of the Catholic Church, in its dealings with the poor and the toiling, lie in the fact that, while it presents religion to them as a distraction and a consolation, it also imposes definite and easily understood duties closely associated with sacred rites and higher promises? You will hear many a murmur against the necessity of work from peasants who toil faithfully all the days of their lives. This woman gave one little sigh to the obligations of her faith; but she had the faith, and lived up to it as to the labor of the day.

It was verily a service of body and soul that was performed that day by the *Fins Hauts* procession,—performed in a spirit of reverence and joyousness; and that not by members of a religious order, but by the whole hard-worked population of a little mountain village. Think of every one of them, young and old, walking steadily upward for two hours on a

rough, stony path without ceasing from their alternations of singing and praying! Their pace was so rapid that we who took no part in these exercises had difficulty in keeping up with them. It seemed hardly possible that those shrunk, weather-beaten old women could be capable of a performance requiring such lung power; but we remembered that the entire hay crop of the region had just been cut and raked by these same villagers, men and women alike, on slopes so steep that the operation was a little like standing on the eaves to rake down the roof of a high-gabled house, and had then been carried, every spear of it, on their heads to the hay chalets where it was stored for the winter. Having worked thus, they were strong to celebrate and to worship by climbing the steep path through the woods that folded up their little procession, and stretched it out again by zigzags; changing constantly the relations of white veils and red and gilt banners to the vivid greens of the soft, deep moss which covered the great stones and boulders massed in confusion between the rough trunks of the pine-trees. After leaving the woods we came to a group of four or five dark brown chalets on a ridge, with a torrent coming down beside them, conducted through wooden pipes into troughs for the cattle. The weather was still gray; Mont Blanc was hidden from view, and the *Glacier du Trient* had an ashen look under the cloud that covered the white dome behind it; but we knew well what a lifting of the mists, if it had taken place, would have disclosed from that point. The chalets wore a familiar, hospitable look. Only a short time before, we had spent the night there; climbing up through the woods with a lantern, sleeping for three or four hours in a hayloft, and coming out at three o'clock to stand shivering by the torrent and watch the first faint light in the sky, and then the wonderful rose touching the summit of Mont Blanc, and creeping

slowly downwards over its snowy breast, and then the fire on the glacier as the light struck it from between the dark mountains. The sun does not hold all his levees on the Righi, though he has there his largest audience.

The procession was ahead of us as we climbed up towards the Col de la Gueulaz. We had fallen into talk, of the sort that slackens the pace, — talk that is like reverie, leading nowhither, glancing where it lists, searchingly or idly. We tried to bridge with our thoughts the gulf which lies between participant and looker-on in such a scene; to put ourselves for an instant in the place of a mind to which it was no mere spectacle, but a natural and harmonious part of life, — a mind akin, no doubt, to that which, in times gone by, painted naive, adorable frescoes on the walls of Italian churches. How can it be so near to the cultivated, skeptical mind of to-day that we are penetrated through and through with the feeling of those old frescoes, unable to look with dry eyes at the white-veiled procession coming towards us on the winding road, or mounting through the deep-mossed woods; and, being so near, how can it be so remote? Must comprehension pay for all its dearly prized gains by constant and inevitable loss? Or even is comprehension itself often but a perception and sense of things lost, or a compensation for things not to be found? And then we came back from the abstract and the human to the strange scene about us, for we were going up the last ascent to the Col on a road made all of large broken stones, with the rocks of the Bel Oiseau above us on the one hand, and on the other, across a ravine, the mighty precipice of the Perron, with great clouds veiling and unveiling its stern brow. Clouds were gathering, too, about the narrow defile ahead of us which formed the summit of the Col, up which the procession was just climbing. The mist swept across its rear in puffs of white and gray, till

the line of white veils and banners, and even the sturdy mountaineers behind, seemed made of its substance, though each figure was perfectly distinct. Two by two they mounted the rocky way under the sheer gray wall to the top of the defile, and then dropped, two by two, over its edge, as abruptly, yet quietly, as if they had stepped down into an *oubliette* of soft mist. In a moment the last figure had disappeared, and only the long streamers of gray and white mist remained sweeping across the rocky edge, to curl round the mountain and disappear in their turn.

And the wonderful contrast when we reached the top! It was indeed abrupt as an *oubliette*, the descent by steps rough-hewn in the rock to the green valley below. A little valley it was, oval in shape, perfectly flat, with a placid, shallow stream flowing through it, and walls of rock, or almost equally sheer alp,\* on all sides. The sun had burst forth at last, and sent a long band of yellow light across the level verdure; and the procession was moving straight along this band of light as in a path of glory, the white veils gleaming splendidly, the sturdy russet-clad forms all warm and alive.

On descending to the valley we passed a little chapel on a green knoll. It could hardly have been more than five feet high. It had a decorated altar shut behind a grating. The procession had not halted there, but had gone on to the group of chalets beyond. On the outer wall of one of these chalets was a shrine garlanded with rhododendrons and other Alpine flowers, and presided over by a little blackened Virgin of carved wood. A short service had been held there before we arrived, after which the procession had broken up, and the people were busy over the preparations for breakfast. A fire was made in one of the chalets, and a huge caldron, one of those used for cheese-making, was set over it for boiling the milk. Boiled milk and white



bread — the latter a luxury — formed the peasants' breakfast. Their usual staff of life was a sort of black bread, which was baked for the whole village in a large oven once in three months. Meat was a rarity. They often started off for the fields on a breakfast of this black bread with butter or cheese and milk, and their noonday meal sometimes consisted of Indian-meal mush with milk and a piece of cheese. Yet they did not look ill nourished, and I saw no signs of the diseases which a too scanty diet could hardly have failed to produce.

The benediction was their peculiar festival. They were the hosts and hostesses of the occasion, discharging the duties of the office towards their foreign guests with a natural grace and kindness. Some of the women invited us to join them, as they sat in little groups on the grass, offered us bowls of milk, and entertained us with pleasant talk of hay crops, of the long mountain winters, and the various labors and customs. Among themselves they spoke in the Valaisian *patois*, a dialect related to both the French and Italian languages; but they also spoke excellent French, expressing themselves very correctly and with a pleasing accent. They were an interesting people to talk with, well mannered, intelligent, ready to answer questions, and full of questions to ask in their turn about the distant land we came from. "Are they all Protestants in your country?" one sweet-faced woman asked me. "Oh, no," I replied. "There are many Catholic churches. The Catholics have equal rights with the Protestants." "But that is strange to have both in the same country." "Why, no," I said. "It is like Switzerland. You are all Catholics in the Valais, but in Vaud they are Protestant, and in the canton of Neuchâtel both religions are supported by the state." "That is true," she said. "I had never thought of it. We have both;" and added, probably rather from an instinct of politeness than from con-

viction or meditation, "The great thing is to live well."

Sometimes the questions were frankly personal. We were always asked our ages, and learned in return those of our interlocutors. They were interested in comparing their modes of farming with ours. Were there any mountains in the country where I came from? Was the haying the same as with them? Was it a beautiful country? They were surprised to hear that we did not cultivate to the same height on our mountain slopes, nor cut every wisp of grass round the edge of a precipice, nor raise a patch of wheat the size of a dining-room table for the sake of the straw to make hats. It must be a rich country that could dispense with these efforts. They asked about wages and the cost of living. The former might have inspired a desire to emigrate, if the latter had not been too much of a shock to their ideas. They had no conception of earnings large enough to justify such outlay. The amount of money which passed through their hands in the course of a year must have been a very small one; and although, to people leading a life of such thrift and labor, there was a glamour about the notion of gaining, they had a deeper realization of the pain of spending.

It would be presumptuous and absurd to attempt any generalizations on the character of these peasants upon the data of a few weeks' intercourse. Everybody knows how the summer boarder, however well treated, is held at arm's length by the resident population even of a little New England village. In Europe, the line of demarcation between rural and urban folk is deeper and more impassable, although the intercourse between them is often friendly, and in Switzerland at least is marked by an equality of tone greater than that which prevails with us. Count Tolstóy is perhaps not far wrong in his ideas of getting at the people. The peasants

may well wonder or smile at a man who wants to play at work without the obligation upon him; but the fact remains that their world is governed by work, and that people who have things without visibly working for them belong to another world. If a native of their own country, not of peasant birth or associations, is necessarily a trifle alien from them, how much more one of another nationality! For difference of race, which lies deep, is bridged by cultivation, by habits of intercourse, and by personal sympathy, but is sure to be felt most strongly in relations with that class which is most truly national, most attached to local forms and customs, and least cognizant of the world outside. No, a tourist cannot pretend to know the true mind and inward bent of the people, as he learns to know the landscape and the mountain paths. With all his communicativeness, the peasant has a reticent side in intercourse with those who are not of his own race, class, and persuasion. He has his mental corner cupboard under lock and key. His true self is no more to be recklessly parted with than his bit of coin. A habit of courtesy, which is yet not servility, suggests to him the necessity of giving an answer agreeable to his interlocutor rather than one expressive of his own point of view, which he is perhaps not used to expressing. In giving my impressions of my Valaisian friends, I must speak as one who feels and honors their reserves; as an observer who can give no full or complete results of study, still less pronounce a final judgment upon the human beings in any canton or sphere whatsoever.

The strongest impression made upon me by intercourse with these and other peasants in Europe is that of a great simplicity of character as compared with a rural population in our own country. The aforementioned reticence of the peasant is no contradiction of this, for simplicity has its reserves as well as artifice, and the simplest things in the

world are not always the easiest to understand; often the more complex and involved ones force themselves nearer to our consciousness. Life to the European peasant is less complex, because more clearly defined, than to the New England farmer. The outward conditions of existence are practically the same for the whole village: it is not a life into which half the population have drifted by chance, and which they expect to give up for something else; it is the life which their fathers have led before them, which they themselves expect to lead to the end of the chapter, and to hand on to their children. There is less loneliness than with us, less eccentricity and morbidness, and there are no such cases of mental alienation due to other than physical causes. The peasants have their noses to the grindstone; practical questions and actual happenings fill their horizon. They are not so sturdily independent in money matters as our country people, but here it must be remembered that the conditions are different; that with them the pennies count, that wages are low, and that there has always been what may be called a greater interdependence of classes, a greater demand for small services on the one hand, and for small rewards on the other. They live more frankly and constantly before the eyes of their neighbors, peasants and strangers, than our farmers are ever called upon to do, but they do not seem to live to the same degree with a view to their neighbors' opinion. They take things more simply, and are virtuous or vicious more as a matter of course. During half of every year their country is invaded by hordes of beings who spend without working (the poorest tourist comes for the nonce, however innocently, into this category), and who take possession of the whole landscape before the face of men and women who work from year to year without getting aught to spend. That the peasants go on their way with so little heed to these interruptions speaks some-



thing for their independence of character. Except in certain parts of the Oberland, where it has been introduced by lavish tourists and become an unmitigated nuisance, begging is little known in Switzerland. The peasants are often intelligent, but rarely exhibit smartness or cleverness, qualities which abound among the poorest rural populations of our own country. Numbers of New England farm boys become successful men of business, inventors, even clever artists, for one peasant who leaves his plough; but when we come to count the gains of a country's literature or art, we find here and there in Europe an imagination growing up amid these slow, hampered conditions, with the clods sticking to its roots and the prose of hard fact rubbed into its poetry, and the result is something that we can call great. Nature sacrifices a great many points and small effects to a larger end.

While we sat on the grass and talked, the cattle were waiting for their benediction, grazing meanwhile on the other side of the rivulet, the tinkle of their bells coming to us across the valley. After a while it was proposed that we should go over and view them, as each of our entertainers wished to show us her cow. So we strolled across to the boggy meadow where they were feeding, to be introduced to one after another of the large-eyed creatures, and to hear the record of their yieldings in milk, their calving, their haps and mishaps, their idiosyncrasies and good qualities. The benediction service was to be held at the little chapel, and each peasant was to pay for one or more masses, according to his means, for his own cow. Our offers to contribute in special cases towards a mass were declined. Only those who had cows, they said, needed to pay. Not with the money of the stranger could the blessing of God be bought.

About the chapel was gathered a lovely group, the white-veiled women kneeling, nunlike and devout, with their rosa-

ries in their hands; the other villagers, men and women, either kneeling or sitting in groups on the grass. The curé stood before the door—he was taller than the building—and said mass. Beyond, at a little distance, were the cattle feeding by the stream; and above the alp covered with rhododendron bush, from which almost the last flowers had been stripped to decorate the altar, the gray rocks of the Bel Oiseau running up into the gray sky. That still little Barbarine valley had been the scene, far back in history, of a fierce battle; probably a fight for rights of pasturage between the people of Salvan or Fins Hauts and the Savoyards. The peasants told us about it. Like old Kaspar, they had forgotten

“All about the war,

And what they killed each other for,”

but related with awe that there were many slain, “and their bones are lying here under the grass.” And for many a year it has been the annual custom for the whole village to repair thither, and for masses to be said for the safety and welfare of the cattle sent up there to graze through the mild weather.

The masses over, the procession formed again to climb the steps up to the Col and descend to Fins Hauts. As it passed under the high rocks near the top of the Col, a herd of mountain goats fell into line beside it, and ran along with it a little way,—delicate creatures, small, lithe, and brown, like chamois, confiding and tame as lambs. Two of them mounted a rocky pinnacle beside the path, and, standing poised in chamois attitude on its almost pointed top, where a green bush waved like a plume, looked down at the procession passing by. A procession of *braves gens*, of simple, kindly hearts: may they find year by year, for themselves and their cattle in the Barbarine valley, the blessing which they earn by the year's toil as well as by the annual climb, with prayer and song, over the Col de la Gueulaz.

## QUATRAINS OF AUGUST.

I. *August.*

SHE bends, a woman, o'er the shrunken brook,  
 And reads her image, queenly grown and fair;  
 Yet dwells a wistful sadness in the look  
 That sees her vanished girlhood mirrored there.

II. *Corn.*

Drawn up in serried ranks across the fields  
 That, as we gaze, seem ever to increase,  
 With tasseled flags and sun-emblazoned shields,  
 The glorious army of earth's perfect peace.

III. *Dormant Bulbs.*

Still damp with earth I hold them in my hand,  
 These things that were red tulips in the spring;  
 And swift the thought we may not understand  
 Shoots through my brain and leaves me wondering.

*Charles Washington Coleman.*

## THE PERSIANS OF ÆSCHYLOS.

IN a preceding essay,<sup>1</sup> intended as an historical introduction to the present subject, it was mentioned that early in the fifth century B. C., probably soon after 494, the tragic poet Phrynichos produced at Athens a drama entitled *The Capture of Miletos*. For the information we are indebted to a passing allusion by Herodotos. In spite of a discouraging reception on one other and undoubtedly a subsequent occasion, Phrynichos ventured to exhibit a purely historical tragedy. This, and something more, we learn from the introductory remarks, or "hypothesis," of an ancient commentator, which in the manuscripts of Æschylos is found prefixed to *The Persians*. The scene of Phrynichos' play,

<sup>1</sup> See *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1892.

also, was laid at Susa. It had a prologue, spoken, or at least opened, by a slave, who was engaged in preparing the seats for the council meeting of the Persian elders. In the course of this prologue, moreover, which was probably a soliloquy, the defeat of Xerxes was mentioned. The resemblance to Æschylos' play, which already becomes evident, extended to the opening words. The first line of Phrynichos' tragedy ran,

"These are the Persians' seats, who came of old."

This drama was called *Phœnissæ*; that is, *The Phœnician Women*. The men of Phœnicia were actually serving on Xerxes' fleet in 480 B. C., in which year the scene is of course laid. Whether the women were supposed to be present in



the Persian capital, as slaves, hostages, or captives, we are not told. The tragedy of Phrynichos was evidently performed at an earlier date than Æschylos' drama. Indeed, the opening sentence of the hypothesis accuses Æschylos of *plagiarizing* his *Persians* from the rival poet's *Phœnissæ*. The fragmentary and tantalizing nature of our information regarding the entire history of the Greek drama is aptly illustrated by this example. We know nothing positively, beyond what is already stated, as to Phrynichos' play.

But Plutarch, in his life of Themistocles, says that the latter was choragos — that is, took his turn, as rich men had to do, at paying the cost of representing a group of tragedies — on a certain occasion when Phrynichos was the poet. Themistocles, as was usual, set up an inscribed tablet to commemorate the victory of Phrynichos over his rivals. Plutarch repeats the inscription, and the mention of the archon — the usual Athenian method of designating a year — fixes the date as 476 B. C. It is not stated what plays were performed.

Now, it is unlikely that such a drama as the *Phœnissæ* was acted in 479 B. C., when a large part of Xerxes' army was still within Thermopylæ. It might have appeared, however, in any year between that date and 472, when Æschylos' *Persians* was first brought out.

It remains, therefore, a surmise, though a most attractive and credible one, that the *Phœnissæ* was one of the plays offered in 476. It has been ingeniously argued, further, that the chorus was made up of Phœnician women, because the exploit of Themistocles against the royal fleet was made prominent in the plot, to the neglect of Aristides' valuable services on the same day, and the next year at Plataea.

It is really a pity that these "fruitful conjectures," as a German scholar

<sup>1</sup> If an Englishman wished to write a descriptive and declamatory tragedy on the battle of Flodden, he would without doubt follow

would call them, will probably never be actually proved true. It would then be easy to see the motives which prompted Æschylos, in his turn, only four years later, to bring the same subject upon the stage. Æschylos naturally belonged, in Athenian affairs, to the conservative side, of which Aristides was still the foremost representative. It is certainly worthy of remark that both the exploits of Aristides are made the most of in the Æschylean play; the battle of Plataea in particular being, as we shall see, dragged into notice by a rather violent dramatic device. Themistocles' deeds are not belittled, it is true, but it is noticeable that no Grecian chieftain is mentioned by name, or even distinctly alluded to. On the whole, it seems highly probable that our play actually was to some extent, though not in any unartistic or unworthy sense, a political stroke, and a counter-argument to a drama written for Themistocles by Phrynichos. Both the rival leaders, as well as thousands of veterans of the war and other eye-witnesses of the sea fight, were no doubt present in the theatre when the drama was performed. This is the best possible guarantee that the poet aimed at accurate treatment of all the local and well-known features of his plot, at least.

It would not be difficult to discern the motives which prompted both tragic poets to transfer the scene of their plays to Persia. The Greek drama was not, despite its name, one of action, but consisted of little more than effective declamation in costume. It would never have occurred to an Athenian that a mimic representation of the sea fight at Salamis, or of any great battle, could be put upon the stage, — unless indeed it were the comic stage. There was no place in Hellas itself to which the tidings could be brought, in the play, with good dramatic effect.<sup>1</sup> Furthermore, any account

the example of Aytoun's ballad, and lay his scene in the Scottish capital.

of the struggle from the lips of Greeks could hardly avoid the tone of excessive exultation, which was regarded as most offensive to the Hellenic gods. Xerxes, in his insolence and pride, was the chief tragic figure, defying Zeus, like the mythical Salmoneus and Capaneus.

There is very little indication in the drama, however, of familiarity with Persian customs and beliefs. The theology and moralizing of the chorus would shock no orthodox Greek. Indeed, the very costume of its members was unquestionably the regular tragic dress, over which were doubtless worn some more or less accurate insignia of their assumed character. There is not much of what we call "local color" in the play, and that little is not remarkable for its accuracy. As to the entire treatment of Darius, we must go further; for his effectiveness as a character in the drama is secured by a deliberate suppression of the most familiar historic facts.

Our play differs from most later ones, and indeed even from that of Phrynichos, in having no prologue, beginning at once with the entrance of the chanting chorus. It is, moreover, hardly practicable to divide *The Persians* into a regular succession of episodes or acts, with intervening choric songs, such as are clearly marked in the fully developed Athenian drama. The original choral element is still very prominent in this early tragedy. The play divides itself most naturally into three sections: the first culminating in the detailed account of the defeat at Salamis, delivered by the messenger; the second embracing the appearance of Darius's ghost and his prophetic allusion to Plataea; the third signalized by the appearance of Xerxes himself. It is the gravest fault of the drama, as a work of art, that of these three main divisions of the subject the first was to the original auditors, and is still to us, incomparably the most interesting of all, while the last is the least effective. Indeed, the effort of the poet and the dignity

of the dramatic action both fall off unmistakably in the closing scene.

The well-known theatre of Dionysos, on the southern side of the Athenian Acropolis, was not completed until late in the fourth century B. C. There is no trace of stone constructions of an earlier date. Throughout the golden period of the Greek drama, the fifth century, the spectators sat on wooden benches upon the hillside, and any arrangements made for the actors were probably of an equally temporary character. In our play, the palace of the Persian king was represented at the back of the scene. At the spectators' right was visible Darius's funeral-mound, and perhaps also something to indicate that the city of Susa lay in that direction. Whether there was a stage, elevating the actors proper above the level of the orchestra in which the chorus appeared, is still a subject of the fiercest controversy. The writer ventures to suggest that the palace may have been approached by two or three steps, as was the case with a Greek temple, while the orchestra indicated the ordinary level of the street or open square in front of the royal abode.

The twelve members of the chorus, representing the venerable councilors of the king, enter from the right, as if coming from the city, to the anapestic movement of their marching song.

*Chorus* (entering). These are they who the  
Faithful are called  
Of the Persians that forth into Hellas are gone.  
And the warders are we  
Of the sumptuous home, whom because of our  
rank  
Xerxes our lord, the monarch himself,  
Of Darius the son,  
To govern the country selected.

And concerning the homeward return of our  
king,  
And of his army equipped in gold,  
With evil forebodings exceedingly stirred  
Is my spirit, and crieth within me.

For all of the vigor from Asia sprung  
Is departed and gone;



And neither a horseman nor messenger yet  
The town of the Persians approaches.

Even so early the note of anxious foreboding is struck, and the same tone is heard more and more persistently, despite the utmost apparent effort to maintain a spirit of proud confidence in the invincible host. Here begins an enumeration of the chief divisions of the royal array.

*Cho.* They from Agbátana forth have fared,  
From Susa, and out of the ancient hold

In the Kissian land,  
Some upon horses, and others on ships;  
And the infantry march  
In solid and martial column.

Amístres and Artáphrenes,  
Megabátes and Astaspes too,  
The Persians' chiefs,  
The great king's subjects, and kings themselves,  
Speed onward, commanding the mighty array,  
Archer-warriors, riders of steeds,  
Fearful to see, and dread in the fray  
For the steadfast faith of their spirits;

Both Artembáres delighting in steeds,  
And Masistes, and that bowman good  
Imaios, and Pharandákés too,  
And the driver of horses Sosthánes.

These barbarous names, with their broad "Italian" vowels, sounded as formidable and unfamiliar to Athenian ears as they do to our own. They were, in fact, largely invented by Æschylos for that very purpose, though a few actually appear in Herodotos and other chronicles of the century.

*Cho.* Yet others the mighty all-nourishing  
Nile

Has sent us : Sousiskánes born  
In the land of Egypt, the sources' lord,  
And he who in sacred Memphis rules,  
Arsánes the great, and he who commands,  
Ariomárdos, in Thebes the Old;  
And the dwellers in marshes, the rowers of ships,  
Dreaded, in multitude countless.

It will be remembered that Egypt had revolted in the last years of Darius, and

<sup>1</sup> For those who cannot suffer the absence of rhyme in such passages, the present translator

had since been reconquered by Xerxes. Hence its appearance here in the imposing catalogue of the king's forces.

And the Lydian's throng, to luxury bred,  
Follow, who all the race include  
That dwell on the mainland, whom Arcteus bold,

And Mitrógathes, the kingly chiefs,  
Lead from Sardis, abounding in gold,  
As they ride upon many a chariot forth;  
Troops with quadruple and sixfold steeds,  
A most terrible sight to be looked on!

"The race that dwell on the mainland" is the very delicate allusion of our poet to a most painful fact. The recently subjugated Greek cities of Asia and the adjacent islands had furnished, under dire compulsion, a large portion of Xerxes' fleet. They had since been for the most part liberated by the forces of the Delian league, of which they gladly became members; and now, at the great spring festival of Dionysos, representatives from many of those cities may have been sitting in the Athenian theatre and listening to this very song. They could not share in the pride with which such reminiscences filled every Athenian heart; but the tragic poet does not wound the tender feelings of his city's guests.

Omitting a stanza or two, we may add the last measures of the anapestic march:—

Thus is the flower of the men who dwelt  
In Persia gone,  
And over them all the Asian land,  
That bred them, in eager yearning groans,  
While parents and wives from day unto day  
For the lengthening time are in terror.

The anapests end here, and the coun-  
cils have doubtless reached their proper  
position, facing the palace, expectantly  
awaiting the appearance of Atossa, the  
queen mother. Yet before she comes  
forth they chant a long series of lyric  
stanzas in more elaborate choral metres,  
which an English version can hardly re-  
produce.<sup>1</sup>

refers once for all to Professor Lewis Campbell's version of Æschylos, published in 1890.

Cho. *Now the town-destroying royal army  
To the neighborland has crost,  
Passing, on a raft with linen fastened,  
Athamantid Helle's stream.  
Like a yoke their many-bolted pathway  
On the water's throat they set.*

Helle, the daughter of Athamas, was one of the two children carried off by the golden-fleeced ram of the familiar myth. She fell from the ram's back in mid-air, and was drowned in the strait that divides the continents, which from her took the name Hellespontos.

The reader of Herodotos will recall the story of the bridges. The first one constructed was quickly carried away by the current, whereupon Xerxes caused the "bitter and treacherous river" to be cursed and scourged. Fetters were also thrown into the stream, at the king's command. There was even a story that he sent men to brand it as a royal slave. Though Herodotos rejects this detail as incredible, it is quite as characteristic as the rest.<sup>1</sup> The two bridges over which the army safely crossed were subsequently constructed by the Phœnicians, who were also the most skillful among the workers on the great canal dug behind Mount Athos.

Cho. *Many-peopled Asia's eager ruler  
Drives his wondrous flock  
Into all the earth, in twain divided,  
On the land and sea as well  
Trusting to his firm and harsh commanders;  
He, the godlike man of golden race!*

The phrase "harsh commanders" is, perhaps, a significant detail. It was customary for Persian officers to drive their men, presumably those of alien and subjugated races only, with scourges into battle. The "golden race" is an allusion to the story of Danaë, the mother of Perseus, from which hero the ruling caste in Persia were believed to trace their descent. Of course the idea was purely a Greek invention, suggested by the similarity of names.

<sup>1</sup> The Theban renegades who went over to the king at Thermopylæ were promptly sub-

Cho. *With the deadly serpent's darksome look  
From his eyes he gazes;  
Many-handed, lord of many ships,  
Drives his Syrian car;  
Leads against the race renowned as spearmen  
Hosts with arrows armed.*

This contrast between the spear and bow as the favorite arms of Greece and Persia is often insisted on in our play. The long pikes of the Spartan infantry in particular were really an important element of superiority in the field.

Cho. *Yet our mighty stream of men to stem  
None is found so famous,  
None with firmest barriers may withstand  
That unconquered wave;  
For resistless is the Persian army,  
Stout of heart their folk.*

*For from the gods hath Destiny  
Of old received her power,  
And on the Persians are imposed  
Tower-sacking wars to wage,  
The battle-rush of charioteers,  
And overthrow of towns.*

*And they have learned to look upon  
The sacred watery tract,  
When under gusts impetuous  
The wide-wayed sea is gray,  
And put their trust in slender ropes,  
In vessels bearing men.*

But the very mention of the unfamiliar sea brings dread afresh to the hearts of the aged Persians. The next stanza is unmistakably in the minor key.

Cho. *Yet a god's deceitful craft  
Who of mortal men may shun?  
Who is of so nimble feet,  
Master of a leap so light?  
Atë, with her gentle mien,  
Lureth man into the toils,  
Whence it is not possible  
That a mortal shall escape.*

This tone of anxiety does not grow lighter before the long ode closes, a few stanzas farther on, with these lines:—

Cho. *Tears and longing for their husbands  
Fill the Persian women's couches;  
Each one, grieving for her lord,  
Having sent her eager husband  
Forth to war, bereft remains.*

jected to the same indignity of branding, "beginning with the general."



In such passages the English reader will without doubt be reminded of old Allan-bane's vain effort to draw from his harp, for Ellen's sake, a strain of joyous hopefulness:—

"I touch the chords of joy, but low  
And mournful answer notes of woe;  
And the proud march, which victors tread,  
Sinks in the wailing for the dead."

The old men now evidently take their seats in the portico of the palace, until they rise again, a moment later, to receive Atossa.

*Cho.* But come, ye Persians, taking our seat  
In this ancient abode,  
To meditation discreet and profound  
Let us turn, and the need is approaching!

What, indeed, has befallen for Xerxes our king,  
Of Darius the son,  
From a race that has given a name unto ours?  
Is the bended bow the victorious force,  
Or is the strength  
Of the keen-tipped spear more mighty?

At this point, Atossa, widow of Darius, and regent during her son's absence, is brought out in her palanquin from the palace.

*Cho.* But, behold, our monarch's mother doth bring  
A light to our eyes as that of the gods.  
My queen, I do thee obeisance.

It is fitting, moreover, that we should all  
In words of greeting address her.

This, accordingly, the councilors proceed to do, but the anapests, which had been resumed for a few lines, are again dropped. The dialogue proceeds for some time in long trochaic lines. This metrical form is an unnatural and therefore a difficult mould for English sentences, but in the early Greek tragedy, as Aristotle tells us, it was the favorite metre of the dialogue, though later displaced by the iambic trimeter. Its presence here is of course an added proof, if any were needed, of the early date of our drama.

*Cho.* O my queen, most high in station of  
deep-girded Persian dames,

Xerxes' venerable mother, hail to thee, Darius' wife.

Spouse unto a god of Persians, mother to a god art thou,

— If the ancient evil genius hath not injured yet the host!

*Atossa.* This is why I come, departing from the halls with gold adorned,

And the common bridal chamber of Darius and myself:

Anxious doubt my heart is gnawing. But to you the tale I'll tell,

Who am nowise free from terror for myself, beloved friends,

Lest our mighty wealth may flee our threshold, and may overturn

All the bliss Darius builded, not without the aid of gods.

Such the twofold troublous thought that vaguely in my breast abides:

That abundant treasure, lacking men, is not in reverence held,

Nor on men bereft of treasure shines the light as suits their strength.

Yet our wealth may not be doubted, for our Eyes my terror is;

Since the presence of the master as the house's eye I hold.

Therefore, since affairs are standing so, O Persians, prove yourselves

In this question my advisers, venerable faithful ones.

*Cho.* Know thou well not twice thou speakest, sovereign lady of our land,

Wheresoe'er in speech or action we have power to lead the way;

Seeing we are indeed devoted whom thou call'st as counselors.

In the following passage the familiar iambic metre appears for the first time in the play. Readers interested in questions of metrical form will notice, without further remark, how the iambs alternate with trochees in the conversational portions of our tragedy.

*Atossa.* 'Mid many nightly visions evermore

I dwell, since, marshaling his host, my son, Seeking to spoil the Ionians' land, is gone.

But so distinctly none did I behold As this past night. And I will tell it you.

Methought two women, beautifully drest, Of whom the one in Persian robes was clad,

And one in Dorian, to my sight did come: In stature noblest far of all that live,

And in their faultless beauty; of one race, Sisters; but one had her allotted home

On Grecian earth, and on barbarian one.

Some strife arose, as I did think I saw,  
Between these two. My son, perceiving it,  
Restrained and soothed them. To his chariot  
He yoked the twain, and on their necks he set  
The collar. One took pride in this attire,  
And held her mouth submissive to the rein.  
The other strove, rent with her hands apart  
And tore perforce the harness of the car,  
Despite the bit, and broke the yoke in twain.  
My son fell; and beside him stood his sire,  
Darius, pitying him. But Xerxes, when  
He saw him, rent his robes about his form.

The dream of the dowager queen is intended to be easy and certain of interpretation. It is remarkable, however, that the Greek poet represents the Persian and Greek nations as sisters, and alike faultless in face and figure; that is, as the two noblest nations of the earth. He could of course know nothing of that actual community of origin among the so-called Aryan nations which is now so well established; nor is it likely that the resemblances in the two languages were of a kind to strike a Grecian ear. Perhaps the mythical descent of the Persians from the Greek hero Perseus may have influenced this passage to some extent. But it has been remarked elsewhere that Herodotos also shows a large appreciation of Persian character.

Atossa continues:—

This, in the night, I say that I beheld.  
But when I had arisen, and dipt my hands  
In the fair-flowing spring, I neared the shrine,  
With hand prepared to the averting powers  
To pour libations, who such rites may claim.

I saw an eagle fleeing to the hearth  
Of Phœbos. Dumb with fright I stood, O  
friends.

And then a hawk I saw, that with full speed  
Assailed him on the wing, and tore his head  
With talons. He no otherwise appeared  
Than cowering.

These are fearful things for me  
To view, for you to hear. For know ye well,  
My son, victorious, were a marvelous man;  
And, failing, need not answer to the state,  
But, if he live, shall rule no less the land.

This humiliation of the royal eagle by the baser bird is also a portent whose meaning can hardly be missed. Despite

the defiant tone of these closing words, or indeed all the more for that, both the dream and the actual occurrence of the morning serve their dramatic purpose, and the cloud of foreboding hangs yet more darkly over the royal home. We seem already to hear, as it were, the coming feet of the messenger of woe.

*Cho.* We desire not to affright thee, mother,  
overmuch by words,

Nor to embolden; but, approaching with thy  
suppliant prayers the gods,

If thou sawest aught of evil, pray that they  
may this avert,

But the good may be accomplished, for thine  
offspring and for thee,

For the state, and all thou lovest. Next 'tis  
fitting that to Earth

And the dead thou pour libations, and in meek-  
ness this beseech:

That thy lord Darius, whom thou saidst thou  
sawest in the night,

Blessings send from under earth to daylight  
for thy child and thee,

But the contrary thereof be buried and in  
darkness veiled.

Thus from my prophetic soul in meekness  
have I counseled thee,

And we trust that every way the issue shall be  
well thereof.

The expression "prophetic soul" intimates that the aged leader, who here and elsewhere speaks for the council, foresees clearly the evil which is at hand.

During this and other passages those on the stage no doubt turned their eyes often toward the tumulus of Darius.

*Atossa.* Why! a kindly first expounder of  
these visions, for my son

And his house, in truth art thou, who utterest  
thy decision thus.

May the end indeed be happy! And whatever  
thou hast bid

All we to the gods will offer, and the loved  
ones under earth.

When we to our dwelling pass: but this I  
wish in full to learn,

O my friends, where on the earth men say the  
town of Athens is.

There is a certain improbability in this inquiry and the ensuing conversation, at so late a time. In the same manner, the Homeric Helen, in the tenth year of the Trojan war, points out to Priam the chief



heroes of the beleaguering host. Such license is, however, constantly necessary, in order to bring effective material within the dramatist's limits. We can easily imagine with what applause the Athenian audience received some of the following lines.

*Cho.* Far away, where at his setting lordly Helios vanishes.

*Atossa.* Yet the longing seized indeed my son to hunt this city down?

*Cho.* Ay, for so the whole of Hellas would be subject to the king.

With this emphatic compliment should be compared the statement of Herodotos to the same effect, quoted in the previous paper. It would be too curious to ask how the councilor chanced to be so well informed. He may himself have served against the Athenians in former years.

*Atossa.* Such a mighty multitude of men is in their army, then?

*Cho.* Such a host as has accomplished many evils for the Medes!

The evils alluded to are especially the destruction of Sardis and the rout at Marathon. The intimation that the power of the Athenians was not dependent on mere numbers would not be lost upon the poet's auditors.

*Atossa.* What have they beyond this? Is there wealth sufficient in their home?

*Cho.* They possess a silver spring, a treasure-chamber in the earth.

This highly poetical metaphor is the earliest reference we have to the silver mines in southern Attica, which had enabled the Athenians to equip the great fleet for the war with Xerxes.

*Atossa.* Is it, pray, the bow-spied dart that in their hand is eminent?

*Cho.* Nay, not so, but firm-held pikes, and harness that a shield affords.

*Atossa.* Who is shepherd over them, and despot of the multitude?

*Cho.* Servants of no mortal master, nor his subjects are they called.

*Atossa.* How, then, may they make a stand against invading enemies?

*Cho.* So, that they destroyed Darius' great and glorious armament!

*Atossa.* For the parents of the absent bitter thoughts thy words provide.

*Cho.* But methinks full soon exactly all the story thou wilt know;

For the speed of yonder man makes evident his Persian race,

And he brings some certain tidings, good or evil things to hear.

So the messenger, for whom we have been waiting, now enters from the left; that is, from a foreign land, according to the conventions of the theatre. It will be profitable to study attentively the manner in which we have been prepared for his arrival. Of action proper the play can, in the nature of things, have little or none, the actual contest being already decided and beyond the limits of the drama. It is only by leading up to the catastrophe that anything like a culmination of interest can be attained.

In the scene which ensues, the messenger's long report is skillfully broken up into four chief divisions, and even here there is some effort to maintain the interest of the hearers by a certain retardation of the most vital information.

*Messenger* (entering). O towns of all the Asiatic land,

O Persian earth, and mighty port of wealth,

How at one blow your great prosperity

Is quelled! The Persians' bloom is fall'n and gone!

Ah me! 't is ill to be the first to tell

Of ills. Yet all our woe must I unfold.

Persians! the whole barbarian host is lost!

*Cho.* *Grievous, grievous strange calamities!*

*Weep, O Persians, learning this disaster.*

With this couplet begins a *kommós*, or *threnody*, the messenger responding with two-line speeches to the frenzied lamentations of the chorus.

*Mess.* Ay, that is wholly come to pass.

This day

Of safe return I had not hoped to see.

*Cho.* *All too long the life we live doth seem,*

*Hearing in our age this woe unhop'd-for!*

*Mess.* I who was there, not hearing others' tales,

Persians, would tell the evils that were wrought.

*Cho.* *All in vain, alas!*

*Missiles manifold commingled*

*Out of Asia came*

*On the Grecian land divine!*

*Mess.* With corpses miserably slain were filled  
The Salaminian shores and neighborland !

*Cho.* *Woe ! Our dear ones' forms*  
*Drowned and tost upon the waters*  
*Even in death were borne*

*On their mantles wide outspread !*

*Mess.* Naught did our bows avail, but all the host  
Has perished, conquered by the foes' attacks.

*Cho.* *Utter loud a fateful cry,*  
*Piteous, for the Persians evil-starred,*  
*Who in all most wretchedly have fared !*  
*Woe is me, the host is lost !*

*Mess.* O Salamis, most hated name to hear !  
Ah ! how I groan when Athens I recall !

*Cho.* *Dread is Athens to her foes !*  
*Well may we remember how she made*  
*Utterly bereft and husbandless*  
*Many a Persian dame !*

Atossa, meanwhile, has regained such composure as befits her rank, and now asks the question she most dreads to hear answered.

*Atossa.* Long am I mute, — ill-fated, overcome

By woes ; for this disaster is beyond  
All words, or questioning as to our mishaps.  
Yet mortal men must needs endure the griefs  
Which gods bestow. But all our loss unfold.  
Speak steadfastly, though thou bemoan our woes.

Who is not dead ? Who of the chiefs are we  
To mourn, since he, to hold the sceptre set,  
Has left, by perishing, his post unmanned ?

*Mess.* Xerxes yet lives, and looks upon the sun.

*Atossa.* Great light unto my house thy words  
have brought,  
And out of darksome night the shining day.

*Mess.* Artémbares, chief of ten thousand horse,  
Lies smitten by the rough Silenian strand ;  
And by a spear thrust chiliarch Dádakes  
With nimble leap went plunging from his ship.

So many captains do I now recall ;  
Yet of our many griefs I announce but few.

Of this speech the reader has here been spared more than twenty lines, containing as formidable a list of barbaric names as had occurred in the opening chant.

*Atossa.* Alas ! these are the crowning woes I hear ;  
To Persians cause for shame and shrill lament.

— But tell me this, returning once again,  
How great the number was of Grecian ships,  
That with the Persian armament they dared  
To join in battle and in deadly strife.

*Mess.* So far as numbers went, know well,  
in ships

Stronger was the barbarian ; for in all  
On the Greek side were but three hundred sail,

And ten selected ones apart from them.  
A thousand was the multitude, I know,  
Which Xerxes led, and twice an hundred more  
And seven, exceeding swift : so runs the tale.  
Thou dost not deem us weaker for the fight ?

*Atossa.* Yet even so some god destroyed our host,  
Loading with an unequal fate the scales ?

*Mess.* The gods preserve the goddess Pallas' town.

*Atossa.* Is, then, the town of Athens undestroyed ?

*Mess.* While her men live she is a bulwark firm !

If the messenger has an even higher appreciation of Athenian prowess than the spokesman of the chorus displayed just before, we must remember that his experience thereof is both more recent and more severe.

*Atossa.* But how began the battle of the ships ?

Tell ! Who commenced the fight ? Was it the Greeks,

Or my son, trustful in his vessels' throng ?

*Mess.* A daemon or avenger came, O queen,  
I know not whence, and all the harm began.  
For a Greek man from the Athenian host  
Arrived, and this to Xerxes said, thy son :  
That if the dusk of the black night should come,

The Greeks would tarry not, but leap upon  
Their vessels' decks, and turning various ways  
Would save by a clandestine flight their lives.

The allusion is of course to the famous message of Themistocles, carried by Sikinnos, who had been the instructor of the statesman's sons. Still, by those not already familiar with the incident, it might hardly be noticed that these words could not refer merely to one of the numberless deserters who had streamed into Xerxes' camp ever since he entered Thessaly. At any rate, there is no hint that this man had been sent by a Greek commander. It is a singu-



lar fact that the messenger was dispatched in broad daylight.

And he, when this he heard, did not perceive

The Greek man's craft, nor envy of the gods,  
But unto all the captains thus proclaimed :  
" When the sun burns no longer with his rays  
The earth, but darkness holds the tracts of air,  
Array the mass of ships in treble line  
To guard the exits and the roaring straits,  
And others in a ring round Aias' isle."  
— Since if the Greeks should shun their evil  
fate,  
Devising with their ships some secret flight,  
His captains all were doomed to lose their  
heads.

Such words he spake from his exultant  
heart,  
Nor knew what from the gods should come to  
pass.

They, not disorderly, with submissive heart  
Prepared their supper, and each mariner  
Round the well-fitted pin his oar made fast.  
But when the splendor of the sun had waned,  
And night came on, each master of an oar  
Aboard his vessel went, and each marine.  
The lines of war ships one another hailed :  
And then, as each was stationed, they set sail,  
And through the night the admirals arrayed  
Upon the waters all their armament.

The night was passing, and the Grecian host  
By no means sought to issue forth unseen.  
But when indeed the day with her white  
steeds

Held all the earth, resplendent to behold,  
First from the Greeks the loud-resounding din  
Of song triumphant came ; and shrill at once  
Echo responded from the island rock.  
Then upon all barbarians terror fell,  
Thus disappointed ; for not as for flight  
The Hellenes sang the holy pæan then,  
But setting forth to battle valiantly.  
The bugle with its note inflamed them all ;  
And straightway with the dip of plashing oars  
They smote the deep sea water at command,  
And quickly all were plainly to be seen.  
Their right wing first in orderly array  
Led on, and second all the armament  
Followed them forth ; and meanwhile there  
was heard

A mighty shout :

" Come, O ye sons of Greeks,  
Make free your country, make your children  
free,  
Your wives, and fanes of your ancestral gods,  
And your sires' tombs ! For all we now con-  
tend ! "

And from our side the rush of Persian speech  
Replied. No longer might the crisis wait.

At once ship smote on ship with brazen beak ;  
A vessel of the Greeks began the attack,  
Crushing the stem of a Phœnician ship.  
Each on a different vessel turned his prow.

At first the current of the Persian host  
Withstood ; but when within the strait the  
throng

Of ships was gathered, and they could not aid  
Each other, but by their own brazen bows  
Were struck, they shattered all our naval  
host.

The Grecian vessels not unskillfully  
Were smiting round about ; the hulls of ships  
Were overset ; the sea was hid from sight,  
Covered with wreckage and the death of men ;  
The reefs and headlands were with corpses  
filled,

And in disorderd flight each ship was rowed,  
As many as were of the Persian host.  
But they, like tunnies or some shoal of fish,  
With broken oars and fragments of the wrecks  
Struck us and clove us ; and at once a cry  
Of lamentation filled the briny sea,  
Till the black darkness' eye did rescue us.

The number of our griefs, not though ten  
days

I talked together, could I fully tell ;  
But this know well, that never in one day  
Perished so great a multitude of men.

There has been no point in this thrilling account where it appeared seemly to interrupt the messenger. Moreover, for a final discussion of all the questions connected with the battle of Salamis, it is only necessary to refer to the paper by Professor Goodwin, printed in the first volume of papers of the American School at Athens. It has been generally stated by modern historians that the Persian ships crept into the bay of Salamis on the night succeeding Themistocles' warning, and lined the entire shore of the bay on the Attic side, where they were discovered at daybreak facing the Athenians across the narrow waters. Such an evolution is utterly impossible, and indeed absurd. The strait is in one place hardly thirty-five hundred feet wide, and a dangerous shoal here reduces the width of the channel to barely eighteen hundred feet. That such a movement, with all the attendant noise and confusion, could have escaped the knowledge of the Greeks is in itself incredible. Numberless details in the

story of Herodotos are irreconcilable with such a theory of the battle. It is not necessary, however, to seek information outside the account of Æschylos, who in such a matter as this is an unimpeachable—and happily also an unmistakable—witness to the truth. Xerxes simply blocked up the “exit and the roaring strait” on the side toward Piræus, and at the same time sent a force of ships around Salamis to close the avenue of escape to the westward. In the eastward strait the battle occurred. This explains the statement of Herodotos, that the wakeful Themistocles learned first from Aristides that the king had followed his advice. This is also the reason why the Greeks, as Æschylos says, were not visible to the Persians until they came forth to battle. An attentive reading of the messenger’s speech can leave no doubt in any unprejudiced mind.

The whole essay of Professor Goodwin should, however, be studied carefully. He endeavors, finally, to prove that every word of Herodotos is consistent with the same view of the movement of Xerxes. In this matter, the student may still retain the impression that Herodotos has here, as in other cases, only vague and inaccurate ideas as to the topography of the field, and expresses himself with corresponding vagueness and inexactness. His statements, even if actually opposed to the account of Æschylos, would have, on such a point as this, simply no weight whatever.

Of the real terror and the divided counsels among the Greeks we hear nothing from Æschylos. It was not necessary that his Persian messenger should know of these things, nor mention them if he did know. Nor was it a subject which the dramatist’s audience would care to have recalled. The silence of the poet in no way discredits the account of the historian.

But the messenger has much more to tell.

*Atossa.* Alas! a mighty sea of woes has broken

On Persians and the whole barbarian race!

*Mess.* Now this know well, not yet the half of ill

Is told. Such suffering and disaster came  
On them as even doubly these outweighed.

*Atossa.* What fate could be more hostile yet than this?

Tell us, what was that evil chance which yet  
Again, and weightier yet, the host befell?

*Mess.* Those Persians who were in the prime of life,

Noble of soul and eminent by birth,  
And ever first in faith unto their lord,  
Have basely perished by an inglorious fate.

*Atossa.* Ah, wretched me in this disaster,  
friends!

But by what fate say’st thou they were destroyed?

*Mess.* There is an isle in front of Salamis,  
Small, insecure for ships, haunted by Pan,  
Who loves the dance, upon its watery strand.  
Thither he sends these men, that when the foe  
Whose ships were lost should safely reach the isle

They might destroy the helpless host of Greeks,  
And rescue friends from out the briny straits.

He read the future ill! for when the god  
Gave glory in the sea fight to the Greeks,  
Mailing that very day in brazen arms  
Their bodies, from their ships they leaped.  
The isle

They encircled round about, so that our men  
Had no escape. Many with stones were  
crushed

Hurled from the hand, and from the bowstring  
fell

The darts upon them and destroyed their life.  
Finally rushing in with one accord  
They struck, they backed the limbs of wretched men,

Until they quite destroyed the life of all.

And Xerxes groaned to see the depth of woe.  
(He had a seat in view of all the host,  
Upon a lofty hill beside the sea.)

He rent his clothes, and shrilly wailed aloud;  
To the land force he straightway gave command,

And sent them off in flight disorderly.

Such, with the former loss, have we to  
mourn.

This exploit of Aristides and the Athenian infantry has been alluded to already, both in this and in the previous essay. Whatever the motive, dramatic or political, the importance of the incident has certainly been exaggerated by our poet. It did not “doubly out-



weigh," nor nearly equal, the decisive defeat of the Persian fleet. Nor should the poet have implied so close a connection as the closing lines are meant to indicate between the massacre on Psyttaleia and the retreat of Xerxes. The king was indeed greatly terrified by all the events of the day, and on the next night dispatched his fleet from Phaleron, the harbor of Athens, to make at once for the Hellespont and guard the bridges. His children also were sent back to Asia on shipboard. He himself, however, waited several days before moving toward the north with the land forces.

It may be added here that the island of Psyttaleia lies just outside the eastward strait between Salamis and Attica. Xerxes would not, then, have landed a heavy force there to intercept Greeks escaping from sinking ships, unless he expected his foes to make a stand, if anywhere, in the narrow channel, where the current might carry the crippled vessels still somewhat farther out. The movement would have been hardly intelligible, if the king held the Athenians already actually surrounded, and cooped up in one or both of the little horseshoe-shaped inlets on the Salaminian side of the narrow landlocked bay.

*Atossa.* O hateful daemon, who beguiled of sense

The Persians! Bitter recompense my son  
Won from famed Athens! The barbarians  
Whom Marathon had slain did not suffice!  
My son, who vengeance thought to wreak on them,

Drew down so great a multitude of woes.  
But say which vessels have escaped their doom,  
And where thou hast left them. Canst thou  
clearly tell?

*Mess.* The captains of the vessels which remained

Set off in headlong flight before the wind.  
The other troops in the Boeotians' land  
Perished, a part by the refreshing springs,  
When weak with thirst, and from exhaustion  
some.

But we passed on into the Phocian land,  
To Doris, and the Maliae gulf, to where  
Spercheios waters with his kindly stream  
The plain. The Achaian realm received us  
next,

And towns of Thessaly, in lack of food.  
And there indeed the greatest number died,  
By thirst and famine; for these both were  
there.

Unto Magnesia came we, and the land  
Of Macedonians, to the Axios' ford,  
The marshy brake of Bolbe, Mount Pangæon,  
And the Edonian tract. That night a god  
Roused an untimely storm, and wholly froze  
The sacred Strymon's current. Some who ne'er  
Regarded gods before made then their vows  
With prayer, adoring earth and heaven. But  
when

The host, invoking oft the gods, had ceased,  
They crossed upon the path of solid ice.  
And whoso of us started ere the rays  
Divine had been sent forth came safely  
through;

For with its beams the sun's bright flaming disc  
Heated with fire and broke midway our path.  
They fell on one another. Blest was he  
Whoever quickest lost the breath of life.

But they who won their safety, and survived,  
Hardly traversing Thrace, with mighty toil,  
Are come escaping — but not many are they —  
Unto a friendly soil. The Persian state  
Should wail, lamenting the land's dearest  
youth.

True words are these; but much I leave  
unsaid,  
Of sorrows sent on Persians by the god.

The knowledge here displayed of the geography of the northern Ægean has convinced some German scholars that Æschylos must have served in the Thracian campaign under Kimon, the son of Miltiades, about 476 B. C., when the stronghold of Eion, on the Strymon, was besieged and wrested from the Persians. There is no detail, however, of a kind not equally well acquired at second-hand. As for the freezing and sudden thawing of the Strymon, it is said to be quite incredible, at the time when Xerxes must have reached its banks. The battle of Salamis apparently occurred about September 10, and the entire retreat of the king as far as the Hellespont occupied only forty-four days. The silence of the prose chroniclers leads us to regard this incident as purely a poetic invention.

The whole account of Xerxes' retreat has been overlaid by later writers with

romantic and harrowing details. Macedonia and Thrace had no doubt been swept clean by the army on its westward progress, a few months before, and in the present confusion and haste there must have been much suffering and heavy loss, especially among the troops of the tributary subject nations. But a single well-authenticated fact dissipates all the accounts of extreme privation, at any rate of Xerxes himself and his Persians. The corps of Artabazus, sixty thousand strong, was appointed to cover the retreat as far as the Hellespont. These troops then retraced their steps over the same line of march, suffering serious loss on the way in an assault upon Potidæa, and still mustered forty thousand men actually under arms for the decisive battle at Plataea, the next autumn.

*Cho.* O trouble-giving Power, how heavily  
Thou hast trampled upon all the Persian race !

*Atossa.* Ah, wretched am I, that our host is  
slain !

O thou clear visions of my nightly dreams,  
How plainly didst thou show to me our woes !  
But ye did judge exceeding foolishly.

Yet, since your words have so been ratified,  
First I desire to pray unto the gods ;  
Then, fetching a libation from my home  
To give the dead and Earth, I will return.  
I know the deed already is wholly done,  
Yet for the future may this still avail.

'T is fit that you, in view of these events,  
Give faithful counsel to your faithful lords.

Comfort my son, if he ere my return  
Come hither, and escort him to his home,  
Lest ill be added to the present ills.

With these words Atossa reënters the palace, and the messenger also withdraws, no doubt passing off to the spectators' right, as if seeking his home. The space of time required until Atossa can prepare her libation and return is occupied with a mournful interlude of the chorus. Beginning with anapests, they glide off as usual into the paired lyric stanzas called strophes and anti-strophes. Of the six stanzas a selection will suffice, as the action, if so it may be called, makes no step forward.

*Cho.* Now troops and mariners  
The ships, with equal wings,  
Dark-prowed, have borne, alas !  
The ships have slain, ah me !  
The ships, in that most deadly fray,  
Through the Ionians' hands.  
And hardly did our lord  
Himself, as we are told,  
Escape across the many plains  
And troubled ways of Thrace.

Fiercely torn by waves, alas !  
By the voiceless children — woe ! —  
Of the stainless sea their forms are rent.  
Homes bereft their masters mourn.  
Aged men bewail,  
Hearing all the tale of misery,  
Griefs by gods imposed.

Throughout the land of Asia now,  
Men own no more the Persian rule ;  
No longer do they tribute bring  
To our imperious sway ;  
Nor bending humbly to the ground  
Will they submit, for wholly lost  
Is now our royal power.

This declaration that Persia's hold on the subject races is broken must be wholly prophetic, as no news save the tidings of Xerxes' own defeat can as yet have arrived. But in the Athenian theatre, as an allusion to the liberation of the Ionians, it would be promptly understood, and perhaps enthusiastically applauded.

After this intermezzo Atossa again appears, coming forth from the palace. She is now walking, and her attendants bear the offerings mentioned just below.

*Atossa.* Whoso with sorrow is familiar, friends,  
Knows that when once a wave of trouble breaks  
On mortals everything arouses dread.  
But when the god is kindly, we believe  
That the same power will always guide our fate.

For me already all is full of fear.  
The gods' ill will before mine eyes appears,  
A cry, but not of triumph, in my ears.

Such terror at our woes affrights my soul.  
Therefore this way, with no conveyances  
Or luxury, as before, forth from my home  
I come, and unto my son's father bring  
Gracious libations, soothing to the dead :  
Milk, white and sweet, drawn from a sacred cow ;  
Bright honey, made by her who toils among  
The flowers ; and water from a virgin spring ;  
And, drink unsullied from a mother mild,  
This gladdening liquor of the ancient vine.



The yellow olive, in whose foliage life  
Flourishes ever, sends its odorous fruit;  
And here, the offspring of all-bearing Earth,  
Are plaited flowers.

But aid, O friends, with hymns  
These offerings for the dead, and summon up  
Divine Darius. To the gods below  
I bring these honors, which the Earth shall  
drink.

These libations are in accord with Hellenic usage. Indeed, a similar though somewhat simpler offering to the shades is made by the Homeric Odysseus when he visits the underworld. The actual summoning forth of the departed monarch from his tomb, in broad daylight, was no doubt accepted somewhat more easily because represented as occurring in the far Orient, then, as now, the home of the marvelous.

Atossa is already pouring her gifts upon the ground beside Darius's tomb, and the venerable councilors, with ever-increasing vehemence, unite in beseeching the dead king to appear. As their excitement waxes, they pass once more from anapestic recitative to choral songs. Here again a selection of passages from the long ode will satisfy the reader.

*Cho.* But ye, O sacred Chthonian powers,  
Hermes, and Earth, and thou, monarch of  
ghosts,

Send from below his soul to the light.  
For if yet a cure for our sorrows he knows,  
He alone of the dead might reveal it!

*Yet do thou, O Earth, and ye  
Other lords of those who dwell  
Underground, bid come to us  
That divine and glorious one,  
Susa-born, the Persians' god!  
Send him upward. Such an one as he  
Never yet in Persian earth was hid.*

*For by the deadly miseries of war  
Never did he his men destroy.  
Like unto gods in counsel was he called  
Of Persians, and godlike he was,  
Since well his host he guided. Yea!  
Our lord, our ancient lord, draw near!  
Come to the summit of thy tomb.  
Thy sandal, saffron-dyed, upraise,  
Thy kingly tiara's crest reveal.  
Come, O benignant sire, Darius, come!*

At last the ghostly king really appears at the top of the mound, visible, doubtless, at full length, from saffron sandals to kingly tiara. The latter is the peculiar symbol of his rank. One of the noblest remarks in the *Anabasis*, from the lips of the most ignoble Persian to whom history introduces us, is, "Only the great king can wear the upright tiara on his head, but any man may wear it on his heart."

The ghost has more life and manliness in him than any other character in the play, and holds his own with ease against Hamlet's father or any other spirit that treads the boards. The real Darius of history is also a noble and inspiring figure; but the resemblance between the two is slight. Like the Cyrus of Xenophon's romance, this is merely an ideal monarch, on whom is bestowed an illustrious historic name. The best known facts regarding the father of Xerxes are, in this imaginative picture, not merely ignored, but reversed.

The reader should note the first words of the ghost, which show clearly that he has no idea of events occurring on the upper earth. The importance of this point will be seen presently.

*Ghost of Darius.* O true and trusted, comrades of my youth,  
Ye Persian elders, what befalls our state?  
Groaning and torn and beaten is the earth.  
With dread I see my wife beside my tomb;  
Yet kindly her libations I received.  
Ye also, standing near my tomb, lament,  
And, with soul-summoning incantations, shriek  
And call me piteously.

To issue forth  
Is hard, the more since gods beneath the earth  
Are readier to receive than to release;  
But yet, prevailing over them, I come.  
But haste, lest I for tardiness be blamed.  
What is the Persians' new and heavy grief?

*Cho.* I am awed to look upon thee,  
I am awed to speak unto thee,  
In my ancient dread of thee!

*Ghost.* Yet, since to thine incantations hearken-  
ing, from below I come,  
Not with any tedious words, but speaking with  
all brevity,  
Tell me everything completely, putting off thy  
dread of me.

Cho. *Ah, I dread to do thy bidding,  
And I dread to speak before thee  
Bitter words for those we love.*

*Ghost.* Since the ancient awe and reverence  
with thy spirit doth contend,  
[*To Atossa*] Aged partner of my couch of wed-  
lock, venerable dame,  
Ceasing from these incantations and laments,  
distinctly speak.  
The calamities are human which for human-  
kind befall.

Many evils from the sea, and many from the  
land as well,  
Come to pass for mortal men, if all too long  
their life extends.

*Atossa.* Thou who all men hast surpassed in  
fortune and in happiness,  
Since, so long as thou didst look upon the sun-  
shine, enviable

Thou hast passed a blest existence 'mid thy  
Persians, like a god,  
Now I envy thee thy death ere thou our depth  
of woe hast seen.

All the story, O Darius, shalt thou hear in  
little time.

Wholly ruined are the fortunes of the Per-  
sians, one might say.

*Ghost.* How? Did pestilence befall, or civic  
strife within the state?

*Atossa.* Nay, but round the town of Athens  
was our army quite destroyed.

*Ghost.* Who among my children led an ex-  
pedition thither? Speak!

*Atossa.* Xerxes the impetuous, leaving all  
the mainland desolate.

*Ghost.* Did the wretched man by land or  
sea this foolish trial make?

This "foolish trial" was in fact made  
by Xerxes most reluctantly, in obedience  
to Darius's dying injunctions, and for the  
purpose of avenging the shameful repulse  
at Marathon in the father's time. The  
latter fact, at least, has been plainly  
stated by Atossa in the scene with the  
messenger.

*Atossa.* Both at once. The advance was two-  
fold of the double warlike force.

*Ghost.* How did such a mighty army on the  
land have power to pass?

*Atossa.* By his skill he yoked the strait of  
Helle, and secured a path.

*Ghost.* This he fully brought to pass, and  
fettered mighty Bosphoros?

This confusion of the names Helles-  
pont and Bosphoros occurs in Sophocles'  
Ajax, also, but it is a most fatal slip for

Darius to make in this connection. He  
himself had, thirty years before, bridged  
the real Bosphoros, and passed over it to  
an invasion of Europe hardly less disas-  
trous than the one his son had since led.

*Atossa.* Thus it was. Upon his mind per-  
chance some higher power laid hold.

*Ghost.* Ay, some power divine did come, in-  
deed, to make him so unwise!

Atossa evidently does not share the  
awe felt by the council for her liege lord  
King Darius, alive or dead. A little  
later she advances for her royal son the  
familiar excuse of "bad advisers." But  
here she fearlessly intimates that it is  
only the issue that gives the ghost wis-  
dom to condemn the act.

*Ghost.* What hath unto them befall'n that  
ye lament them thus aloud?

*Atossa.* Through the beaten naval force the  
army is destroyed as well.

*Ghost.* So then all the host has by the spear  
been wasted utterly?

*Atossa.* Yes, and all the town of Susa mourns  
its loss of citizens.

*Ghost.* Woe is me! That brave protection  
and the allied warlike host!

*Atossa.* And the Bactrian folk has perished.  
Not a graybeard yet survives.

*Ghost.* Wretched monarch! How has he  
destroyed the youth of our allies!

*Atossa.* Xerxes only, it is said, deserted, or  
with comrades few—

*Ghost.* How and where has met his end?  
Or is there any hope of life?

*Atossa.* — Passed with joy across the bridge  
that on two continents is set.

*Ghost.* And has reached in safety this our  
land? Is that the very truth?

*Atossa.* Yes, the clear report makes certain,  
nor is any doubt herein.

*Ghost.* Ah! The oracles' fulfillment swiftly  
came, and on my son

Zeus imposed the issue of the prophecies. But  
I declared

After many days the gods would cause these  
things to come to pass.

Yet whenever one himself makes haste a god  
doth help him on.

Now it seems a fount of troubles hath for all  
our friends been found.

In his youthful pride, my son, unknowing, hath  
these words fulfilled:

He who hoped he should restrain the flow of  
holy Hellespont

Like a bondsman, with his fetters, Bosphoros,  
current of the god,



And reduced the way to order, and with hammer-beaten chains  
Bound and shaped that mighty pathway for his mighty host of men,  
Who, a mortal, thought, not wisely, he might conquer all the gods,  
Even Poseidon! How was this not madness of the soul that came  
On my son?

I fear me lest my mighty toil-worn hoard of wealth  
May become for men a spoil of whose first shall seize thereon.

The notion that a doom, in itself inevitable, may be postponed by piety or hastened by folly is not an un-Hellenic belief. Herodotos even reports, with evident earnestness and full faith, the following reply of the Delphic Apollo to Cræsus's complaints of ingratitude after all his princely gifts: "The god, by urgent intercession with the Fates, had procured the postponement of Sardis's downfall for three years beyond the appointed time. A further delay, until the time of Cræsus's children, he had pleaded for in vain." Such ideas spring, apparently, from an earnest effort to reconcile a belief in the irresistible power of fate with that consciousness of freedom in action which persistently asserts itself in the heart of man.

Some have thought that the allusions in this passage to fetters, chains, etc., may have grown in the course of the next half century, through misunderstanding, into the stories concerning Xerxes' childish rage against the Hellespont, which are repeated, with some incredulity, by Herodotos.

*Atossa.* Xerxes the impetuous learns such lessons through his intercourse  
With unrighteous men. They said that thou didst with the spear acquire  
For thine offspring store of wealth; but he, in his unmanliness,  
Fought at home his battles, adding to his father's treasure naught.  
Hearing often such reproaches from the mouths of evil men,  
He determined on this march and expedition into Greece.

*Ghost.* Therefore by them a mighty deed is wrought,

Most memorable, such as re'er before  
Hath made our city Susa desolate,  
Since sovran Zeus this privilege bestowed,  
That over Asia, nurse of flocks, one man  
Should rule, and hold the sceptre of control.

(I omit here a somewhat prolonged sketch of the earlier rulers of Persia. It is not essential to the drama, and not valuable as historical evidence.)

Xerxes, my youthful son, has youthful thoughts,  
And my directions he remembers not.  
For this know well, companions of my age,  
We all who heretofore secured this power  
Have not been seen to work so much of woe.

*Cho.* What then, O lord Darius? Whither turns

Thy speech's end? How shall the Persian folk  
Fare as best may be in this crisis yet?

It might seem that this appeal is merely to the wisdom acquired by Darius from experience during his long earthly life. But he takes on, more and more distinctly, from this time forward, an omniscient and prophetic tone. This cannot be reconciled with his inquiries when first summoned forth. It would be absurd to say that his ignorance then was only assumed, or that his faculties are now first fully aroused. It is with dramatists as with others who have essayed to recall the spirits of the departed: they do not know how to control and dismiss them betimes. A similar inconsistency in Dante, regarding the amount of knowledge possessed by disembodied souls, was pointed out by the writer in his maiden essay in these pages. As to Æschylos, it is sufficiently clear that he saw here an opportunity for effective allusion to the final struggle at Plateæ, which did not occur until the year after Xerxes' flight. To this temptation he yielded, and that is our gain. The inconsistency with earlier passages in the play he has not removed. The political motive which may have influenced him at this point has been already discussed.

*Ghost.* If ye march not against the Hellenes' land,

Not though more numerous be the Median host.  
The very country fights as their ally.

*Cho.* How say'st thou so? How does it fight with them?

*Ghost.* Slaying by famine the too numerous hosts.

*Cho.* But we a picked light-marching force will raise.

*Ghost.* Not even the army tarrying in the lands

Of Hellas now shall win its safe return.

*Cho.* What say'st thou? Shall not all the Asian force,

Coming from Europe, cross the Hellespont?

*Ghost.* Few out of many, if one should trust at all

The oracles of gods, who sees what now Hath happened; for not part, but all accords. If these be true, he trusting empty hopes Has left that chosen multitude behind.

They wait, where with his stream Asopos floods

The plain, enriching the Bœotians' land.

There crowning woes remain to be endured, Rewards of insolence and godless thoughts, Since, entering Grecian lands, they did not fear To spoil the statues, burn the fanes, of gods. Razed are the altars. \* Images divine, Hurl'd from their bases, in confusion lie.

So they, who evil wrought, endure no less, And more shall suffer, since not yet the deeps Of ill are reached, but still it gushes forth. So great the stream of blood that shall be shed

By Dorian lances on Plataea's soil.

To the third generation heaps of slain Shall dumbly to the eyes of men proclaim Not overproud should be a mortal's thoughts. Presumption blossoming matures the fruit Of madness, whence it reaps a tearful crop.

Beholding such atonement for this sin, Remember Greece, and Athens! Nor let one Disdain his present lot, nor overturn, Striving for more, his great prosperity. Zeus is of too presumptuous haughtiness The punisher, an auditor severe.

Therefore, to prudence thus divinely warned, Instruct ye him with wise admonishings To sin no more through haughty insolence.

Thou, Xerxes' mother, venerable and dear, Pass to thy home, and taking fit attire Go meet thy son; for in his agony Of misery, on all his body hang The tattered shreds of his resplendent clothes. But do thou gently soothe him with thy words; Thee only, I know, will he endure to hear. I to the gloom of earth below depart.

Ye, aged men, be cheered, although in woe, Giving your soul to pleasure day by day, For wealth is nowise helpful to the dead.

*Cho.* Full many present woes, and yet to fall

On the barbarians, I have grieved to hear.

*Atossa.* How many grievous ills, divine one, come

To me! yet this disaster gnaws me most, To hear of that dishonorable garb Which covers my son's body round about. But I will go, and raiment take from home, And will endeavor then to meet my son. My dearest I will not desert in ills.

Already the dignity of the tragedy is rapidly falling off. The extravagant anxiety as to Xerxes' tattered garments, the advice to the old men to enjoy life while they may, reconcile us to the departure of the kingly spirit immediately after these words. There is little remaining which deserves our serious attention. The lamentations upon the mimic scene are more and more evidently mere echoes of the exultation felt by the actual audience of Athenians.

The chorus, being now left alone, chant a stasimon, or ode, of seven stanzas, devoted entirely to the praise of King Darius. The two opening stanzas are:—

*Cho.* *Woe! a great and happy civic life*

*Once did we enjoy,*

*When, a venerated, self-contained,  
Gentle monarch, yet invincible,  
Like a god, Darius ruled the land.*

*First, a glorious army we displayed;*

*While as towers secure*

*Were our laws, and guided all aright.*

*Safe from toil or risk our homeward march  
Led us from our wars rejoicing back.*

Then follows a list of the elder king's conquests, wherein are mentioned, however, almost solely Greek cities and islands. The close of the ode makes perfectly clear that this catalogue of Hellenic communities is introduced expressly to remind the Athenians how the contest with the Persians had proved to be a war for the liberation of their brethren to the eastward. After mentioning the cities of the Asian mainland, and the islands that line its shore, the chant continues:—

*The mid-sea wave-girt isles he conquered, too,  
Lemnos, and Icaros' home,*



*Rhodos and Chidos, and the Cypriote towns  
Paphos, Soli, and her  
Whose mother-city, Salamis as well,  
Is cause of these laments.*

(Salamis in Cyprus was believed to have been colonized from the famous little island of the same name.)

*In the Ionians' domain,  
The prosperous cities filled with Greeks  
He in his wisdom ruled.  
His was a force invincible  
Of warrior men, and allied troops  
Of every race combined.  
All these now clearly by the gods  
Against us turned have we to bear,  
And by disasters on the sea  
We mightily are quelled.*

We have now reached the nine hundredth line of *The Persians*, and though the play is unusually brief even for an Attic tragedy, — much shorter than a single act in some of Schiller's dramas, — yet the remaining one hundred and seventy verses might easily be spared. The closing scene, which is chiefly lyrical, is marked by no action save the entrance of Xerxes at the beginning, — in the fresh attire with which Atossa went to intercept him, — and the withdrawal of both monarch and council into the palace at the end of the play. The text of this entire passage is singularly devoid of poetic invention. The language is extravagant, and often quite incoherent. The music evidently grows tumultuous; the gestures and the alternating outeries of king and councilors express an ever wilder frenzy of despair.

The opening words of the king, as he enters, strike the tone of vain repining and self-reproach.

*Xerxes.* Ah me!  
Ill-fated am I who have attained  
This detestable doom most unforeseen.

<sup>1</sup> These last lines are perhaps consciously echoed in a speech of one of Euripides' characters, whom some of us must still regard as an unkingly dastard, even though our eloquent and thrice-welcome English guest makes it a test of our literary judgment that we shall appreciate his heroic quality! Admetos, returning from his wife's funeral, exclaims: —

So cruelly hath some god assailed  
The race of the Persians! What must I endure?

For the force of my limbs has been paralyzed  
At beholding the band of my townsfolk here.  
I would, O Zeus, that along with the men  
Who are passed away  
By the lot of death I were hidden.<sup>1</sup>

A few of the more coherent passages in the scene will fully content the reader. Such outbursts as this of the chorus are clearly meant to enforce the contrast with (the idealized) Darius: —

Our country's youth the land bewails;  
They have by Xerxes been destroyed,  
Who with Persians Hades filled; for passed  
Unto Hades are many, the flower of the land,  
Slain by the bow; for a multitude  
Unnumbered of men has been destroyed.  
Ah, woe is me for the noble array!  
And the Asian land, O king of the realm,  
Has been terribly, terribly humbled.

Indeed, Xerxes promptly confesses in reply.

*Xerxes.* Here am I, ah me, most wretched,  
Curs'd at birth, and proved indeed  
To my fatherland a bane!

Presently the chorus inquires for the various chieftains by name.

*Cho.* Cry aloud and ask of all:  
Where the throng of other friends;  
Where are they who by thee stood,  
Such as Pharanđakes was,  
Susas, Psammis, Pelagon,  
Dotamas, Agdabatas,  
And as Sousiskanes, who  
Left Agbatana behind?

*Xerxes.* Wretched ones, I left them there,  
Fallen from their Tyrian ship  
By the Salaminian shore,  
Tossing on the cruel strand.

The next two queries of the chorus contain equally formidable lists of Persian names. Our readers will endure their omission the more readily since the ancient councilors have already heard

"Why didst thou prevent me from casting myself  
Down into the hollowed trench of her grave,  
And lying in death by the brave one's side?"

In each case, the repiner has shrunk back of his own accord from the death fearlessly met by others for him. In neither do we deserv any such valor as we desire to see glorified or imitated.

the fate of most of those they mention graphically announced by the messenger not an hour before, and they are now merely harrowing their own feelings and rousing the remorse of the king. The last sixty verses are simply alternating single-line outcries, largely interjections, and scarcely capable of translation. When the king actually passes in, and the council, with the words

I will escort thee with grievous laments,

follows, we can but draw a long breath of relief.

The first impulse of the critic, in treating such a passage, is to acquit the poet of responsibility, by assigning it to the later adapter, the interpolator, or some such convenient if imaginary scapegoat. In the present case, this way is apparently barred by the only nearly contemporary piece of evidence in regard to the reception accorded our play. In Aristophanes' audacious comedy, the *Frogs*, there is a scene in the underworld, where Dionysos is comparing the claims of Æschylos and Euripides, having arranged to bring back the worthier, that his own festivities may not lack a competent tragic poet. The scene contains a large amount of valuable literary criticism. In the course of it Æschylos stoutly asserts:—

“Then when my Persians I afterward wrote, I  
taught that men should be eager  
To be always victorious over their foes,—  
for a valorous action I honored.”

And Dionysos chimes in:—

“I, at least, was delighted to hear the tale in  
regard to the death of Darius,  
And the chorus straightway clapped so their  
hands, and shouted together *iauo!*!”

We hardly know what to do, it is true, with this bit of evidence. Either the text or Dionysos' memory is defective. We hear nothing in our play as to Darius's death. Perhaps a slight change in a preposition would give a reading which could be rendered—

from the lips of the dead Darius.

It is further curious that nearly every other imaginable Greek equivalent for “alas” occurs in these last sixty lines, but no manuscript offers us *iauo!*. Still, the inference is plain and safe that the populace—Dionysos is the people's god—were delighted with these extravagant lamentations. We shall perhaps have to acknowledge, too, that they were a deliberate concession of the great poet to the taste of the groundlings.

It is often stated that in Æschylos' time the tragic writers regularly exhibited three dramas closely connected in plot, followed, as a concession to popular conservatism, by a comic afterpiece, in which the traditional chorus of satyrs could be fittingly introduced. This assertion, however, oversteps in one respect the limits of our fragmentary knowledge. On two occasions we hear mentioned the names of dramas, offered by other poets than Æschylos, which show unmistakably a natural union of subject, at least among the three serious plays; and four such “trilogies”—the word itself is apparently of later origin—can be assigned with certainty to Æschylos himself. Many efforts have been made to demonstrate a similar association in other cases; but these arguments, based as they are upon the meagre fragments or mere titles of the lost plays, cannot reach any satisfactory conclusions. A statement to the effect that Sophocles set the fashion of contending with “drama against drama” is usually interpreted to mean that he first broke the thread of connection between his three tragedies; for that three were still offered throughout the fifth century, by each contestant, is sufficiently clear from our evidence.

As to *The Persians*, the hypothesis already mentioned tells us that it was preceded by the *Phineus*, and followed by the *Glaucos*. *Phineus* is the king and soothsayer who was visited by the



Argonauts. The latter drove away his less welcome guests, the Harpies. In return, the king gave the adventurous voyagers prophetic guidance and advice as to their future course. Remembering that Herodotos regards the Argonautic expedition as an earlier act in the struggle between Europe and Asia, we shall easily see how these prophecies may have been extended, in Æschylos' play, so as to cover the Persian wars, and to foreshadow plainly the next drama of the group. It has been suggested that these are the very prophecies mentioned by the ghost of Darius as well known to him. We may add that Herodotos was largely under Athenian influences, and may have acquired this very belief in the significance of the Argonautic expedition more or less directly from Æschylos. This is, however almost wholly conjecture. As to the Glaucos, we can hardly be said to know anything. A satyr-drama entitled Prometheus, we are told, closed the performance. It was, of course, not connected in plot with the preceding plays, though such a connection can be demonstrated in several cases, and may have been for a time the rule.

We are glad to be assured of the important fact that Æschylos won the first prize on this occasion. His success was far from being a matter of course. Our poet was forty years old, and had been a dramatist for fifteen years when he first attained this honor. At a little later date, again, Sophocles, on his first appearance, defeated his veteran rival. Moreover, *The Persians* was apparently regarded as the most notable play of the group. We hear from several sources that it was afterward reproduced by the poet himself at the Syracusan court. We have seen that Dionysos, in Aristophanes' *Frogs*, testifies to the popularity of the tragedy. Indeed, the passage from the *Frogs* reads as if Aristophanes and his audience were familiar with the drama. If so, it must have been repeat-

edly performed in the Athenian theatre, as its first production was about thirty years before the birth of Aristophanes, and almost seventy years earlier than the appearance of the *Frogs*. Its survival to modern times, also, must be regarded as an indication of a deliberate preference by later generations of Greeks.

All this only renders yet more remarkable the important fact to which it is desirable, in closing, to call the reader's attention, namely, that no further attempt was made to bring upon the tragic stage, in any form, the events of recent history. That Æschylos always felt himself to be first of all a citizen of Athens, even his art being subordinate to the duties of patriotism, will hardly be questioned. It is to be conceded, also, that in later tragedies of his, notably the *Seven Against Thebes* and the *Eumenides*, certain passages were applied directly by the audience, perhaps with the poet's approval, to events and persons of the day. But just at this stage, and even after so signal a triumph, Æschylos, and his rivals and successors as well, felt the danger of violating what must always be maintained as the chief canon of art, — that it exists for the creation of the beautiful.

That comedy, under Aristophanes, dealt most directly and mercilessly with Athenian politics and politicians is well known. But comedy aims at amusing, perhaps at instructing, through vivid delineation of the grotesque. The comic playwright, therefore, can hardly hesitate to lay hold upon contemporary events, upon familiar characters, in short upon whatever is local and best known, as his own peculiar birthright.

A tragedy did not, indeed, necessarily imply to the Greeks, as it usually does to us, a plot ending unhappily, or with the death of leading characters. There are dramas, even among the few we yet have, which close as happily as *The Tempest* or *The Winter's Tale*. As a well-known example the *Tauric Iphi-*

genia may be cited, though Sophocles' Philoctetes is equally in point. Indeed, a certain tone of calmness, an approach to reconciliation after strife, characterized the close of the most painful plots, such as the Oresteian trilogy, which we still possess, and the group of tragedies based on the myth of Prometheus, of which the surviving play was probably the first. Nor was the use of grotesque and unheroic characters, especially as a foil to nobler natures, wholly unknown. The soldier who so exultantly leads Antigone before the king, the watchman crouching doglike on Agamemnon's palace roof, the fussy old nurse of Phædra in the Hippolytos, may be recalled in this connection.

Nevertheless, the tragic poet, fully conscious of his office as the artist of the beautiful, felt, and rightly felt, that his

creations should be set, as it were, upon a pedestal, above the turmoil and the outcries of the passing day. Despite this one unquestioned success, he was aware that the path entered upon in this historical and patriotic drama was a dangerous one, and it was followed no farther. On the contrary, the tradition confining tragedy to subjects drawn from the mythical age regained such strength that even Euripides made no attempt to break through it. So much the more should be our gratitude for the preservation of this idealized and yet most truthful picture of the proudest hour in Athenian annals, embodied in a play which maintains a lofty tragic dignity from the beginning almost to the close, and which is throughout informed by a spirit of pious faith and heroic endeavor befitting a great and growing race.

*William Cranston Lawton.*

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### THE REVIVAL OF ART.

IN a former paper in this magazine, on the relations between journalism and culture of the higher literary qualities, I had occasion to quote Emerson's golden sentence on the relation of culture to worldly success, "Whilst all the world is in pursuit of power, and of wealth as a means of power, culture corrects the theory of success;" and another, less important as a lesson, but not less true, "I think sculpture and painting have an effect to teach us manners and abolish hurry," as to which maxim much might be said if it would be listened to, and if there is in our national temperament the root of a veritable artistic development. Emerson has been called the American Plato by more than one critic, and there is, in fact, a curious parallel between the two minds, not in the general resemblance, but in the possession of certain fundamental truths, especially concern-

ing the spiritual types which lie behind the mere physical phenomena. Both were insensible to the forms of art; both felt the verity and importance of the law of which art is only a form of manifestation. Plato felt the reality of the great spiritual harmonies, of which those of art are the faint reflections, so completely that the phenomena of them had no power over him. Emerson felt the intellectual correspondence of the same verities, and the possible value to general culture of the artistic form of them; but to the distinctions which make art, as apart from the facts which it employs, he paid no attention. Plato had no place in his community for the artist. Emerson, in a time and state of society in which nature has brought art nearer to the daily life of men, through the invention of landscape-photography, etc., remained all his life insensible to the



qualities of art in a remarkable degree. He felt nature as the ancient Greeks seem to have felt her, apart from the human subjective uses of her; and this trait in the mental conformation of a man so typical of the race which seems to be evolving the type of civilization which threatens to characterize the next phase of human development is a phenomenon which invites study. We talk a great deal about art, and spend a great deal of time and money on it, but it is a serious question if art has any more hold on the American mind, or any more share in American culture, than alchemy or astrology. When I say that it is a serious question, I mean not only that it is one that may have serious import, but that it may be seriously held in the negative as well as positive, and seriously debated. But to debate it, to maintain either the negative or the positive, it is necessary to understand with precision what art means; and if, in the grave deliberations the subject may call up, it should be discovered that it is a necessary part of modern culture, this understanding must be applied to the system of education devoted to it.

I do not recognize the ignorant and substantially superstitious respect, often amounting to reverence, for the artist, and begetting an impulsive patronage of him, as implying or leading to a knowledge of art; it is a feeling strong in proportion to the ignorance of art in the individual, and is a phenomenon of the religious nature, a shadow of the lingering reverence for a creator, and, as given to art, is strongest in weak minds. It is that which impels so many to think they must "do something for art;" leads to some intelligent, but more unintelligent, patronage of it by individuals, schemes of art schools and art education by communities, in which the patronage of artists and fostering of art are confounded, — sometimes identified, sometimes mistaken the one for the other, to the injury of both. The general result

is academies and similar institutions with exhibitions, and schools of art on the model of that of South Kensington: the latter, of all ever conceived by the mind of man, the most disastrous to the possible development of a true art; the former, the most powerful stimulant to the most superficial qualities of any art, — competitions in which the display of the most evident and shallow technique determines success, rather than the possession of the finer faculties of the artist, and from which the real artist shrinks with an aversion proportioned to the subtlety, refinement, and spirituality of his art. The artist is no more entitled to respect or charity, much less to reverence, than any other brain-worker. That he excites our wonder by feats of legerdemain, *tours de force*, tricks of the brush, or audacities of technique is due purely to our ignorance, and counts for the artisan, not for the artist. In true art, the means are so completely subordinated to the end that they are not, and ought not to be, noticed. Nor is fidelity to nature any more the standard to which we should bring our critical measures to be tried; the photograph is truer to nature than any art can be, and is yet the very antipodes of art. Yet these are the qualities which determine the exhibition success, the fame and fortune of the artist; and by the theory of success determine the nature of the education of the artist so far as the public has anything to do with it. The dominant virtues in the general estimation and in the success of these collective exhibitions are, first, clever brush-work; and second, fidelity to the facts of nature. With these ideals in view, the education in art of our public, and to a greater or less extent of our artist, is shaped. If the general public is content, it is an argument to strengthen the case of those who maintain that the uses of art are matters of the past, and that of its finer qualities, as of its true methods, we are in equal ignorance and indifference.

And yet we have under our eyes, and held up to our admiration, the products of the two great schools of the past, the Greek and the Italian Renaissance, which all thoughtful students of art recognize as beyond modern rivalries; these with the contemporary Japanese, in which, with an antipodal difference of motive and temperament, the fundamental system is the same, and the success due to the same processes of thought and work as those of the Greek and Italian schools.<sup>1</sup> These processes are absolutely antagonistic to those of the modern schools without exception, the difference between the latter being rather one of processes and handiwork than in conception of the purposes of art. The English school is, with very few but most notable exceptions, only an aggregation of more or less clever amateurs; the German is a mistaken philosophical worship of the mass of matter we call the world, and humanity, without a trace of imagination or spirituality; the French, of the moment, while technically at the head of modern art, is but the apotheosis of brush-work and the speculum of the surface of things, as devoid of vitality, as cold and sterile, as the surface of the moon; and ours, so far as it goes, seems to be based on the French, and so predestined to superficiality, if not to power. It is useless to call up men like J. F. Millet, Théodore Rousseau, and two or three more: they are voted out of the scheme of to-day, and form no part of the French system, any more than Watts, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti of the English. These are survivals of a condition of the human intellect which, though once normal, has ceased to be so. The reason is to seek.

The steady degradation of art, almost without distinction of form, with only rare and isolated recurrences of the true spirit, from the sixteenth century to the day we live in, demands an

<sup>1</sup> I may add to these the unique and admirable school of landscape in England which

explanation which shall indicate the remedy, if the study of art is to be healthily revived. As an evolutionary problem, it is one of the most interesting, and not the least important, in the history of culture. Its solution is indicated more or less clearly by the analogies of every branch of the history of thought, and is shown with absolute precision in the philosophy of the arts taken collectively, in their individual history in which the law of evolution is shown, and, if we would study it, in the development of the individual artist; it is visible in music, in poetry, in the dance, in sculpture, and in painting, — sister arts where true arts, and as such subject to the same laws, and in fact only various forms of the same passion, that of expressing our emotions in rhythmic forms, of manifesting in communicable and sympathetic modes and ideal types the absolute and individual self. If the arts, born of one motive, appear in diverse guise, it is because each of our faculties demands a distinct appeal, and, for the satisfaction of its peculiar emotion, a distinct language. In each and all the artist is a creator, borrowing the language of nature only when it serves his purpose; but he is in no wise her clerk or mirror, — that is the mission of the scientist.

Poetry and music have their motives and methods so rooted in our spiritual natures that they can be degraded only by sensuality; but even then the art may keep its fineness, because, after all, the most intense sensuality has its roots in the spiritual nature, and it is only in its escape from the divine order and precedence that its vice lies. The dance we may consider a dependence of music; and these are immortal, in no peril of extinction. It is only to sculpture and painting that death can come; that form of death that keeps a body and loses the soul. Materialism is the deadly enemy began with J. Varley, and was stifled by the naturalistic movement.



of all the arts; but music and poetry cannot be materialized: they are born in human emotion, and will only die with it. Painting and sculpture are materialized by slavery to the facts of nature. They draw their language, the prime elements of their creation, from a visible world, so full in its vocabulary that the artist cannot escape from the suggestion of its terms, if he would be understood. Color is, and in its highest expressions can only be, subjective, to be treated like music, orchestrally; but the element of form is necessarily dependent on nature for the intelligibility of its terms and types, the artist having only the faculty of exalting and refining her forms into what we recognize as the ideal. The essential condition of all the arts of design becoming true art is in their being expression, not imitation; that their statements and imagery shall be evolved from the mind of the artist, not copied from natural models, be creation, not repetition; and in the degree that this condition is fulfilled does the work become more or less purely a work of art. The form of materialism which menaces the arts of design is therefore science. The antagonism is inexorable, but logical, and the position cannot be escaped from. Photography is the absolute negation of art; and if to-morrow it could succeed in reproducing all the tints of nature, it would only be the more antagonistic, if that were possible, to the true artistic qualities. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life;" and though artistic creation does not involve the creation of the prime material, no more does, so far as science teaches, the creation of the world; the old material takes new forms, that is all. The idealist gets his materials from nature, but he recasts them in expression; the realist, who is no artist, repeats them as he gets them. This is the fundamental distinction in all design; the copyist is not an artist.

It is this, and not the choice of sub-

ject, or the more or less decided tendency of a painter or a school, which constitutes the distinction between "high" or true art and "low" or spurious art; the test is not in fidelity to nature, but to one's own self. Giotto and Turner, Orcagna and Blake, Phidias and Michelangelo, are alike types of the highest attainment; the modern realistic, or, more exactly, naturalistic painters, the incident and costume painters of whatever school, are at the other end of the scale, more or less redeemed by purely technical power, but by no measure of it to be raised to the higher rank. Not that the distinction can be drawn sharply, so that we can in every case say that painters shall fall in one or the other category; but just in the proportion that an artist depends on his model or the actual material furnished by nature is he removed from pure art. Nature is a noble mistress, and there is nothing degrading in the most absolute subjection to her; but let us not, for that, confound the distinctions the recognition of which lies at the bottom of sound criticism. The painter whose devotion to nature is such that he never leaves or varies from her may be, and is likely to be, a happier man than if he were a true artist; but he is not an artist, any more than a photographer is one. Michelangelo studied the human figure profoundly, probably more intensely than any modern painter, and worked from the knowledge he had acquired; but it is on record, and is shown by the internal evidence of his work, that he never worked directly from the model in his matured works. Giotto very certainly never used the model at all, and Turner never could paint from nature. To men of this type the external image disturbs the ideal, which is so complete that it admits no interference; as Turner is reported to have said, "Nature put him out," and this is a true condition. In Blake it was so developed that it became a morbid vision.

If art is to be revived, we must

understand the law of its evolution, and the element of our nature from which it draws its vitality, and not waste energy and existence in trying to make figs grow on thistles, or art at schools borrowed from South Kensington. Some one said, long ago, what is to the profound student of religions a fundamental truth, "the nearer the church, the further from God;" and in strict analogy with this I may say, the nearer to nature, the further from art. This does not hinder that the church may become the guide to divine wisdom, as nature may lead to art, though never through slavery; but, to state it broadly, the subjection of reason to authority, or individual emotion to the hard-and-fast aspects of the physical world, is utterly antagonistic to the individuality which is the end of the development of the man or the artist. As religion was made for man, and not man for religion, so art was not made for nature, but nature for art, looking at the matter from the artist's point of view. The modern conception of the arts of design is that they are intended as the mirror of nature; the ancient and true one, that they were the outcome of the emotions, aspirations, and imaginative or spiritual conceptions of the artist. To the old master the facts of nature were the vocabulary of his language, to the new they are the types of his achievement; the former employed her forms to define his visions, the latter only mimics them; the former expressed an idea, the latter imitates a surface. Art has changed its public, forgotten its origin, and is no longer the teacher of humanity, the message of the gods, but the sycophant of vulgarity and ignorance, or, at its best, — and would it were never worse employed! — the servant of science.

He who accepts nature as the supreme authority, from which no appeal can lie, may be a scientist, but never an artist. To the latter she offers suggestions, but lays down no law. When what she

brings him suits his purposes, he builds it in; when not, which is the general case, he hammers it into his own shape. Her facts are accidents, and what he wants is the very truth, the ideal.<sup>1</sup> If from the beginning his visions do not surpass the actualities he sees about him, if the passion of expression has not laid hold of him before the love of nature awakens in him, there is little or no probability of his having in him the material of success. The evolution of the individual follows the general law; and that, in all art, is that invention precedes imitation. Pure decoration with arbitrary forms, generally geometrical, precedes the representation of natural objects. This passion for decoration and the harmonious arrangement of forms, sounds, colors, or movements is the essential element of all art. The love of nature is a distinct and completely subordinate element. Without the recognition of this law, the development of a true and progressive art, the foundation of a school, is impossible. In music, the absolute subjection of the objective to the subjective, to the complete concealment of the former where it exists, makes the law clear to the dullest mind; in poetry, it is equally clear to those who have the ear for form, even if sometimes confused by those who confound the dignity of thought with the perfection of form, or, as in Whitman, mistake the material for the form, and ignore the essential distinction between prose and poetry; but in painting and sculpture, the modern doctrine ruinously, as earnestly and eloquently maintained by Ruskin, gives the objective the absolute supremacy, making fidelity to nature the standard of excellence in art, completely reversing the artistic law. Until this heresy is recognized for what it is, pure fallacy, the arts of design can never be cultivated on the true basis.

<sup>1</sup> The ideal of art is the perfection of form, but in nature all forms are accidental and imperfect.



What, then, is to be done to bring about a healthy revival of art on a foundation of education which shall secure its continued vitality? I am supposing, for the sake of my argument, that this is desirable, and that the modern mind has a need of this form of art. The first thing to be done is to banish from our criticism the false standard, and admit the possibility of a work of art being the better the less it is like nature (I do not say that divergence from nature is necessarily an approach to art, but that it may be so; in any case, the fidelity to nature has no relation whatever to the quality of the art), and to establish as the very foundation of the system of education that only the impression of nature is to be aimed at, even if it is in contradiction to the facts, and that memory and the record of impression are to be put in the first place in the acquisitions of the artist. We cannot go back to the childlike simplicity of all archaic art, with its dominant unsophisticated rendering of the central idea, and its slow normal and evolutionary attainment of perfection. We know too much of the fruit of the tree of knowledge to accept it in its greenness. Science has already too much forereached on art for the latter to begin again, as it began in the days of Greek myths and the Italian reawakening, and as all archaic art has in all the circumstances which excite the creative impulse; that is, with the simplest, most direct expression of a dominant idea, and without reference to any non-essential facts, time and ripening knowledge adding, step by step, the deficient traits. What is to be done must be done with the recognition that we have been on a false road, on which we cannot now return, but must find the best cross-path to regain it. The simple satisfaction with which the artist in the childhood of art, as the child in his art, saw grow under his eye the image of his thought is replaced by a mixed emotion in which the knowledge

of the non-essential is too large a part to be slighted in the record.

In this process we must return to the springs of art, the many-channeled Castaly where the artist of whatever vein slakes his thirst. The law is the same for all: the young poet trains his rhythmical sense by the reading of the best verse; the young musician, in the music of his predecessors. The artist of form cannot escape from the law; he must begin by the study of art, not nature. If the emotion which inspires him is not supreme over all fact, remoulding, even suppressing or reversing it at need, casting it fused into the mould of his conception; if he does not accept the evolutionary law and absorb what went before him, his work will scarcely become art. The distinction is radical, and decides the very life of work or worker; it makes the difference between science and art, poetry and prose, music and talk, dance and locomotion; and the system of education which does not recognize and work from the distinction is doomed to eternal futility. From this there is no escape.

I appeal to the history of art. The earliest work of the great Greek school is scarcely distinguishable from the archaic work of all barbaric tribes; rude attempts to make visible an ideal, mostly of its conceptions of Deity, in which it is impossible not to see the analogy with the first efforts of children to shape resemblance of the things they love. This was, and is, invariably the presentation of conceptions, not studies from an object. The ideal was slowly worked out by the universal process of evolution, generation after generation working out the same problem of the ideal; the pupil carrying the work of his master a little further, as he perceived the incompleteness of what had been done before, but always in the sense of more perfect expression; finally arriving at a perception of nature idealized, the perfect types of beauty which no later epoch has redis-

covered. To the thorough student of Greek art it is brought home, by a thousand details of internal evidence, that this slow attainment of perfection was the result, not of any system of copying nature, but of the gradual evolution, through centuries, of the perception of the ideal of form, attained through the simultaneous development of technical refinement and the power of retaining passing impressions of nature, and through the reaction of these on each other.

The caviler will say that it matters not how the facts of nature came into the work,—it was nature, after all, which furnished the forms,—and that the most perfect of the Greek works are those which are most like nature. But this is not true in fact, and is utterly false as generalization. Nature never furnishes a perfect form, and supplies us with no criterion by which we can distinguish the more from the less beautiful. Nature tends to perfect beauty when she is regarded as a whole, but some of the noblest Greek statues contain violations of anatomical truth which no modern French sculptor would dare be guilty of, but which were intentional and necessary to the beauty of form and expression. The artist found the lines and forms he wanted; where the anatomy came right, it was because his memory was precise and tenacious, and the facts did not interfere with his ideal form. He saw the god in his imagination, and gave him the form of highest beauty as he conceived it; and when, in later days, he saw the athlete in action, his trained memory retained the forms that gave the figure its expression. He knew nothing of anatomy or the function of the muscles, which, in the science of his day, were only the cushions which protected the bones, in which all strength was supposed to lie. His vision of what was on the surface was undimmed by theories of what was underneath, and his powers of observation of every variation and characteristic of external form,

and his retention of what he saw, were so highly developed that the use of the model was superfluous; his vision of the ideal was truer than the actuality of flesh and blood. This might seem incredible did we not know that it was the case with Michelangelo, who worked on the marble without even a clay model to guide him.

Taking the entire course of Greek art from the most archaic period down to the Pergamean school, we see that the development of the perfection of form was so slow as to be recognized only as an evolution, and no internal evidence of the direct copying of nature is to be found in the whole field; but when the intentional fidelity to nature becomes evident, as in the Dying Gladiator (although the *pose plastique*, which is the shadow of coming death to all art, is not yet apparent), universal criticism recognizes that art is in its decline; fidelity to facts has begun to shoulder the perception of beauty, and the reign of the ideal has come to an end.

The same phenomenon appears in the history of the Italian Renaissance. Life had long lain fallow of art. The decay following the decline of all motives of art in Greece, Rome, and Byzantium, consequent, perhaps, on the moral and political debasement, had brought all the arts to one dead level of mechanical achievement. Byzantine art is the synonym of all that is most mechanical and prescriptive, but with the possessions of its technique much was prepared for a revival. Out of the sleep of centuries came the new birth, not, as the fables run, from the inspiration of a single man or from a recognition of nature, but from the general awakening of the intellectual and moral life of Italy. Cimabue was only one of its manifestations. Sienna, if we had her record, might come before Florence, and certainly in her Duccio was superior to the master of Giotto,—I am even inclined to believe, not inferior to Giotto



himself. But in Giotto we have the sum of all the qualities which told in the revival. What we find in his art is what we find in the early Greek, with something beyond, due to the evolution of humanity at large to a fuller life and a wider range of faculties; but it is an art of the ideal, not of the model; pure expression, in which the faculty of imaginative vision appears in a startling power, and in which there is the clearest internal evidence that he never used the model. His ideal differed from that of the Greek as the mediæval Italian did from the fellow-citizen of Pericles; and the ideal of the Renaissance was not that of physical perfection, but of spiritual glory and struggle, — not of the Apollo, but of the Christ. The intellectual processes are, however, the same. If in the work of Giotto the internal evidence of the purely ideal method be obscured, it is abundant in that of his pupils and immediate successors, whose absolutely subjective method is beyond dispute. From Giotto onward there is a steady development in the direction of a larger comprehension of the qualities of the art and a fuller grasp of its alphabet; though while in Giotto every detail is a part of his story, and in his successors they become more or less conventional symbols, the underlying idea is the same. The undivided purpose of the work was the expression of the idea which inspired the artist, never the representation of nature except as a part of the vocabulary.

The climax of this ecstatic art came in Fra Angelico, — not a great imagination, but a wonderful visionary, whose pictures are probably the most perfect expressions we have of the purely subjective art, produced under the exaltation of religious emotion, and drawn from what the artist believed to be revelations of the heavenly world, and actually seen by him. The work of William Blake was probably as purely subjective; but there seems to me a taint of

insanity in the vision, not the pure ecstasy, kept in Fra Angelico a consistent element by the intensity of his religious passion, but in Blake replaced by an abnormal obsession. In the work of Fra Angelico's great pupil, Benozzo Gozzoli, I find for the first time the evidence of the direct and prosaic reference to nature for certain facts, forms, and the real semblance of the personages with whom the artist came in contact, and who became to a large extent the *dramatis personæ* of his pictures; but Gozzoli only made drawings from the person, which he used as memoranda when working on the picture. After him the practice became general to draw from the figure, and in some cases from east draperies; but it is only in Fra Filippo that we find the study of types from the every-day world for the sacred personages, and not till long after that do we find the posing of the figure for dramatic action; while actual painting from life in the final work is not indicated till we reach the Carracci, in their so-called revival of art, which was really the death-blow to it. It is probable that Raphael and Titian drew their portraits directly from life on the canvas in the preparation, on which they afterward got their color without the model; and in the case of Titian we have not only the internal evidence, but that of tradition, to show that he did not paint from nature in the modern way, but on the basis of an accurate likeness, done in monochrome, followed by his general scheme of color in the conventional technical method, borrowed from Bellini and continued through the Venetian school till its close. All through the great period of the Renaissance the figures were evidently drawn from knowledge, in many cases acquired by the most severe drawing from nature; but the design was made from that knowledge, not from the model, which served merely for the better understanding of the subject. What the Greeks did we

do not know by direct tradition, but we know that the absurd legends of their composing figures from the various members of different individuals, a leg from one and an arm from another, can have had no foundation in fact. No one who knows the *modus operandi* of the artistic mind can be in doubt as to that; no ideal image, even of a landscape, can be constructed in that way. The true idealist is he who, having the most complete knowledge of nature, uses her materials freely for his own purposes. She has her laws, and the idealist learns and obeys them.

The mental operations of the copyist and those of the idealist are diametrically opposed, whether the former copies nature or the work of another artist. With the copyist there is a constant measuring, comparing, a process of balancing in the mind far more laborious than the process of expression of a conception found in the imagination or memory. A modern school of painting has assumed the title of "impressionist," apparently ignorant of the fact that all true art is impressionist in the proper sense of the term, as all naturalistic representation is science, and not, strictly speaking, art at all. The majority of people nowadays prefer the latter: they know, more or less, what resembles what they see and what they like. This world, familiar to them, may be worthier than that of the idealist and artist; that is a matter of taste, not of discussion. But let us not confound terms and definitions: if what we want is art, let us understand its character; if what we want is nature, let us recognize the fact and have done with it, but not wander in uncertainty as to what we are talking about.

Much of the confusion in the world of general thought on the subject of the *ideal* is due to the confusion between the two accepted meanings of the word. The broad and comprehensive, and therefore the primary, meaning is the designation of what is present to the

imagination as opposed to the palpable and materialized, — the theory of the thing as opposed to the accomplishment of it; the secondary meaning is something which is produced in conformity to that hypothetical perfection, because, as we recognize the imperfection of actual things, we admit that we must seek a perfect image in the regions of imagination, that is of ideas. But when we come to scientific discussion of the nature of art, we must recur to the primary use of the term, and recognize that whatever is the embodiment of a mental conception is ideal; and in any possible combination of the ideal and the actual, that part of the combination which makes it art is that which it owes to the mind of the artist, and not that which it derives from the material world. When, then, we propose to cultivate art by setting the would-be artist to painting from nature directly, we take a road which may in time permit him to become an artist, but which is not the true and direct way, and which may, indeed, divert him entirely from his aim, and is not therefore to be advised as the basis of an art education, though it may be that best adapted to an education in what I will designate as scientific graphics, and the only method for men who have no ideal faculties. The essential conditions of a true art education are, the cultivation above all other faculties of those of rapid observation and retention of the significant facts, and putting before the eye the essential truths of what was seen, memorizing the flitting panorama of nature, and training the power of conception and the imagination by exercising and depending on them. Hamerton has given some most interesting observations on the method of memorizing as a system of art-training, and the history of modern art is full of cases of the power to be so attained. To work from knowledge of the reality of things, rather than from information of their superficial aspects, is the end to be



kept in view; to get rid of the model so far as possible is the first step to the right education, dependence on the model the obstacle to it. The shadow of science is the eclipse of art.

I do not know that the revival of art is of any importance to humanity. I admit the possibility of its utter inutility to the spiritual or intellectual evolution of the race; of its having finished its work as an agent in that evolution, and having, in general, a purely historical value. I perceive in the study of its history that there have been epochs in which it served only to gratify vanity and ostentation, and it seems to me that we are now in such an epoch; but as in the past these morbid conditions have had reactions of healthy life, it is not permitted from an historical parallel to conclude that the future does not contain an art as genuine as any in the past. But two things must be noted by the philosophical student, namely: that the great evolutions of true art have always had their origin in some general passion supervening on the love of decoration, no fiat of ruler or official forcing-process ever having succeeded in initiating one; and that they have invariably been followed, and been stifled, by naturalistic tendencies. Nature has in every case killed art. The devotion to naturalism has, in all the past schools, been recognized by thoughtful criticism as the "decline of art." The reason is evident. The servile study of nature supersedes the exercise of those faculties on which I have shown the successful pursuit of art to depend; the vulgar taste applauds what it can understand, — the superficial aspect of things, imitation, illusion, etc.; and the Academies, Royal and National, the various societies, in their exhibitions and search of popularity, follow and confirm the vulgar opinion, which can never be otherwise than grossly ignorant; and only the artistic genius of inflexible fibre resists the current, and is generally ignored. The annual exhibitions are

the grave of all that is best in art: individuality of the finer kind, refinement, simplicity which is a form of religion, and pure intellectual purpose, — these are trampled out by the eager feet of those who give a morning to the study of the work of a year, are unrecognized in the competition of brilliant technical surfaces, and are finally buried in the ignorant comment of the hurried daily press, compelled to pronounce judgment without consideration, and generally without the most elementary knowledge of the subject. No labor of any human worker is ever subjected to such degradation as is art to-day under the criticism of the daily paper. Now and then a true artist fights his way to his proper place by sheer intellectual power and patient endurance; but others, as true in aim, if of minor force, are never recognized.

Under the hypothesis, then, that art is to be revived and cultivated, the study of the works and methods of the genuine schools of art in past times is of the highest and primary importance, — is, in fact, the foundation of our schools to be. The mimicry of ancient forms, the adoption of antique or mediæval themes, the affectation of a manner that was spontaneous to a mind that came to activity under influences utterly diverse from those under which we live, have nothing to do with art, and in no wise aid us. Whether the Greeks believed in the gods whose images they carved, or the Cinquecentists in the holy men and women they painted, is to us utterly immaterial. What they have given us is the method by which they attained excellence in art, and the law at the root of it. That their faith had anything to do with that excellence I do not believe, or that any revival of such faith is necessary for a new art. The history of art does not indicate it, and the biographies of the artists deny it. What the old art teaches, in whatever form it took, is that the art is in the

artist, and not in nature; and from Archermos to Praxiteles, as from Cimabue to Raphael, the development is one of accumulating knowledge going hand in hand with an increasing skill and technical resources, in which the evidence is unmistakable to those who can read it that the study of nature was indirect, and that scientific knowledge of things never came to disturb the order of ideal creation. The Greek sculptor was not cursed by a knowledge of anatomy, and after Michelangelo had introduced it the sculpture of Italy became a mere muscular inanity. We cannot now go so far as to ignore anatomy, but we can cease to study it, and recognize no more of it than the Greek could see and show, — no more of it than is necessary to express the idea that animates us; remembering always that fidelity to the conception is the first obligation of art, fidelity to nature a secondary matter, and sometimes counterindicated by the primary law, and out of the question.

But when all this is admitted, there remains the grave question which no individual can answer, but a race and an epoch, — Does the world want art any longer? Has it, in the present state of human progress, any place which will justify the devotion to it of the class of minds which once found in it the enthusiasm of their youth and the content of their ripe years? Is it with the race, as with the individual, that

“There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore; —  
Turn wheresoe’er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see  
no more”?

And must we be content, like the apostle of nature, the passion and exaltation of the youth of humanity being outgrown,

to look back at what the bloom time has left us, and

“rather find  
Strength in what remains behind;  
In the primal sympathy  
Which having been, must ever be;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind”?

No one can admit that the human intellect is weaker than it was five or twenty centuries ago; but it is certain that if we take the pains to study what was done five centuries ago in painting, or twenty centuries ago in sculpture, and compare it with the best work of to-day, we shall find the latter trivial and 'prentice work compared with the ordinary work of men whose names are lost in the lustre of a school. The distinction is not one of mental calibre, for now and then we see arise an individual of as strong and marked an artistic mind as any but the two or three supreme men of the past; but their best work (and none are more willing than they to admit it) is but amateurs' accomplishment beside the certainty and comprehensiveness, both in vision and execution, of even minor masters of the great times. We come continually across pictures that have for generations been attributed to Raphael, to Titian, or to Michelangelo, and find that they are but the work of men of whose existence we have barely a record. A shallow critic would say that this proves the master was overrated; the truth is, there was, in the time when that work was done, a great current of artistic tendency which swept smaller men into the inspiration of the greater, and exalted their powers. Now the current is in another direction, and the greater men, who in Titian's day would have been his equals, are left in the shallows and quicksands, stranded for want of a pilot or a favorable current.

Then, little men, inspired by the Zeitgeist, painted greatly; now, our great men fail to reach the technical achieve-



ment of those little men. There is not one living painter who can paint a portrait as a Venetian painter of A. D. 1550 would have done it; only one, in my knowledge, who has the same feeling for it. If we go to the work of wider range, the Campo Santo of Pisa, the Stanze, the Sistine Chapel, the distance becomes an abyss; the simplest fragment of a Greek statue of B. C. 450 shows us that the best sculpture of this century, even the French, is only a happy child-work, not even to be put in sight of Donatello or Michelangelo. The reason is simple. The early men grew up in a system in which the power of expression was taught from childhood; they acquired method as the musician does now, and the tendency of the opinion of their time was to keep them in the good method. Beginning as apprentices, they grew to be masters; art was not a diversion, but a serious occupation, to which fathers sent their sons at eight and ten years of age, and they learned to express ideas as soon as ideas began to form, and before they had begun to notice the surfaces of things; and having acquired the power to express thought, power grew as the thought enlarged. We begin late as amateurs; we see surfaces, and contemporary taste likes surfaces, but nothing serious; we lean on the model, and cannot escape it because we dare not risk to be caught out of drawing; the conception is never clear because we never trust it, and we must compare our work, touch by touch, with the model; we are never free, and we end in *pose plastique*, the caricature of art. The purely mechanical habit of reproducing the thing set before us, deferring to scientific exactitude as if it were authority in art, has little by little extinguished in the modern mind the sense of the ideal, just as an absorption in the material life, in its insatiable and ever-increasing claims, stifles, and finally entirely eliminates, the spiritual faculties. If there be no vital relation be-

tween the two, there is at least an analogy. I shall not discuss the question whether religion — by which I mean the spiritual life, not a creed or a church — is necessary to human progress or happiness, any more than I should maintain that art, in its highest acceptation, is so; but I have the clearest perception of the truth that, in the one case as in the other, the devotion to the material stifles the ideal. The natural sciences, the model, Fact, — which is accident, fidelity to nature, to use the common term, — are the negation of the ideal and the extinction of the perception of the beautiful, which are in turn the highest witnesses of the spiritual life. Few men love nature more than I do, and few have spent time in more patient and reverential record of her material features by the most scrupulous copying of landscape; but I recognize that if I had ever possessed the higher gifts of the artist, this devotion to the shell of nature would have been the most efficient method for their extinction.

I know of nothing more melancholy, to one who has gone through the university of art, the silent schools of the long-past centuries, — Greece, Tuscany, Venice, Holland of the Van Eycks, and Germany of Dürer, — than to walk through a modern art exhibition and hear the comments of a public which, if not wise, is the only one art has to look to; the enthusiasm for the superficialities and unintelligent reproduction of a world of accidents, spending its admiration on tricks of the brush and curiosities of texture, while the genuine expressions of artistic feeling, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, soon to be forgotten as well, are passed with a joke or a sneer of incomprehension as affectations or absurd archaisms, or, what is almost as fatal in education in art, respected not because they are the result of the real art motive, but on account of some incidental characteristic of the artist, an eccentricity which is attributed to a

peculiarity of vision or the discovery of a new process of painting. But this is the condition of public appreciation not only in England and America, but even in France, where the national temperament is most favorable to the development of æsthetic feeling.

As I have said, no individual can answer the question I have asked, — Do we want art any longer? But if I were called on to answer my own question, I should say, No! We want portraiture, because the leading motive in the majority is vanity, and the highest virtue domestic affection. For the awakening of the highest artistic faculties we have neither the desire nor the ability. We understand vaguely what is like nature, and we confound the representation of nature with art. People who take to art in the feeling that it is a better amusement than any other are too far advanced in life to acquire a really noble execution, just as they would be in music; and they always depend on nature because it is the easiest way to get along. The establishment of schools, in the old and true sense of the word, where the training should begin with the development of the intellect, and correct habits of working should be acquired before the critical faculties are at work, in which a regular apprenticeship should be gone through, the process by which alone a master can be made, is, in the present state of things, impossible. If in some more or less remote future a reaction should follow the present temper, and art find a new world, we may have prepared the way for it by the recognition of its true principles, and, above all, the clear understanding that its fundamental law is that in its sphere art is supreme, and nature only its bricks and mortar. So long as we confound fidelity to nature with excellence in art we ignore that law.

I had written thus far when I showed my paper to Mr. G. F. Watts, R. A., who wrote the following comment, which

he permits me to print. I do so gladly, for his views have an intrinsic value, as the conclusions of one whom I am compelled to regard as the profoundest thinker on art with whose opinions I am conversant.

"I agree so much with the general tenor of your article that it is what I am always saying. There are two or three points I might wish to discuss upon the question of art education. Certainly I do not think modern art education a good one, but I think education in art necessary. The language of art is not quite a natural one, since it is not possessed by all. The great artist, like the great poet, may forget his means as he forgets himself in his work; but to do this his means must be entirely sufficient. When Wordsworth wrote the *Intimations of Immortality*, he never had to think of his grammar or his spelling: such a necessity must have crippled his utterances. The soldier fighting for his life does not think about the rules of fence, but, for the perfect handling of his weapons, he has had to learn to use them. The greatest art must deal with the human figure; the strongest appeal to humanity can be made only through humanity. Michelangelo was not a better artist for giving twelve years to the study of anatomy, — perhaps the worse; but a very considerable knowledge of and acquaintance with the structure of the human frame are absolutely necessary, — an acquaintance difficult for him to acquire in northern climates and in modern times. The artist acquainted with the human structure through the medium of his restricted observation alone will find himself in the position of the musician who composes by ear. This may suffice for his melody, but without knowledge of counterpoint he will not be able to set down in writing the complications of his harmony. Painting from the model is a thing I entirely disapprove of, — I never do it and have never done it, never set-



ting up the model in a fixed position, though referring to it occasionally when knowledge or memory may be at fault; but there should be no hesitation for want of knowledge, and the more elevated the intention, the more necessary that there should be no obvious violations of grammar in art. Also, I think that you should make it understood that you admit that even painting from still life, and subjects where dexterous imitation and beautiful workmanship are interesting and pleasing, is still art in a degree and worthy of praise, as all things done conscientiously are: this, while you rightly insist that reality is fatal to the dignity of higher endeavor. . . . I should not like my method of study to be misunderstood; though not painting from the model, I do not depend upon knowledge, still less memory, alone, but, for example, get any one who may be about to lend me a wrist or an elbow, not merely in the position required, but turning the joint about, not to copy, but to refresh my knowledge. This is probably what Phidias did with greater opportunities. I do the same thing, — that is to say, study more than I have immediate occasion to represent when painting a portrait. For example, if I am painting a full-face, I endeavor to learn the profile, that I may not depend

on the light and shadow alone for the form of the features. I do not hesitate to repeat that I consider the painting from the model in a set position a pernicious practice, but the study of nature is another thing, and cannot be dispensed with. . . . I think you may have remarked that I purposely avoid display of anatomical knowledge in my figures, and all reference to creeds in my subjects."

These views of the great artist are in no wise in conflict with those I have tried to expound, though, as he writes in the nature of a general approval, he dwells on the points on which he desires to qualify my statements; but I do not exclude a lower form of art, which I have noted as "law, or spurious art," and the excellence of which is in the perfection of its means, not in the nobility of its ends, and to be respected, as we should respect a versifier whose grammar and diction were faultless, but who was quite devoid of poetic inspiration. Nature is noble, and the most scrupulous rendering of her, in every attainable aspect, is worthy commendation as handicraft; but even here we are in a way which leads to the antipodes of the true and supreme art, — that of the ideal, the creative. There is one honor of the hand and another of the brain, and they rarely go to the same work.

*W. J. Stillman.*

## THE PROMETHEUS UNBOUND OF SHELLEY.

### II.

#### THE MYTH OF THE DRAMA.

IN many a detail the meaning of the *Prometheus Unbound* eludes us; yet in great outlines it may be traced. Shelley takes as his starting-point the old story of Prometheus as found in the drama of *Æschylos*. Prometheus, the Titan, has

stolen fire from heaven to benefit the race of man. Jupiter, in revenge, nails him high on a cliff of Caucasus, where he hangs through æons of pain. He possesses a secret, with which he refuses to part, which, if revealed, would ward off from Jupiter some unknown and terrible danger. These broad and simple facts Shelley adopts from the old Greek myth; then, with an audacious license

born of the Revolution, he modifies, enlarges, innovates, to suit his own desires, till the glowing phantasmagoria of his poem bears slight resemblance to the grave and simple outlines of Æschylos.

When the drama opens, Prometheus, great protagonist of humanity, hangs on his mount of torture, high above the outspread world. But he is not alone. Sister-spirits, Ione and Panthea, fair forms with drooping wings, sit watchful at his feet. They may be with him; another presence, dearer than theirs, is denied. Asia, their great sister, the beloved of Prometheus, waits afar in sorrow; and the bitterest element in the suffering of the Titan is the separation between himself and her. Prometheus, we say, is the protagonist of humanity. More specifically, and perhaps more accurately, he is the Mind of Man. Asia is the Spirit of divine Love, from whom man, in his exile, has become divided, yet without whom thought is powerless. To Shelley, this spirit of celestial love and beauty is supremely manifest through nature; so Asia, in a loose but very real way, is identified in his thought, as Aphrodite was identified to the Greeks, with the creative and informing spirit of the natural world. Ione and Panthea, "messengers between the soul of man and its ideal," represent the spirit of desire which we call Hope, and the power of spiritual insight and wisdom which, however Shelley would have shrunk from the term, we may best designate as Faith.

The first act may be entitled the Torture of Prometheus. The agony which Jupiter has power to inflict shall reach its bitter climax here. The drama opens with a great soliloquy of Prometheus, flung upward to the midnight sky:—

Monarch of Gods and Dæmons, and all Spirits  
But One, who throng those bright and rolling  
worlds

Which Thou and I alone of living things  
Behold with sleepless eyes! regard this Earth  
Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom  
thou

Requiest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,

And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,  
With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.  
I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt?  
I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,  
Has it not seen? The Sea, in storm or calm,  
Heaven's ever-changing shadow, spread below,  
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?  
Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!

The mood of Prometheus, however, is not bitter. Disciplined by æons of silent pain, he has attained a new point of development. At the moment of his capture, he had hurled defiance at Jupiter, his foe, in a terrific curse. This curse he would now recall. Hatred has left his soul; even the words of wrath and contempt he has forgotten. Let them be repeated, that he may revoke them, and remain free from the taint of revenge. But it is in vain that he calls on mountains, springs, and whirlwinds,—yes, on the Earth, his mother—to repeat the curse to him. They remember it well; repeat it they dare not. Nay, between the Earth and Prometheus there is alienation. He exclaims:—

Why scorns the spirit which informs ye, now  
To commune with me?

Man and nature are at strife; or if not at strife, the old frank communion between them is disturbed. Prometheus cannot understand the "inorganic voice" of his mother.

Obscurely through my brain, like shadows  
dim,  
Sweep awful thoughts.

He feels that baffling sense of a language half understood which haunts the human mind as, in the development of civilization, man travels daily farther from the east. At last, up from a strange underworld of shadows, the world of memory or imagination, the Phantasm of Jupiter himself arises, proud and calm, and pronounces the dread words. We have here, of course, the suggestion that the doom of evil is self-ordained; and the curse is simply the statement, or prophecy, of inexorable law.



Heap on thy soul, by virtue of this curse,  
 Ill deeds; then be thou damned, beholding  
 good;

Both infinite as is the universe,  
 And thou, and thy self-torturing solitude.

An awful image of calm power  
 Though now thou sittest, let the hour  
 Come, when thou must appear to be

That which thou art internally;

And after many a false and fruitless crime,  
 Scorn track thy lagging fall through boundless  
 space and time.

This curse reads like the enlargement  
 of the doom of Satan, as given in Para-  
 dise Lost.

"That with reiterated crimes, he might  
 Heap on himself damnation."

Yet, though the curse is only the expres-  
 sion of law, Prometheus would revoke  
 it. The higher conception, that concep-  
 tion of forgiveness which interrupts all  
 causal unity, has come to him. He re-  
 calls the curse.

*Prometheus.* Were these my words, O Par-  
 ent?

*The Earth.* They were thine.

*Prometheus.* It doth repent me: words are  
 quick and vain;

Grief for awhile is blind, and so was mine.  
 I wish no living thing to suffer pain.

The Earth, unable to accept the higher  
 law, is filled with anguish, convinced that  
 the withdrawal of the curse is the signal  
 for the entire subjugation of Prometheus.  
 Really, we have here, in the magna-  
 nimity of the Titan, the first step in  
 the series of actions which occupies the  
 drama, and by which the redemption of  
 humanity is worked out. Jupiter, how-  
 ever, shares the misconception of the  
 Earth. Cognizant, doubtless, on Olym-  
 pus, of all that passes on the mount,  
 and believing that Prometheus is at last  
 ready to relent, he sends Mercury, the  
 Spirit of Compromise, swiftly down, to  
 extort the longed-for secret, and, if the  
 Titan prove still rebellious, to inflict new  
 pains. Mercury pleads, reasons, and at  
 last tries to intimidate with obscure hints  
 of a horrible torture to come; but Pro-  
 metheus repulses him with words of lofty  
 scorn and invulnerable will. Forgiveness

has implied no weakening of his firm  
 integrity.

*Mercury.* Oh, that we might be spared: I to  
 inflict

And thou to suffer! once more answer me:  
 Thou knowest not the period of Jove's power?

*Prometheus.* I know but this, that it must  
 come.

*Mercury.* Alas!

Thou canst not count thy years to come of  
 pain?

*Prometheus.* They last while Jove must reign;  
 nor more, nor less

Do I desire or fear.

*Mercury.* Yet pause, and plunge

Into Eternity, where recorded time,  
 Even all that we imagine, age on age,  
 Seems but a point, and the reluctant mind  
 Flags wearily in its unending flight,  
 Till it sink, dizzy, blind, lost, shelterless;  
 Perchance it has not numbered the slow years  
 Which thou must spend in torture, unreprieved?

*Prometheus.* Perchance no thought can count  
 them, yet they pass.

*Mercury.* If thou mightst dwell among the  
 gods the while

Lapped in voluptuous joy?

*Prometheus.* I would not quit

This bleak ravine, these unrepentant pains.

*Mercury.* Alas! I wonder at, yet pity thee.

*Prometheus.* Pity the self-despising slaves of  
 Heaven,

Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene,  
 As light in the sun, throned. How vain is talk!  
 Call up the fiends.

*Ione.* O sister, look! White fire  
 Has cloven to the roots yon huge snow-loaded  
 cedar;

How fearfully God's thunder howls behind!

*Mercury.* I must obey his words and thine.  
 Alas!

Most heavily remorse hangs at my heart!

Then comes the great scene of the  
 agony and temptation of Prometheus,  
 — a scene which can be compared to  
 the greatest scenes of torture in the  
 whole literature of the world. There is  
 nothing in Job, in Hamlet, in the Di-  
 vine Comedy, more terrible than this.  
 Throngs of Furies, awful forms of dark-  
 ness, surge upward from the abyss. They  
 press around Prometheus, a stifling, evil  
 crowd.

The ministers of pain, and fear,  
 And disappointment, and mistrust, and hate,  
 And clinging crime.

They taunt him, they revile, they torture ;  
 nay, they enter his very being, and live  
 through him, like animal life : —

Dread thought beneath thy brain  
 And foul desire round thy astonished heart ;  
 thus giving the nearest suggestion of sin  
 that the drama affords. Their shadowy  
 and horrible shapelessness enhances the  
 shuddering fear with which they inspire  
 us. We feel them to be in truth emanations  
 from the evil abysses of human  
 nature, messengers of spiritual despair.  
 The suffering which they inflict is the  
 deepest and subtlest that the soul can  
 know. The first Furies, who enter the  
 mind of Prometheus and whisper foul  
 thoughts within, are supplemented by  
 others who reveal to him the tragedy of  
 human history. And the heart of the  
 tragedy lies in the sneering suggestion,  
 the true Mephistopheles thought, that  
 the highest hopes and noblest impulses  
 of man lead only to bitter sorrow and to  
 degraded sin.

*Fury.* Tear the veil.

*Another Fury.* It is torn.

*Chorus.* The pale stars of the morn  
 Shine on a misery, dire to be borne.  
 Dost thou faint, mighty Titan ? We laugh  
 thee to scorn.

Dost thou boast the clear knowledge thou waken'dst  
 for man ?

Then was kindled within him a thirst which  
 outran

Those perishing waters ; a thirst of fierce fever,  
 Hope, love, doubt, desire, which consume him  
 for ever.

"Most progress means most failure,"  
 writes Cleon, the exponent of weary  
 paganism, as he summarizes the conclusion  
 of the ages in Browning's clear-cut  
 poem. Swinburne, in the bitter chorus  
 of invective against the most high gods  
 which marks the climax of *Atalanta in  
 Calydon*, expresses the same wisdom of  
 this world in passionate cadence : —

"Thou hast given man sleep, and smitten sleep  
 with dreams,

Saying, Joy is not, but love of joy shall be ;

Thou hast made sweet springs to all our  
 pleasant streams,

In the end thou hast made them bitter with  
 the sea."

To apprehend the full force of the  
 suffering of Prometheus, we must remember  
 that all the progress of his "beloved  
 race" in knowledge and in hope  
 is due to him ; that for his service to  
 men he hangs "withering in destined  
 pain." This service the Furies now  
 present as a curse, not a blessing, to  
 mankind. To support their triumphant  
 claim, they reveal to Prometheus two  
 visions of the future, conceived by Shelley  
 as the central moments of the world's  
 history, — the Crucifixion of Christ and  
 the French Revolution. They show him  
 Christianity "become a curse" to mankind  
 through religious wars and persecutions ;  
 they show him the bright hopes of the  
 French Revolution quenched in bloodshed.  
 During these visions, Ione and Panthea,  
 who have so far supported the Titan by  
 their songs and their presence, veil their  
 faces. Faith indeed glances for one instant  
 at the Christ figure, then hides her eyes in  
 woe. Thus bereft of hope and faith,  
 Prometheus meets his torture in awful  
 solitude. Yet, though his soul is sorrowful  
 unto death, it is not conquered. To the  
 temptation of despair he does not yield,  
 if despair mean the loss of inward loyalty  
 to truth and right. It is striking that  
 the last words of the Furies, the climax  
 of torture for the pure and noble soul,  
 are the mere enumeration of the common-  
 places of daily life. Not the dramatic  
 crises of the world's history, but the trivial  
 facts of constant experience, seem to  
 Shelley the crowning embodiment of evil.  
 But even here Prometheus conquers,  
 through patience and unflinching courage.

*Fury.* Behold an emblem : those who do  
 endure

Deep wrongs for man, and scorn, and chains,  
 but heap

Thousandfold torment on themselves and him.

Blood thou canst see, and fire ; and canst hear  
 groans :

Worse things unheard, unseen, remain behind.

*Prometheus.* Worse ?



*Fury.* In each human heart terror survives  
The ruin it has gorged : the loftiest fear  
All that they would disdain to think were true.  
Hypocrisy and custom make their minds  
The fanes of many a worship, now outworn.  
They dare not devise good for man's estate,  
And yet they know not that they do not dare.  
The good want power, but to weep barren  
tears.

The powerful goodness want : worse need for  
them.

The wise want love ; and those who love want  
wisdom ;

And all best things are thus confused to ill.  
Many are strong and rich, and would be just,  
But live among their suffering fellow-men  
As if none felt : they know not what they do.

*Prometheus.* Thy words are like a cloud of  
wingèd snakes ;

And yet I pity those they torture not.

*Fury.* Thou pitiest them ? I speak no  
more ! *[Vanishes.]*

*Prometheus.* Ah woe !

Ah woe ! Alas ! pain, pain ever, for ever !  
I close my tearless eyes, but see more clear  
Thy works within my woe-illumèd mind,  
Thou subtle tyrant ! Peace is in the grave :  
The grave hides all things beautiful and good.  
I am a God and cannot find it there,  
Nor would I seek it : for, though dread re-  
venge,

This is defeat, fierce king ! not victory.

The sights with which thou torturest gird my  
soul

With new endurance, till the hour arrives  
When they shall be no types of things which are.

The baffled Furies have vanished in  
rage ; and now gather to console the  
Titan a troop of exquisite spirits. These  
spirits see the soul of goodness in things  
evil, as the Furies saw the soul of evil  
in things good. They are the Spirits of  
the Human Mind, bearing

the prophecy  
Which begins and ends in thee ;

that is, in the mind of man. They sing  
of Courage, which could not exist were  
no battles to be fought ; of Self-sacrifice,  
which springs from pain alone ; of Wis-  
dom and of Imagination, witnesses to a  
diviner day that is to be.

The gentle songs of these spirits  
soothe, although they cannot cheer, the  
exhausted soul of the sufferer. He  
sighs.

I would fain

Be what it is my destiny to be,  
The saviour and the strength of suffering man ;  
Or sink into the original gulf of things.  
There is no agony and no solace left ;  
Earth can console, Heaven can torment no  
more.

Thus the Titan hangs, weary, yet at  
peace. The morning slowly dawns ; and  
we leave him as his wistful thoughts turn  
towards Asia and towards love.

If the first act is the Torture of Pro-  
metheus, the second may be called the  
Journey of Asia. It is around her fig-  
ure that action now centres ; and the  
scenes in which the myth is unfolded  
are poetically the most wonderful in the  
*Prometheus Unbound*. The verse shines  
with spiritual meaning, profound yet elu-  
sive. It dazzles us like the sky at sun-  
rise, yet, like the sky at sunrise, purges  
our eyes to clearer sight. At the be-  
ginning of the act Asia is alone. We  
find her waiting in an Indian vale, whose  
luxuriant beauty contrasts with the bleak  
ravine where Prometheus suffers. Yet  
Asia, too, is sorrowful, though her sor-  
row is passive. Separated from the hu-  
man soul which gives her life, she lan-  
guidly waits and dreams. She is to be  
aroused from her passivity, to learn that  
love's mission is not only to endure, but  
to act, and through action to save the  
world. The season is spring, the mo-  
ment sunrise. Asia expects Panthea, the  
Spirit of Intuition or of Faith which ever  
mediates between the soul of man and  
its ideal.

*Asia.* From all the blasts of heaven thou  
hast descended :

Yes, like a spirit, like a thought, which makes  
Unwonted tears throng to the horny eyes,  
And beatings haunt the desolated heart,  
Which should have learnt repose : thou hast  
descended

Cradled in tempests ; thou dost wake, O  
Spring !

O child of many winds ! As suddenly  
Thou comest as the memory of a dream,  
Which now is sad because it hath been sweet ;  
Like genius, or like joy which riseth up  
As from the earth, clothing with golden clouds  
The desert of our life.

This is the season, this the day, the hour;  
At sunrise thou shouldst come, sweet sister  
mine,  
Too long desired, too long delaying, come!

Hear I not  
The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes  
Winnowing the crimson dawn?

[*Panthea enters.*]

I feel, I see  
Those eyes which burn through smiles that  
fade in tears,  
Like stars half-quenched in mists of silver  
dew.

Beloved and most beautiful, who wearest,  
The shadow of that soul by which I live,  
How late thou art! the spherèd sun had climbed  
The sea; my heart was sick with hope, before  
The printless air felt thy belated plumes.

Panthea has strange dreams to narrate, — dreams of mystic meaning that summon to an action unknown. As she speaks, the soul of Love grows troubled. In the eyes of Faith she reads a double vision. First is the dream of fulfillment: Prometheus free, joyous, the consummation of her desire. Second comes the dream of progress; and as she beholds it the impulses of her own brooding heart become clear to her.

*Asia.* As you speak, your words  
Fill, pause by pause, my own forgotten sleep  
With shapes. Methought among the lawns  
together

We wandered, underneath the young gray  
dawn,

And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds  
Were wandering in thick flocks along the  
mountains,

Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind;  
And the white dew on the new-bladed grass,  
Just piercing the dark earth, hung silently;  
And there was more which I remember not:  
But on the shadows of the morning clouds,  
Athwart the purple mountain slope, was written

FOLLOW, O, FOLLOW! as they vanished by;  
And on each herb, from which Heaven's dew  
had fallen,

The like was stamped, as with a withering fire.  
A wind arose among the pines; it shook  
The clinging music from their boughs, and then  
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of  
ghosts,

Were heard: O, FOLLOW, FOLLOW, FOLLOW  
ME!

And then I said, "Panthea, look on me."

But in the depth of those beloved eyes  
Still I saw, FOLLOW, FOLLOW!

*Echo.*

Follow, follow!

*Panthea.* The crags, this clear spring morn-  
ing, mock our voices,  
As they were spirit-tongued.

Nature, which has been but the passive reflection of the beauty of love, becomes charged with spiritual significance. It stings with hunger for full light; it murmurs a message, half understood, of a task that awaits, a reward to be won. We are here, in the drama of spiritual evolution, at the great point of the awakening of consciousness. Driven by an imperious inward stress, Asia must hence, she knows not whither. Unseen echoes summon her.

In the world unknown

Sleeps a Voice unspoken;

By thy step alone

Can its rest be broken;

Child of Ocean!

Asia seizes the hand of Panthea; and together Love and Faith set forth on their long journey, — a journey which is to lead them into all depths of human experience, and which, in truth, though they know it not, is to be a pilgrimage of redemption. In the next scene we find the sister-spirits wandering through a dark forest, typifying, doubtless, the mysteries of human experience. Choruses of unseen spirits chant exquisite lyrics, which, perfect nature-poems, yet symbolize and suggest the life of the senses, the emotions, the reason, and the will. Soon, — though how much of earthly time has been taken by this journey we may not tell, — Asia and Panthea stand on the summit of a lofty mountain. They can advance no farther by their own strength; the next stage of their progress is to be a descent to the secret abysses of being, and this descent they can accomplish only when, abandoning self-guidance, they yield in meekness to spirit forces not their own. A troop of spirits gathers from out the shining mists that surge around the peak; they seize the unresisting forms



of Love and Faith, and bear them downward to the awful abode of Demogorgon, the unseen Fate who dwells in darkness.

To the deep, to the deep,  
Down, down!  
Through the shade of sleep,  
Through the cloudy strife  
Of Death and of Life;  
Through the veil and the bar  
Of things which seem and are,  
Even to the steps of the remotest throne,  
Down, down!

We have bound thee, we guide thee;  
Down, down!

With the bright form beside thee;  
Resist not the weakness,  
Such strength is in meekness  
That the Eternal, the Immortal,  
Must unloose through life's portal  
The snake-like Doom coiled underneath  
his throne

By that alone.

This descent of Asia to the cave of Demogorgon recalls the descent of Faust to "the Mothers," the mysterious roots of things, in the second part of Faust; it recalls yet more forcibly the fairest myth of the ancient world, where Psyche descends to the shades of Avernus.

Asia and Panthea now stand in the presence of an "awful darkness" which is yet "a living spirit." This shapeless, vital Darkness, which Shelley describes by negatives charged with imaginative awe, is Demogorgon, the most bewildering yet one of the most essential personages of the drama. He is Fate. He is also a great many other things, but it will suffice for the present to call him the unconscious Reason, which is the deepest innate governing principle of human life. Before this oracular Darkness Asia now stands, and questions. She asks a solution of the deepest problems of life, — asks, and in a sense is answered. In this scene, which is the dramatic centre of the poem, Shelley expounds to us his own thought concerning the problems of human destiny. Asia first asks Demogorgon to name the supreme ruler of the world; and this

question he half answers, half evades, in approved metaphysical fashion.

*Panthea.* What veiled form sits on that ebony throne?

*Asia.* The veil has fallen.

*Panthea.* I see a mighty darkness  
Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom  
Dart round, as light from the meridian sun,  
Ungazed upon and shapeless; neither limb,  
Nor form, nor outline; yet we feel it is  
A living spirit.

*Demogorgon.* Ask what thou wouldst know.

*Asia.* What canst thou tell?

*Demogorgon.* All things thou dar'st demand.

*Asia.* Who made the living world?

*Demogorgon.* God.

*Asia.* Who made all  
That it contains? thought, passion, reason, will,  
Imagination?

*Demogorgon.* God: Almighty God.

*Asia.* Who made that sense which, when the  
winds of spring

In rarest visitation, or the voice  
Of one beloved heard in youth alone,  
Fills the faint eyes with falling tears which dim  
The radiant looks of unbewailing flowers,  
And leaves this peopled earth a solitude  
When it returns no more?

*Demogorgon.* Merciful God.

*Asia.* And who made terror, madness, crime,  
remorse?

*Demogorgon.* He reigns.

*Asia.* Utter his name: a world pining in pain  
Asks but his name: curses shall drag him down.

*Demogorgon.* He reigns.

*Asia.* I feel, I know it: who?

*Demogorgon.* He reigns.

Asia then gives a long account of the upgrowth of society, of the services rendered to man by Prometheus, and of the relations between Prometheus and Jupiter. At the end she puts the crucial, the central question, — the question which, from the beginning of human time, has lain heavy on the heart of Love, — Is the supreme ruler of the world evil or good? What is the nature, what the source, of evil? The answer of Demogorgon is profoundly significant.

*Asia.* Whom calledst thou God?

*Demogorgon.* I spoke but as ye speak,  
For Jove is the supreme of living things.

*Asia.* Who is the master of the slave?

*Demogorgon.* If the abyss  
 Could vomit forth its secrets — But a voice  
 Is wanting, the deep truth is imageless;  
 For what would it avail to bid thee gaze  
 On the revolving world? What to bid speak  
 Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance and Change? To  
 these

All things are subject but eternal Love.

*Asia.* So much I asked before, and my  
 heart gave

The response thou hast given; and of such  
 truths

Each to itself must be the oracle.

Thus the answer of Reason to the central problem of human existence does but corroborate the yearning intuition of the heart. Love supreme, love eternal, triumphant over fate, time, occasion, chance, and change, — this is the deepest word the human reason deigns to speak. Shelley's message here is the message of all true poets. "*L'Amor, che muove il sole e l'altre stelle*" is ever the burden of their song. Tennyson's *In Memoriam* is the representative poem of the middle of the century as *Prometheus Unbound* of its earlier years. Utterly different as are the two poems in structure and spirit, their truth is the same; immortal Love is sung by both alike; love discerned immortal by the first yearning of the eager heart, proved immortal only by the dark and lonely journey through soul-experience.

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,  
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
 Believing where we cannot prove,"

cries Tennyson; and the thought is the thought of Shelley, strengthened and defined in the more modern poet by centring the immortal Love in a personality rather than in an abstraction. If Shelley expressed the highest faith of the first of the century, and Tennyson of its central years, Robert Browning is the accepted leader of our thought and faith to-day. We find in him the same note, more triumphant, carried forward, as Shelley could not carry it, save by one swift hint, into eternity.

"No! love which on earth amid all the shows  
 of it

Has ever been known the sole good of life  
 in it,

That love, ever growing here, spite of the  
 strife in it,

Shall arise, made perfect, from Death's re-  
 pose of it,

And I shall behold Thee, Face to face,  
 O God, and in Thy light retrace

How in all I loved here, still wast Thou."

The speculative questions of Asia are answered. There remains the question of fact. She seeks to know the fate of Prometheus and herself, and demands the hour of redemption. The answer comes in deeds, not words. Swiftly appears a vision of the cars of the Hours. One waits for Demogorgon, one for Asia. The awful form of Demogorgon mounts the car of darkness, and is borne away, while Asia and Panthea, transported to the shining chariot, are whirled more swiftly than the lightning to a mystic mount. Then comes the consummation of the drama. Asia is transfigured before us. Her being shines with a strange radiance so intense that Panthea trembles before it, — so intense that it hides her from view. A voice, the voice of Prometheus, is heard chanting to her a worshipful lyric, the highest expression alike of Shelley's genius and of his faith.

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle  
 With their love the breath between them;  
 And thy smiles before they dwindle  
 Make the cold air fire; then screen them  
 In those looks, where whoso gazes  
 Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning  
 Through the vest which seems to hide  
 them;  
 As the radiant lines of morning  
 Through the clouds, ere they divide them;  
 And this atmosphere divinest  
 Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,  
 But thy voice sounds low and tender  
 Like the fairest; for it folds thee  
 From the sight, that liquid splendor,  
 And all feel, yet see thee never,  
 As I feel now, lost for ever!



Lamp of earth! where'er thou movest  
 Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,  
 And the souls of whom thou lovest  
 Walk upon the winds with lightness,  
 Till they fail, as I am failing;  
 Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

With Asia's responsive song, of almost equal beauty and of profound spiritual significance, the act concludes. This song is too long to be given here. In it, says William Rossetti, "the soul, transported into idealism by melody, muses upon the indefinable possibilities of existence, prenatal and preter-lethal, — the world of spirit before birth and after death."

The apotheosis of Love is the climax of the spiritual action of the drama. In the third act we witness the fall of Jupiter and the liberation of Prometheus. Jupiter has just married Thetis. The child of this union — here is the secret which Prometheus has so persistently withheld — is to destroy his father. Strange child! for in truth he is no other than an incarnation of Demogorgon. In the car of darkness he ascends to the resplendent throne of the world's ruler and pronounces doom. Scorn avails nothing; the weapons of the gods are futile; futile, thunderbolts and prayers. The curse is fulfilled, and, in a passage of superb condensation and vitality, Jupiter confesses his defeat, while, from high heaven, he sinks into the abyss.

Detested prodigy!

Even thus beneath the deep Titanian prisons  
 I trample thee! Thou lingerest?

Merely! merely!

No pity, no release, no respite! O,  
 That thou wouldst make mine enemy my judge,  
 Even where he hangs, seared by my long revenge,

On Caucasus! he would not doom me thus.  
 Gentle, and just, and dreadless, is he not  
 The monarch of the world? What then art thou?

No refuge! no appeal!

Sink with me then.

We two will sink on the wide waves of ruin,  
 Even as a vulture and a snake outspent  
 Drop, twisted in inextricable fight,

Into a shoreless sea. Let hell unlock  
 Its mounded oceans of tempestuous fire,  
 And overwhelm on them into the bottomless void  
 This desolated world, and thee, and me,  
 The conqueror and the conquered, and the wreck

Of that for which they combated.

Ai! Ai!

The elements obey me not. I sink  
 Dizzily down, ever, for ever, down.  
 And, like a cloud, mine enemy above  
 Darkens my fall with victory! Ai! Ai!

Hercules releases Prometheus, who, reunited to Asia, enters upon an existence of limitless freedom and perfect love. The Spirit of the Hour speeds, proclaiming redemption, over land and sea; and, with a long passage describing the joyful effects of his tidings, the act concludes.

The fourth act was an afterthought, but one which we could ill afford to miss. It is a triumphant chorus of rejoicing. All powers of the earth and air, of the natural and the spiritual world, unite in a wondrous pæan that for depth and variety of music, for beauty of imagery, for the expression of rapturous gladness, finds no parallel in English verse. It is to music rather than to literature that we must look for the analogues of such poetry as this.

Even in this brief outline the significance of the myth of the Prometheus Unbound must have become fairly clear. It is evident that the drama has for its theme the redemption of humanity, and that the theme is conceived under the influence of the new democratic faith. Let us now glance a little more closely at some of the characters, and at the means by which redemption is accomplished.

Prometheus and Asia, Panthea and Ione, are probably clear enough. Jupiter, the evil power, it is, however, easy to misconceive. We must beware of considering him the abstract power of moral evil. To Shelley, his significance is perhaps mainly political. A few lines near the conclusion of the third act give the clue to him: —

Those foul shapes, abhorred by god and man,  
Which, under many a name and many a form,  
Strange, savage, ghastly, dark, and execrable,  
Were Jupiter, the tyrant of the world.

As we have seen, he derives his power from Prometheus. He thus stands for all those institutions, civil or religious, which were once the true expression of human will, but which, as the centuries pass, become effete though powerful forms, with an innate tendency to repress progress. Mr. Rossetti considers that Jupiter represents the anthropomorphic god, a delusion of the human mind; but surely he is much more than this. "Thrones, altars, judgment-seats, and prisons," — these, in one grand composite, including as they do all forms by which man has projected into society the authority of law, unite in the idea of Jupiter. To Shelley, as we have seen, the soul of man is essentially good and pure; evil, an accident of the outer life, inheres exclusively in that outward authority which checks the free play of impulse. The evil Jupiter thus conceived is a shadowy creature enough. We feel that he loses all but a nominal existence when Prometheus, in forgiving him, ceases to respect him. He pronounces his own doom, and by his own weight he falls; never possessing our imagination except in the instant of his destruction. In the marriage of Jupiter with Thetis, Shelley seems to suggest the overweening arrogance in which a political tyranny invests itself with the pomp of false glory, and which always precedes its overthrow. The form of Demogorgon, assumed by the child of this fateful union, is the most difficult in the whole drama to apprehend; but we can see one or two simple ideas for which he stands. In his aspect as child of Jupiter and Thetis, Demogorgon undoubtedly means revolution, — that revolution which always follows the marriage of unrighteous power to overweening display. Historically, Todhunter ingeniously suggests that Demogorgon stands

for the critical and destructive thought of the eighteenth century, which, nurtured by an artificial civilization, became the force by which that civilization was overthrown. As to the more general conception of Demogorgon, we can neither define nor understand it, because Shelley doubtless meant him to represent that background of inscrutable mystery in existence which is at once the source and negation of all our knowledge. He has been compared to the Hegelian Absolute, and any one who enjoys the suggestion may get what he can out of it. The most useful way to think of him is as the Principle of Reason; reason, not indeed omniscient, but the best instrument man possesses for the approach to absolute truth. Lying deep in the unconscious life of humanity, this Reason is passionless and passive; yet now and again it will be roused, it will arise, and, appearing in time under the guise of some relentless phase of thought, will sweep down the old, and sink once more into silence.

We are ready now to discuss the process by which, in the myth of the young Shelley, redemption is worked out. The preparation is twofold: the purification of the mind of man from all taint of revenge; the awakening of the heart of man to responsibility and action. The act of redemption also has a twofold aspect, negative and positive; the negative is embodied in Demogorgon, the positive in Asia; and the whole action finds dynamic power in the scene in the cave of Demogorgon. The overweening arrogance of Jupiter is indeed the obvious cause of his overthrow; but there is a more potent cause, hidden in the secret mysteries of being. For, in the abode of darkness, Asia and Demogorgon have met. Love has questioned ancient Wisdom; and it is only after this interview that the "mighty shadow" floats upward from his throne to the throne of Jupiter. Surely, the poet means to image to us the profound truth,



that it is only through contact with emotion that abstract thought can be roused to action, and can appear in the sphere of practical life, a vital force. We have here a clear suggestion of that revolutionary process by which the frigid and inert reasoning of Voltaire and his kin, becoming charged with passion, overthrew the former world.

Thus the self-destruction of evil is accomplished, and on the negative side the process is complete; but in the evolution of the myth there is a positive aspect of far greater beauty. Not only by the overthrow of evil, but by the active force of good, is the end attained. Through Asia, spirit of celestial love, shall redemption be achieved,—Asia, the Light of Life, highest embodiment in Shelley's poetry of that ideal towards which his worship ever ascends. If Reason must be charged with passion before it can prevail, so Love, on the other hand, must become instinct with wisdom ere it can be made manifest in that glory which shall save the world. The interview in the awful darkness is a crisis to Asia as well as to Demogorgon, even though wisdom can but reiterate the primal instinct of love. After this interview Love is transfigured. Its rosy warmth pervades the whole creation, and its force is revealed triumphantly supreme. This is the crowning act through which, in the mystery of creation, the redemption of Prometheus is achieved.

Thus, by a double process, destructive and constructive, by revolution and by love, is set free the human soul. At this point the *Prometheus Unbound* ceases to be great. When the drama turns from hope, endurance, endeavor, to picture fulfillment, it drops into bathos. Sentimental and empty, guilty of that worst of æsthetic sins, prettiness, is Shelley's description of the ideal state. After their titanic throes, their radiant achievement, Prometheus and Asia are united; and we look for some hint of progressive and

inconceivable rapture to form the conclusion of the drama. No such hint is given. They retire to a cave; there, after the fashion of an imitation pastoral, they spend their lazy days in the enjoyment of sentiment and art. For a regenerate humanity Shelley has no message. His ideal is radically unprogressive,—the return to a golden age of insipid innocence rather than the advance into new regions of spiritual and material conquest.

Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,  
Exempt from awe, worship, degree,

is his humanity of the future; and the thought and the poetry in which the coming life is described are equally flat.

In part, this descent into bathos is of course inevitable. Descriptions of the millennium are always futile. Even the Apocalypse deals only with reticent and reverent symbol, and all uninspired Utopias, from Plato's Republic to News from Nowhere, send us back with renewed zest to the miseries of the present. Yet the peculiar weakness of Shelley's ideal is especially interesting, because it marks the exact limits of his age. The revolutionary conception had two defects: it ignored Law and it ignored God. The *Prometheus Unbound* is weak, first, because it has no hint of the modern scientific conception of evolution; second, because of the vagueness of its religious ideals. To revolutionary thought, salvation was to be achieved by a sudden overthrow of tyrants rather than by a progressive development of better out of worse. The thought of law is abhorrent to Shelley, and the invertebrate society described in the third act of the *Prometheus Unbound* is the natural result of a state of pure anarchy. Anarchy as an ideal ought to have been made impossible for us to-day by the teachings of modern science. There is, moreover, a spiritual as well as a scientific lack in the drama. The interpretation of evil is hopelessly superficial; it ignores not only the scientific aspect of

evil as arrested development, but also the far deeper and truer aspect of evil as sin. To represent outward authority as the only source that hampers the free purity of man is simply to be false to fact. The absence in the drama of any outlook towards immortality, or any suggestion of the divine Fatherhood, is the final source of its weakness. Shut off from any hope of endless growth towards infinite perfection in the hereafter, shut in upon himself with no definite ideal towards which he can strive and no spiritual strength on which he can rely, it is small wonder that man, as depicted by Shelley, is a creature of no personality, — scarcely higher, except for his æsthetic aspects, than an amiable brute.

The crudity of the Prometheus Unbound thus belongs to the Revolution; its strength is largely, though not entirely, from the same source. When we look at the poem as a whole, the surface inconsistencies, the disappointing conclusion, vanish from our thought, and leave a work of resplendent insight. The weakness is of the intellect; the strength is of the spirit. Far above its crude convictions soared the clear faith of the new democratic ideal. This faith is eternal. It has a profound love for hu-

manity, a sympathy for all the woes of a suffering world. Such love, such sympathy, burn on every page of the Prometheus Unbound. It is full of a passion for freedom. Such passion irradiates the drama. Above all, it breathes the spirit of a deathless hope; and the serene assurance that evil shall be conquered by the might of love is the soul of Shelley's poem. Through every line sounds a hope that can neither falter nor repent, supreme in torture, triumphant over despair. The verse is suffused with the light of it, and gleams with the radiance of dawn. The Prometheus Unbound is a poem of the sunrise.

The point of one white star is quivering yet  
Deep in the orange light of widening morn  
Beyond the purple mountains.

Attainment in the drama there is none; of rest it has no message. It is a cloud-capped morning vision, with something of the elusiveness, the swift transitions, the shining mystery, of the cloud. As such we must receive it. The age was one of promise, not of achievement, and we wrong its greatest poem when we search it for something which the age could not bestow. The Prometheus Unbound is the drama of hope.

It remains in a final paper to treat of this drama as a work of art.

*Vida D. Scudder.*

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### FURNESS'S THE TEMPEST.

THE history of Shakespearean criticism is a record of strange pedantries and prejudices as well as of rare learning and imaginative insight. For more than two hundred years scholars have been investigating the limits, laws, motives, and mysteries of Shakespeare's works, each generation witnessing fresh attempts to sound the deep but dazzling darkness that has surface beneath surface, and to compass the clear infinite

by all kinds of methods, from verbal emendation and antiquarian illustration to philosophical theories and metrical tests applied by a purely arithmetical process. When the follies and superfluities of Shakespearean criticism are remembered, it is hardly matter for surprise that it is the fashion in many quarters to gird at Shakespearean editors and commentators, and to sneer at them as unnecessary evils. Stupidity and



presumption have undoubtedly made some of them tiresome and ludicrous enough, but those who are inclined to dismiss all Shakespearean criticism as mere pedantry and folly will do well to consider what Shakespeare's works would be without the careful critical re-cension of the most capable scholarship. Shakespeare, so far as we know, edited none of his own plays. The first copies of them appear to have been printed surreptitiously from imperfect manuscripts; it was not until seven years after the poet's death that the First Folio was published by two of his fellow-actors, in days when there was no revision of proof-sheets other than that of the printing-office. Small wonder that Shakespeare's works have come down to us in a condition of such manifest and admitted corruption that it is only competent scholarship and critical acumen that can render them intelligible!

Nowhere do we see more clearly the necessity and importance of Shakespearean criticism, and at the same time the immense amount of Shakespearean comment, than in a variorum edition of the poet's works. Here we find along with the text the various readings of previous editions of authority and interest, and the notes and comments that the variorum editor deems worthy of preservation. In the course of this century three such editions of Shakespeare's plays have been published, and of these two are conspicuous for worth and importance: the variorum of 1821, edited by Boswell, son of Johnson's biographer, and the great Cambridge edition of 1863, edited by Messrs. Glover, Clark, and Wright. The activity and advance of Shakespearean criticism during the last fifty years have rendered the variorum of 1821 sadly antiquated and inadequate; and the Cambridge edition of Shakespeare's works is a complete variorum only as to readings,

not as to notes and comments, and has this further deficiency, that, while it gives the readings of all the old editions, it omits to note the adoption or rejection of them by the various editors. In consequence of this, an important element in estimating these readings is wanting; for in the case of disputed passages it is always well to see at a glance on which side lies the weight of evidence.

These defects of the Cambridge edition and the great mass of valuable critical matter that has accumulated since 1821 have made a new variorum edition of Shakespeare's works a literary necessity. It is this great need that Mr. Furness has set himself to supply, and the thorough and scholarly way in which he is carrying through his enormous undertaking ought to silence that carping at Shakespearean editors of which we hear so much. Eight handsome octavo volumes of this new variorum have for some time had their place on our bookshelves, and a ninth, containing *The Tempest*, is now before us.<sup>1</sup>

A Shakespearean editor, to be perfect, would need to unite in himself more qualifications than perhaps would be required of a man in any other editorial capacity. Ability to take infinite pains, philological acquaintance with Elizabethan English, intellectuality, knowledge of human nature, mastery of the science of verse, imaginative insight, conscientious judgment, inspired good sense, and unfailing good humor are but a few of the qualifications that we should look for in our ideal editor, and we think that we find these in finer balance in Mr. Furness than in any other Shakespearean editor with whose work we are acquainted. The ninth volume of his variorum is a fresh example not only of his marvelous industry and painstaking research, but of his wide range of knowledge, excellent taste, mastery of all possible shades of

ume IX. *The Tempest*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1892.

<sup>1</sup> *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare*. Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS. VOL. LXX. — NO. 418.

appreciation, and perfect freedom from prejudice, presumption, and that "acrimony of scholiasts" of which Dr. Johnson wrote so wittily in the brilliant preface to his edition of Shakespeare's works.

It is one of the characteristics of Mr. Furness as an editor that he obtrudes himself on the attention of the reader as seldom as possible. He introduces many editors and many commentators, but very rarely does he introduce himself. In the preface, however, which forms a singularly graceful and appropriate introduction to the most magically beautiful product of Shakespeare's genius, we have such touches of delicate and appreciative criticism as make us regret the self-restraint and self-repression that have led Mr. Furness to give us so much of every one else and so little of himself. These few sentences in the preface, like the fragments of criticism left by Charles Lamb, make us long for more of that sympathetic and imaginative reading between the lines which is true criticism and interpretation, and is all alive with a joyful sense of creative activity.

Few plays have afforded the material for as voluminous an amount of comment as *The Tempest*, but in all the interesting annotations and criticisms to be found in the appendix of the volume now before us there is nothing that more clearly reveals the poetic insight born of sympathy and imagination than the remarks that Mr. Furness makes on Caliban. "In some respects," said Coleridge, "Caliban is a noble being," and, feeling the truth of this, Mr. Furness, in a few sentences, winsome with charm and quiet beauty, takes a broader and loftier view of the weird offspring of Sycorax than any other critic has done. He dwells on the human and poetical side of Caliban's character, which the general and abhorrent repulsiveness of his nature has caused so many to overlook. "It has become," says Mr. Furness, "one

of the commonplaces, in criticisms on the play, to say that Caliban is the contrast to Ariel (sometimes varied by substituting Miranda for Ariel), and that as the tricky sprite is the type of the air and of unfettered fancy, so is the abhorred slave typical of the earth and all brutish appetites. . . . Is there, then, nothing to be said in favor of Caliban? Is there really and truly no print of goodness in him? Kindly Nature never wholly deserts her offspring, nor does Shakespeare. . . . Why is it that Caliban's speech is always rhythmical? There is no character in the play whose words fall at times into sweeter cadences. . . . When Caliban says that it was his mistress who showed him the man in the moon with his dog and his bush, what a picture is unfolded to us of summer nights on the enchanted island, where, however quiet lies the landscape in the broad moonlight, every hill and brook and standing lake and grove is peopled with elves, and on the shore, overlooking the yellow sands where fairies foot it feathily, sits the young instructress deciphering for the misshapen slave at her feet the features of the full-orbed moon! . . . It was by Miranda's pure loveliness and rare refinement that the soul of poetry was distilled out of that evil thing. Without this poetic feeling in Caliban, and its expression, whence would come our knowledge of the pervading life of enchantment which, by Prospero's wand, has converted that 'uninhabited island' into the one magic isle of our imaginations, forever floating in unknown summer seas?"

Of all Shakespeare's plays, *The Tempest* is one of the best in the way of text that has come down to us. It shares with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* the excellence of being printed with more correctness than any other play in the First Folio. The *cruces* are singularly few in number. One of these — the word "scamels," in Act II. Scene ii. — affords Mr. Furness



opportunity for genial comment, twinkling through which we see that spirit of strong sense and rich humor that goes far to explain his success as a Shakespearean editor: "What 'scamels' are, or are not, may be learned from the portentous notes on the word, extending to two pages, wherein there has been proposed as a substitute every article of food known to man which begins and ends with *s*, from 'shamois' to 'sea-owls.' For my part, I unblushingly confess that I do not know what 'scamels' are, and that I prefer to retain the word in the text, and to remain in utter, invincible ignorance. From the very beginning of the play we know that the scene lies in an enchanted island. Is this to be forgotten? Since the air is full of sweet sounds, why may not the rocks be inhabited by unknown birds of gay plumage, or by vague animals of a grateful and appetizing plumpness? Let the picture remain, of the dashing rocks, the stealthy, freckled whelp, and in the clutch of his long nails a young and tender scamel." This is pleasant and sagacious, — a happy summing up of the two pages of "portentous notes" and suggested emendations of previous editors. The only occasion on which Mr. Furness shows the slightest impatience in dealing with the work of his predecessors is in his recapitulation of the evidence regarding the date of composition of *The Tempest*. "Is there any really valuable end," he asks, "to be gained by an investigation into the years when Shakespeare wrote this play? Is there any possible intellectual gain in the knowledge of the exact date? As a mere intellectual exercise an elaborate investigation may prove beneficial; but a second-rate drama, by an insignificant poet, will serve this purpose quite as well as *The Tempest*." We venture to suggest that, as it may not be considering too nicely to conjecture a profound personal meaning in *The Tempest*, it is a matter of deep interest to know as nearly as possible

the date of its composition. It was a natural and graceful fancy which assumed the last lines spoken by Prospero to be likewise the last completed work of Shakespeare. The play has something in its spirit of the nature of a solemn vision. Its atmosphere is one of reconciliation and forgiveness. As we leave the enchanted island, ringed round by the mysterious sea, there lingers in no nook or corner any memory of an inexpiable evil. Everywhere is the breath of a free and gracious spirit. That *The Tempest* seems to express Shakespeare's highest and serenest view of life is surely sufficient reason for inquiry as to when in his life-history he attained to this clear and solemn vision.

An interesting feature of the appendix of the volume is a summary of the arguments of the German critics in support of the theory that the source of the plot of *The Tempest* is an old German comedy, *The Fair Sidea*, by Jacob Ayser, which was unearthed eighty years ago by Tieck. As it is still commonly asserted in many quarters that Shakespeare, in writing *The Tempest*, borrowed directly from the work of the Nuremberg notary, and as *The Fair Sidea* is not easily accessible, Mr. Furness has given a translation of it, an examination of which will show that, while there may be one or two points of contact, there is really no ground common to the two plays. The most careful investigation has revealed no drama, story, or legend which was used by Shakespeare as the foundation for *The Tempest*, except the not improbable personal relation by Strachey of Sir Thomas Gates's disastrous voyage. The play, in its ethereal beauty as of summer air, remains the fairy offspring of an enchanted sire.

No Shakespearean editor has worked on a scale so grand as that of Mr. Furness. The rare balance of qualities that he brings to his work constitutes what is almost infallibility of judgment. As we rise from the perusal of this

latest volume of the new variorum, and place it beside its fellows on the shelves, we express the earnest hope that he may have health and energy to complete the great work which thus far he has executed with brilliant success; and may he long have the help

of him to whom he alludes with such grace and feeling in the closing words of the preface: "The aid afforded by the hand whose cunning ninety years have not abated is here gratefully and reverently acknowledged by the white-haired son."

### MATILDE SERAO'S *IL PAESE DI CUCCAGNA*.

AMONG recent Italian novels, Matilde Serao's *Il Paese di Cuccagna*<sup>1</sup> seems to us worthy of notice less for excellence in workmanship than for the theme itself, — the Neapolitan lottery, — and the evident knowledge with which it is treated.

Signora Matilde Serao may be briefly described, to those who do not know her work, as an Italian follower of M. Zola. Like most neat and handy definitions of the kind, this one errs on the side of incompleteness. Matilde Serao's talent is eminently Neapolitan, and has far too rank and luxuriant a growth to allow her to bend it into any given form, even if she chose. Still, some of her most ambitious efforts have been modeled on the programme of M. Zola. Thus, she has analyzed and apostrophized journalism in Riccardo Joanna, parliamentary life in *La Conquista di Roma*, the life of Neapolitan girls in *Il Romanzo della Fanciulla*, and now, in this her latest book, the important part that the state lottery plays in the life of the people of Naples.

Realism and analysis have had their day, it is now rather the fashion to say; all that was said for them as the typical and noble form of artistic expression of a democratic and humanitarian age was mere exaggeration of the moment; our twofold longing for more mystery, more

simple, direct, light-hearted story-telling, is not the natural swing-back of the pendulum, but the reaction of our better selves. MM. Zola, Bourget, Maupassant, and other exponents of the principle have, unfortunately for them, lived and flourished at a time when their talents were unavoidably diverted into profitless back-waters.

The representative works of the men in the first rank may be trusted to take care of themselves. As for the others, it seems hard to believe that the demand for them, born of the widened sympathies and sociological interest of the age, should be as short-lived as the demand for romances of the Rhine or for the articles known as dress-improvers. Yet there is no knowing; each age feels and decrees its own standpoint to be the only true centre of gravity.

One thing is pretty certain, however: if the analytical novel or picture of life is destined to live, its votaries must learn the art of condensation. We may have a good healthy general curiosity as to the inner life of alien races and all sorts and conditions of men; we do not care, unless we are specialists, to give too much of our time to gratifying it. And specialists in psychology are least likely to put up with all the vices and inconsistencies of the realistic school: the word-painting, protracted far beyond the possibility of producing *one* impression or calling up a picture, which ought

<sup>1</sup> *Il Paese di Cuccagna*. Di MATILDE SERAO. Milano: Treves. 1891.



to be its aim ; the falsifying of evidence ; the straining of points and creation of situations to suit the programme ; the long descriptions of frames of mind, which somehow do not emit the spark of psychological insight.

I suppose we must have schools of fiction as well as masterpieces, but then let them be schools, keep in touch with the times, and apply the study of psychology to the presentment of their subject and the æsthetic capabilities of the reader as well as to the analysis of frames of mind and forms of society. *Æsthetics* as a science is more and more tending that way in Germany itself, but the modern school of fiction, that professes to deal with nothing but realities, still very often fails to see that the surest way to reach its goal is to study the art of making its realities *seem* real.

These reflections have been irresistibly suggested by the reading of Signora Matilde Serao's *Il Paese di Cuccagna*. It seems sad to think that so much loving observation should count for nothing in the long run ; that this picture of the inner workings of a complex and curious form of society should have no more lasting worth than the fanciful products of the romantic school. Yet such is probably its destiny, just because the contributions of permanent value are imbedded in the vices and mannerisms of the school, in this case accentuated rather than smoothed over by the peculiar temperament and style of the writer. Matilde Serao is nothing if not Neapolitan ; Neapolitan in activity and fertility of imagination, in vivacity of story-telling power, and in quickness and warmth of sympathy, but Neapolitan also in carelessness of construction and lack of stylistic sense. She has practiced the technique of her craft after the fashion of the realists, but the very discipline she has chosen to undergo has been full of pitfalls for her ; her style abounds in mannerisms, and her word-painting, often admirable, is only too

often of what may be termed the "ready-made" type.

Yet, in spite of all these faults, the book is a deeply interesting one. On the whole, no book has been written lately that so helps foreigners to realize what the lottery really means to the people of Naples ; how inextricably it is confused with their superstitions and passions and prejudices ; how it pervades all classes of society, and vitiates the whole mass with its own inherent poison and the parasite evils that spring up round it. The state of things *Il Paese di Cuccagna* depicts seems as hopeless as it is sad, and it would be well if this book might be more generally read, and give foreigners some notion both of the reality underlying all these picturesque superstitions and this animated local color, and of the difficulties that the much-abused Italian government has to deal with.

*Il Paese di Cuccagna* is, as may be imagined, less a story than a kind of shifting panorama of Neapolitan figures and scenes. The author has made the adventures of her personages a pretense for describing Naples, the sights and scenes of Naples, at all possible times and seasons. Some of these descriptions are wearisome to excess, but read the description of the festival of San Gennaro, — of the procession through the streets, and the growing excitement of the crowd in the church as *credo* after *credo* is repeated in vain, the miracle still hangs fire, and the precious blood remains congealed in the vessel ; and I think you will agree with me that no mere outsider could so show us the curious intertwining of real fervor with gross superstition in the imaginative Neapolitan mind.

Superstition is indeed the dark shadow that lurks in every corner of the picture. All gamblers are superstitious, and Neapolitan gamblers doubly and trebly so ; and we are shown how every form of superstition, absurd, religious, or cabalis-

tic, gathers round the lottery. A good deal of the interest in the book turns on curious or tragic instances of the belief that certain persons, either in virtue of devout and immaculate lives, or through the agency of some mysterious power, or for some unexplained reason, are *assistiti*; that is, gifted with the power of "seeing" the "good" numbers. The tragedy of the book, told with real pathos, turns on the sad fate of Donna Bianca Maria, the last of the Cavalcanti, the martyr to the insane passion of her father, the old Marchese. Not content with pawning or selling everything in the house, he becomes possessed by the idea that his pale, patient, devout daughter is an *assistita*, and could, if she chose, retrieve the fortunes of the house of Cavalcanti. He refuses her hand in marriage to the man whom she loves, and who loves her and would save her; he persecutes her with exhortations, till she becomes a prey to hallucinations which are but fuel to the flame of his madness, until finally she is attacked by brain fever and dies.

The professional *assistiti* do not, of course, give the numbers they dream in so many words, but in oracular utterances, such as, "The camellias will soon be in bloom on the mountain by the seashore," or "It rains, but the sun will appear at midnight." There is a special "key of dreams," but the true meaning of the inspired utterances of those who are verily *assistiti* is recondite, and revealed only to the eye of faith. Even ordinary mortals can, under special conditions, dream numbers. If these numbers are not drawn, it is a sign either that something is wanting in the con-

juncture of circumstances, or that evil spirits have drawn a film before the eyes of the dreamers. Spirits, good and evil, are firmly believed in; the *assistiti* are so called because they are assisted by a special attendant spirit, whose behests must be implicitly obeyed if he is to remain favorable.

The web of imposture thus cleverly spun breaks sometimes, however, as in the case of Don Pasqualino Feo, one of the central figures of the book, who is at last imprisoned, starved, and ill treated by his exasperated followers, bent on extorting the right numbers by foul means, as the fair ones have been found to be of no avail. Among the persecutors are men of the world and of the learned professions.

Next in importance to the *assistiti* are the whole tribe of bloodsuckers, great and small, pawnbrokers, and keepers of the *giuoco piccolo*, or illicit lottery. There is no reason to believe that all these figures are not drawn from life, and as necessary factors in the life of Naples as the author represents them to be. They are necessary; people must know where to go, when Friday comes round, to find money for gambling. And gamble they must, all these people who have but once been lured on by a vision of the land of Cockaigne. They have all their fortunes to make or to retrieve, sinking ships to save, ugly scores to pay off; and there is no method so speedy, and if you but have patience, so sure, as the lottery. And so they go on, until moral and financial bankruptcy overtakes them all, while the land of Cockaigne is still as distant as ever.



## COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

*Literature and Art.* Letters of Samuel Johnson, LL D., corrected and edited by George Birkbeck Hill. In two volumes. (Harpers.) Dr. Hill's enthusiasm is unflagging. To the six stately volumes of his edition of Boswell's Life he now adds two uniform volumes containing all the scraps of Johnson's letters which he could collect from all quarters, excepting those included in the Life, which are, however, entered in chronological order by title. The longest letters are those descriptive of his Scottish travels, written to Mrs. Thrale; but whether long or short, the letters are in the main characteristic and illuminating. The affectionate side of Johnson's nature is especially brought to light. Dr. Hill's notes are full and entertaining, though occasionally repetitious. He makes a natural mistake, which a slight investigation might have corrected, when he fancies Copp's Hill in Boston to take its name from "cop," an eminence. Instead, the worthy William Copp must be credited. — James Russell Lowell, an Address, by George William Curtis. (Harpers.) In this little book Mr. Curtis has given a truly admirable outline of Lowell as a patriotic American. He leaves out of view, with but incidental mention, Lowell's great contribution to literary history and criticism, but he could scarcely have dwelt upon this side of his subject without slighting that view which was more appropriate to the occasion, an address in Brooklyn upon Washington's and Lowell's birthday. — Selections from Lucian, translated by Emily James Smith. (Harpers.) The *Haleyon*, The Sale of Lives, The Cock, and half a dozen other selections make up this volume; and the work seems to be well done, in spite of an academic gravity in the translation as far off as possible from the lively Lucian himself. The introduction is devoted partly to a life of the author; and partly to a plea that Lucian be taken quite simply, at first hand, and not in the light (if light it be) of the various theories about him. The volume will serve as a good introduction to a writer whom many might not otherwise know. — The Stones of Venice, Introductory Chapters and Local Indices (printed

separately) for the Use of Travellers while staying in Venice and Verona, by John Ruskin. Brantwood Edition. (Merrill.) These two valuable volumes are made still more valuable by the rearrangement of the chapters of the old edition (with some omissions) in a more consecutive form in accordance with Mr. Ruskin's wishes, by Professor Norton's introduction, and by the many notes that Mr. Ruskin has added to the original text. These notes are delightful for their frankness; as when, after saying that "the coast sank into one long, low, sad-colored line," Ruskin adds in a note: "Nonsense. I might as truly have said 'merry-colored.' It is simply the color of any other distant country." The alphabetical Venetian Index, of more than one hundred and fifty pages, enables the reader of artistic taste to see those things in Venice "which it is a duty to enjoy, and a disgrace to forget." To such an one this edition is indispensable. — The Early Renaissance, and Other Essays on Art Subjects, by James M. Hoppin. (Houghton.) Mr. Hoppin, who is professor of the history of art in Yale University, has collected in this volume a dozen papers and lectures and studies upon the subject which gives the title to his volume: Principles of Art, Tendencies of Modern Art, French Landscape Painting, Murillo, Art in Education, Art and Religion, Bourges Cathedral, The Zeus-Altar of Pergamon, Critique of a Greek Statue, The Masterpiece of Scopas, Hellas. He writes with a strong interest in his subjects, from the point of view of the historian and the philosopher rather than of the technical critic, and his work stimulates the mind looking for the relation of art to life.

*History and Biography.* Life and Letters of General Thomas J. Jackson, by his wife, Mary Anna Jackson. (Harpers.) General Jackson's military career has been pretty fully outlined by professional writers, and his character on its main lines has been fairly well presented. This volume by his wife shows him in his more intimate personal relations, and helps greatly to perfect the conception of his character, and to account for the profound affection which

he inspired in his soldiers. Mrs. Jackson has written unreservedly, and though some may shrink from the unveiling, there can be little doubt that the book will long stand as a contribution to the knowledge of a man whose personality will always be conspicuous in any full narrative of the war for the Union. — Cardinal Manning, by Arthur Wollaston Hutton. (Houghton.) The author of this volume, first an Anglican, became later a Romanist; he is, we believe, no longer a member of that communion. This accounts for his point of view, which allows him to have an understanding of both phases of the cardinal's career, and enables him also to point out, with a somewhat caustic pen, the respective weaknesses of both churches. But be this as it may, his book is really interesting, — all the more so from the author's very candid manner in writing it. To any one, therefore, who wishes to gain in less than three hundred pages a good idea of what Manning stood for, in English religious life, this book may be unhesitatingly recommended. — Jerusalem, the Holy City, its History and Hope, by Mrs. Oliphant. (Macmillan.) Mrs. Oliphant is always surprising in the amount of varied work she is able to do both quickly and well. Her Jerusalem would have been for many persons a good achievement to show for five years of toil. While we should not place this new book on a plane with her *Makers of Florence* in charm, she gives us, in something over five hundred pages, a clearly told story of Jerusalem from the time of David, on through the days of Solomon and the kings of Judah, the prophets, the return and restoration, to the birth of our Lord and the ending of the Jewish dispensation. It is not alone a history that is written, however, for to the mind of the writer the closing scenes of the life of Christ bring into the story much devotion of that simple, sincere, earnest sort that is characteristic of Mrs. Oliphant. The introduction will interest many persons who do not care for the subject of the book, for it is Mrs. Oliphant's half-passionate, half-humorous protest against the assumptions of the so-called higher criticism as applied to the Old Testament. She declines to take the word of the critic in researches in which he has "formed his theory before he began to inquire into his subject." The writer's clear woman's-wit has seldom been

seen to better advantage than in this clever preface. The book is illustrated, and, like all that comes from Macmillan, is printed in the simple yet distinguished fashion characteristic of that house. — *The Story of Jane Austen's Life*, by Oscar Fay Adams. (McClurg.) Practically all the materials that exist for a life of Miss Austen are to be found in the memoir written by her nephew, the Rev. J. E. Austen-Leigh, fifty-two years after her death, and in the collection of letters edited by her grandnephew, Lord Brabourne, fifteen years later. All beyond this is but inference and conjecture. The title of Mr. Adams's volume exactly characterizes it, for, unlike some of her recent biographers, his concern is mainly with the novelist herself, and only incidentally with her works. Though he could add nothing to our knowledge of Miss Austen's charming personal qualities and uneventful life, his visits to the places where that life was spent have enabled him to give some interesting local details which will be welcome to her readers. We notice that while he alludes to a possible attachment between Miss Austen and "Mr. Tom Lefroy," he says nothing of the pathetic love-story told by Mr. Austen-Leigh in the second edition of his memoir, which makes certain passages in *Persuasion* seem like veritable expressions of personal feeling.

*Fiction.* *A Capillary Crime, and Other Stories*, by F. D. Millet. (Harpers.) We cordially recommend Mr. Millet's book to the lover of short stories. The tales deal chiefly with tragic or curious phases of artist life, and the author is not afraid of dramatic incident. The stories are well told, in a straightforward, simple way, and from a thoroughly healthy-minded, manly point of view. One characteristic is their apparent truthfulness; and the proportion of fact to fiction is naively confided to the reader in a pleasant epilogue at the end of the book, which Mr. Millet modestly calls *The Bush*. We are seldom able to quote the proverb which furnishes him with this title more justly than in connection with this companionable volume. — *The Heresy of Mehetabel Clark*, by Annie Trumbull Slosson. (Harpers.) A dialect story of New England. The heretic heroine is a young woman, whose Calvinistic tenets, steadfastly held to through youth, are later overthrown during a severe illness.



From that time on, her views of what constitutes religion become too spiritualized to be apparent to the church members of her village, to whom she becomes as an heathen and a publican. Her story—and it is a touching one—is told by an old farmer, not of her way of thinking; and this is done with considerable literary skill. But heroines in theological eclipse are becoming so alarmingly common that we confess to being a little tired of their woes.—*Peculiar People*, by Samuel Phelps Leland. (Aust & Clark, Cleveland.) An attempt at a story, the scene laid in 1860 in the Southwest; the author's intention being apparently to discuss communistic theories of the Owen type, and to show through the characters of his story how true religion and true love refute such doctrines.—*Pine Valley*, by Lewis B. France. (The Chain & Hardy Co., Denver, Col.) A couple of frontier stories, told by a writer who has clearly a strong feeling for the nature in which his stories are set, and a humane sympathy with the rude life which he portrays. The stories are somewhat allusive in treatment, but they have considerable vigor, and their slightness of structure leads one to wish the writer might lay aside the form of fiction and write direct narrative.—*With Edge Tools*, by H. B. Taylor. (McClurg.) The story, if so invertebrate a creation can be called such, deals with the attempt of a New York club man, who has slain his thousands, to slay also his ten thousands in the person of a Chicago merchant's wife. It is a wicked, wicked effort, told by a man who we venture to say never was in a club house in New York, and knows wickedness chiefly by the feeding of a somewhat feeble imagination upon the husks of erotic literature. The virtue and vice alike in this book are to be reprehended as quite fictitious.—*The Fate of Fenella*, by Helen Mathers, Justin H. McCarthy, Frances Eleanor Trollope, etc. (Cassell.) In the prefatory note to this volume the publishers state that "they offer the reading public a genuine novelty. The idea of a novel written by twenty-four popular writers is certainly an original one. The ladies and gentlemen who have written *The Fate of Fenella* have done their work quite independently of each other. There has been collaboration, but not consultation. As each one wrote a chapter, it was passed

on to the next, and so on until it reached the hands of Mr. F. Anstey, whose peculiar and delightful humor made him a fitting choice for bringing the story to a satisfactory close." To every clause of this unique statement the critic agrees—in a Piekwickian sense; and he congratulates the publishers on having discovered twenty-four *littérateurs* who have indeed done their work quite independently of one another. It is also true that the task of writing the last chapter of this far too lurid tale must have furnished Mr. F. Anstey with sensations peculiar, if not delightful.

*Philosophy and Ethics. The Spirit of Modern Philosophy, an Essay in the Form of Lectures*, by Josiah Royce. (Houghton.) Readers of *The Atlantic* have already had a taste of this volume in the two papers on Hegel and Schopenhauer printed in this magazine. Interesting and valuable as they were independently, they create a deeper interest when read in the continuous thought of the book. Dr. Royce's sincere earnestness of quest is veiled sometimes under an almost whimsical airiness of tone, and the reader, who is not a hearer, occasionally grows a little restless under the chase he is led in beating the bush; but no one who is willing to think on themes of universal avail can well resist the charm of this persuasive, wide-sweeping philosophic survey. The concrete plan by which the progress of ideas is viewed in the light of successive philosophic lives is admirable, and in his connection of the doctrine of evolution with the development of metaphysical philosophy Dr. Royce has gone far to bring together what thinner minds have thought to rend asunder.—*Homilies of Science*, by Paul Carus. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) A collection of editorial articles which had for their common purpose the inculcation of true ethics through the suggestion of scientifically declared facts. There is a sincerity in the writer's mind which at once attracts the reader; and whatever may be the limitations of his religious creed,—limitations which appear to be the effect of a warped early training,—the ideals which he holds are lofty, and the demands which he makes upon himself are stringent. The book ought to serve as a tonic for persons afflicted by flabbiness of thought.—Dr. William James has abridged his two stately

volumes into a small handbook on Psychology, for the American Science Series, Briefer Course (Holt); but he is an author of too much zest and of too fertile a mind to have contented himself with a mechanical abridgment, and thus this volume contains not only new material, but a fresh statement of the author's position. The frankness of his expression is one of the great charms of this writer, and the reader who takes up the book to glance at it as a textbook is very likely to linger over its pages because of their directness of appeal to his interest, and the candor with which the writer speaks his mind out. — The Philosophy of Locke, in Extracts from The Essay Concerning Human Understanding, arranged, with introductory notes, by John E. Russell. (Holt.) The first volume in the series of Modern Philosophers, edited by E. Hershey Sneath. The method employed is to give the Essay in its most essential parts, and to preface it with a biographical sketch, and a brief, condensed statement of Locke's philosophy and its influence. Dr. Russell is very happy in his condensation; in his examination into the influence of Locke, he confines himself necessarily to the relation to philosophy, and very briefly intimates that a logical sequence would land one in Kant rather than in Hume. It is a pity that he could not have amplified this statement. — Another volume in the same series is The Philosophy of Reid as contained in the Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense, with Introduction and Selected Notes by E. Hershey Sneath. Dr. Sneath's method consists in taking Reid's most representative work and bringing it within the space prescribed by the series by omitting certain less important sections. He points out Reid's relation to his predecessors, especially to Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, and his influence on his successors, notably Dugald Stewart and Sir William Hamilton. The subject has special interest for the older philosophical readers in this country, because of the prominence of the Scotch school in

the academic philosophical studies of the middle of this century, under the guidance of Presidents Hopkins, Porter, and McCosh, whose influence was communicated to the large number of Western colleges which sprang from the loins of New England.

*Economics and Sociology.* The Platform, its Rise and Progress, by Henry Jephson. In two volumes. (Macmillan.) By the term "platform" Mr. Jephson does not mean the pronouncement of a political party; he does not even refer to that use of the word, and his two volumes are devoted exclusively to the study of the growth in power of public assemblies, outside of Parliament, given over to the delivery of political speeches or the discussion of public questions. His work is an interesting narrative of the expanding power of free speech in England. Beginning with the most conspicuous origin in open-air religious assemblies during the period of Whitfield and Wesley, he traces the development of public gatherings for the expression of opinion and the registration of popular judgment down to the present day. His work is therefore a history of public discussion from about 1760, and throws a strong side light upon modern English history. Such a work would be practically impossible if devoted to American history, so difficult is it to separate free speech out of legislature from speech within. — The Industrial and Commercial History of England, by James E. Thorold Rogers; edited by his son, Arthur G. L. Rogers. (Putnams.) Mr. Rogers took up his subject in these lectures topically rather than chronologically, but this is of less consequence since we have his Six Centuries of Work and Wages. To the non-professional reader the lectures have an interest beyond that which attaches to more systematic work, in the vivid personality of the writer, with his keen thrust at shams, his brusque arrogance, his habit of hard hitting, and the humane instinct which constantly issues out of the discussion of economic questions.



## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Passing  
of the But-  
terflies.

THE migratory habit of our birds has been so long a matter of observation and of precise record that it is one of the most commonly known facts in natural history; we expect the appearance and disappearance of each kind at stated times, and in their local lists our naturalists distinguish between the "summer residents" and the "winter residents." It is quite otherwise with other winged creatures, such as our butterflies; and yet they also appear and disappear at stated periods, and that, too, not simply when winter intervenes to check all their activities, but within the summer itself, — a particular kind appearing say in June, gradually diminishing in numbers, and then disappearing altogether, only to burst upon us again in August in numbers quite as large as before. Butterflies are far shorter-lived creatures than birds, and this fluctuation in their numbers, this yearly double advent on the stage, is easily explained, and is known to be caused in many cases by the fact that in such cases two (or it may be more) generations of butterflies are produced the same season, the parents dying before the young are matured.

This is known to be the case in so many instances that it has been taken without question as a perfectly simple explanation of all. The reasoning is natural, but is it justified? Undoubtedly it was the passage of birds in flocks which first drew attention to their migrations, but we now know that many birds migrate which may be said never to be seen migrating, so stealthily and in such small numbers do they appear and disappear. Now butterflies are not social, like birds, and do not company in pairs, so that, apart from their lesser conspicuity, their migrations, if any, would be far less readily detected than those of the least known birds. That their powers of flight would suffice for a very considerable migration is unquestionable; butterflies have repeatedly been taken hundreds of miles from land. The prevailing winds of spring and autumn would aid their movements. That in many parts of the world vast swarms of single species have been seen moving steadily in a specific direction, not

always with the wind, is on record; the great swarms of the thistle butterfly which in 1879 invaded Europe, even pushing as far north as Finland, were believed to have come from Africa.

Let us stop a moment to consider to what the migration of animals is in general due. Food and temperature are without doubt the direct agencies. Just as the secular ebb and flow of the ice of glacial times caused the winged inhabitants of our Northern States to move slowly northward and southward, driven from the fields the struggle for existence had compelled them to venture upon, only again and again to occupy and lose them, so now the advancing and retreating winter's cold, on a lesser scale, plays annually the same part. Be fruitful and multiply and *occupy the land* is the law to each species.

The physical conditions being nearly the same for both birds and butterflies, why may we not look to find among the latter some instances, at least, of that same instinct for migration so pronounced in the former? Now we have among our butterflies one kind in which, from certain features in its history and structure, we might more reasonably look for such a phenomenon than in most others; and could it be proved of this, the way would be opened for future inquiries concerning many others. It is one of the commonest and showiest butterflies of the United States, — our milkweed butterfly, well known to every boy collector. Not one of our butterflies exceeds it in powers of flight. Within our knowledge, it has spread from this continent over the Pacific Ocean to Australia and Java, and eastwardly to the Atlantic borders of Europe, from England to Portugal and the Azores. This may be, probably has been, due in part to accidental transportation by vessel, but its spread among the Pacific islands shows that a flight of five hundred miles is easily accomplished. Again, it belongs to a distinctively tropical group of butterflies, and is itself *par excellence* a tropical insect, and its appearance at all in our Northern States is almost an anomaly; yet every season it is found in Canada, and has even been credibly reported from Hudson Bay and

the Athabasca region beyond. Further, its history is known sufficiently to leave no possible doubt that in our winter season it exists only in the perfect stage, or butterfly. Now, nearly if not quite every one of our hibernating butterflies has been found at one time or another in its winter quarters in crevices, under eaves, in sheds and garrets, in old walls and hollow trees; yet this butterfly is twice as large as, and far more conspicuous in color than, any one of them, and has never been detected in hibernation. Butterflies of this species which have passed the winter in the extreme South, which they do, for aught we know to the contrary, upon the wing, are invariably dull colored and battered (as are hibernating butterflies of all kinds), and even in flight can readily be distinguished from the butterfly from the same season's chrysalis. If the butterfly lived through the winter in our northernmost States, we ought to see such individuals in the spring, but no instance of their occurrence in Canada has ever been recorded, and two or three individuals at most have ever been heard of in New England. In New England, our ordinary hibernating butterflies come out in March, April, and early May, but the milkweed butterfly does not appear until June, and then in fine livery.

Where, then, do these June butterflies come from? Why may they not have flown hither from the South? We know that the opposite movement takes place. Enormous flocks of the milkweed butterfly have repeatedly been recorded, containing myriads upon myriads of individuals, clustering at nightfall upon trees to such an extent as to change their color and to bend the weaker twigs. These clusters invariably occur in the autumn, and are accompanied by movements *en masse* in the daytime, which have also been many times recorded, and are invariably found to take a southern direction. The first of our naturalists to collect the evidence for this migration remarks, "There is a southward migration late in the . . . season in congregated masses, and a northward dispersion early in the season through isolated individuals." This, I believe, expresses precisely the state of the case, though the northward movement has not been so definitely determined as is necessary to conviction, nor have the limits within which the butterfly continues on the

wing throughout the winter (as it is reported to do in Florida) ever been at all determined; but the facts of its history, too numerous even to summarize here, render it highly probable that the hibernating butterflies fly northward in the spring, depositing their eggs upon the way, some here, some there, up to about the latitude of New York. To accomplish this extreme distance from Florida, the butterfly would have to fly no faster than a man walks, counting only the daytime, and deducting half of that for bad weather. The progeny of these, when matured, not only raise another brood in the same territory, but fly still further north to New England and Canada and lay their eggs. This second brood of the season's butterflies are the only ones that are ever reared in the northernmost regions; and in the latter part of the season they congregate and migrate to or beyond the region where their parents were born, as do the young birds. Taking this view, we may regard northern examples of this butterfly, indeed probably those of most of the country, as mere interlopers, vagrant tropical butterflies feeling their way northward for wider pastures, immigrants seeking new homes only to retrace their steps with the close of the year.

Snails and — While witches spin about  
Carnations. their fires on the chilly Brocken,  
the Romans turn out for a gay carousal in the open spaces around the Lateran, and hold a nocturnal feast as fantastic as the fabled pageants of the East. In ancient times, Midsummer Eve was spent in vigil and prayer, to ward off the witches and evil spirits who might, on this night, disfigure and maim sleeping mortals. Tradition says that two gaunt female forms wander ever in the heavy shadows of the hoary basilica, murmuring two never answered questions. One asks, "Wherefore didst thou do it?" to which the younger mournfully retaliates, "Why didst thou command it?" And these two, Herodias and her daughter, are foremost of the witches who haunt the 23d of June.

From the swift-descending southern twilight until four o'clock in the morning, the streets and roads leading to St. John Lateran are thronged with crowds of all classes, on foot and in carriages, but it is mostly to the poorer folk that this festa is dear. Lanterns and extra lights are swung out along



the ways, and every wineshop is thrown open with a wealth of illumination and sound that turns the dingy little dens into concentrations of merriment and good cheer. A burr of guitars, a tinkle of mandolins, the wandering notes from a concertina, give that delicious sense of comradeship with the people which is possible only under the open sky. You turn the corner of the Lateran, at last, and a brilliant scene reveals itself: the leafy avenue leading to Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, which formerly lent mystery and Rembrandtesque gloom to the sight, is now leveled to the ground, but night veils the hideous modern tenements in the background, and St. John's statued façade is still limned against the dark vault overhead; away off into illimitable space stretches a flashing, flaring tract of lanterns, torches, candles, lamps, and gas jets, only confined on the right hand by the dark girdle of the city wall and battlemented gate, over which a full rising moon sheds her benevolent, serene radiance. On either hand of the ever-moving throng are long lines of booths and stands, decked, piled, massed, with more carnations than you have ever read of, thought of, dreamed of, making a veritable apotheosis of the rich flower which exhales in its luxuriant fragrance all the charm of Roman summers. Where can such riches come from? Has some sudden magic wand changed all viler things into this crimson, snowy, and rosy fringed beauty? With the scent of carnations is mingled that of lavender, tied up into countless neat cones for the linen presses of good housewives; and sheaves of the same herb are thrust in among the gorgeous pinks, like gentle, faded old spinsters standing amid luscious, glowing young belles. When I hear strangers speak with contempt of the "garlic-eating Italians," I wonder whether they know what a really decorative plant garlic is, growing up on its tall slender stem into a delicately shaded lilac bloom. It is a faithful charm to ward off witches, so on St. John's Eve bunches of garlic, five or six feet high, frame in the bowery stands, and purchasers wave their green lances gayly over the heads of the crowd. The place is resonant with cries of cockade and jumble venders, toys which cackle (offered in stentorian tones by the salesman as "American hens"), earthenware bells, fitful music, and young laughter; and the air is laden with

the strange aroma of mingled garlic, resin, carnations, tallow, lavender, and flaming oil lamps. After the long flower lane you come to a vast area closely set with tents, booths, and shanties, where all the world goes for supper. In these temporary taverns there is rare feasting on roast kid, frogs, salads, coffee, and ices, but most of all on the great dish of the night-stewed snails, the modern substitute for the Baptist's locusts. Big green bowls are heaped high with the shining brown shells, which have been cooked in oil, and the wine flows fast and free. This is cooking for the *plebs*; pretentious people have their snails more daintily fried and boiled without the shells, at home. Over these booths are familiar, and sometimes rhymed, invitations to the passers-by, as well as exaggerated eulogies on the good wine within. At every few yards stand deal tables upon which are stretched out enormous roasted pigs spitted on long poles; most popular, to judge by the rapid way their brown juicy flanks are sliced off by the dealer.

Not being an orthodox Roman, you do not succeed in swallowing more than two or three snails, sup instead on the roast kid, salad, and Frascati wine which need no apprenticeship, and turn your face homewards ere the moon has yielded to the sun. As you pass, the Colosseum is deserted and still, for the Romans no longer go there with brooms, as their grandfathers did, to give passing witches a shove and a fling; the witches of our modern day, it is said, have abandoned their besoms to ride instead on telegraph wires. As you climb your steep stair, you stumble over a broom and a dish of salt, set there by some old woman who hopes the dread dames, tarrying to number the straws and count the grains, will be overtaken by the approach of dawn. You drop to sleep, your thoughts a medley of broken legs, garnet blooms, and seething snails, while the little children across the *vicolo* are dreaming of the customary gift they will carry their godmother on this day of St. John, first baptizer, and patron of all godparents.

—One of the curious things in a gold country is the widely different manner in which men proceed, under different conditions, with the search after gold. Even the least venturesome of us understands by this

At a New Zealand Dredging-Station.

time something of the characteristics of a "rush." Digger stories have at least fairly well acquainted one with the life of a gold field ; but the system of quartz-crushing, and again this patient mechanical dredging, brings in quite a new order of things. Here there is no rush ; nothing is left very much to any individual effort or enterprise. Dredging is decided upon at some ore-bearing river mouth or lake, and a company is formed to charter a dredge. So many men are employed, so much sand is passed through per day, without pause, without excitement. The old restless business of gold-seeking is turned here into a commonplace rational industry.

Yet, after all, there must be some things not quite commonplace, if one could put them into artistic form, about the life lived amongst such varied and characteristic colonial scenes. I date this from the banks of Lake —, in which our dredge is stationed for the present, with all about it a regular little colony, either working for it, or supplying the needs of those who work. Only ten miles to the south along the sea beach there is another dredge, worked by another colony, which admits of a great deal of Sunday visiting and exchange of politenesses in various ways between our staff and theirs. Further south still there is a third at work, but at such a distance, and so separated from us by rough country, that with this we can hold little intercourse. The men employed are either lodged in the dredge itself, or quartered with settlers in the neighborhood. The officers, if they may be called so, usually chum together in some hut within hail of their charge. Only one, the manager of the lake dredge, is lucky enough to possess a wife, — my cousin Margaret, with whom, in her first Christmas time from home since her marriage, I have come to spend my summer holiday.

Their cottage stands, bleakly placed, on a strip of land between two waters. In front we look out over the lake, with its smooth face churned up daily, by inches, it seems, in that wide space, by the dredging operations, or in bad weather, when work has to stop, all torn and beaten into waves by the storm wind. At the back, it is only a few minutes' run to the sea beach, down which I myself make continual excursions in search of fine seaweed or shells. How often I have pitied poor Alton Locke, the

London tailor, in his nature-starved longing "only once in my life to pick up a shell" ! This is not, indeed, like one beach I know of in the North Island, near Wellington. To think of that is like a glimpse backward into the eestatic child-dreams which led us straight to an Eldorado of birds' nests or Elysian Fields of wonderful mushrooms. Seriously, one can pick up shells there by hundreds, if one likes, with the greatest ease imaginable, and each beautiful enough to satisfy even one's dreams. Here on this southern beach it is different. The shells get scattered only thinly here and there, and often are broken long before they reach us by the great roll of waves upon the reef. Still, some precious things are cast up safely at times to add to my collection, and day after day I search for "sea-born treasures," while the dredge goes droning on like some great Tom Tiddler of the lake "picking up gold and silver." Then there are walks at all times, by the lake or the seashore, with all kinds of beautiful effects of moonrise and sunset, shade or shine ; or through uncleared marsh land, where the path makes its circuitous way through a wilderness of nigger-heads and flax-bush ; or along the inland road, the only good road by which vehicles may come, — watched for very anxiously indeed, sometimes, on the days when we expect stores from the far-away township, and extra visitors or some household miscalculation may have left us on short commons of flour or tea. Often, again, we ride, my cousin and I,

"With the salt sweet foam on our lips and the wind in our hair."

Altogether there never was a holiday so entirely and utterly enjoyable, if only it were *not* for the wind. But the wind ! There is always some wind in New Zealand, but here it is something too unmerciful. It is the height of the summer, too, but all pretty muslin and print frocks stay in my trunk, and neither indoors nor out have I had the slightest need so far for any change except from riding-habit to a comfortable little walking-dress of blue serge. I go veiled and jacketed down the beach, taking care to avoid superfluous ribbon-ends or streamers, and come in all blowzed and weather-beaten, and fuming with impatient anathemas against the south, yet so invigorated, all the same, that I begin to see why my



cousin, a town-bred being, like myself, when she agreed to cast in her lot with Hugh and make a home for him in the wilderness, has grown into a new strength and comeliness. Happiness and this aggravating, health-giving fresh air have made a stronger woman of her than ever before, in spite of a little roughing it. We do not forget fresh air indoors, either. The wooden cottage, of amateur building, has warped and shrunk, and now lets the wind in through inch-wide cracks between the boards. This would scarcely be a desirable residence for delicate persons, or for any one to be ill in. But we are well, so we laugh at "rough weather," and at night vie with one another in ingenious contrivances against draughts and to keep the candles steady, and somehow none of us take cold. Of course it is not cold, at least now in December, only so wonderfully and continually windy.

Should illness occur, there is a doctor only a rather rough twenty miles' ride away, — a clever man, though, poor fellow, he has fallen a victim, in the way that too often happens, to the hard work and mental isolation of these up-country practices. There goes a saying in the neighborhood about him: "If you find the doctor drunk, you are all right, — he will be sober by the time he gets to the case; but catch him sober and he's bound to get drunk on the way." Another medical authority in the district is a wise woman, who goes her rounds, staying at one cottage after another to doctor or nurse, as the case may require. Little ones come, helped into the world by her attention alone, and the mothers are washing and scouring as usual a fortnight later. There are some flourishing families about the lake, as I find when I ride round returning calls upon the stranger from Christ Church. One of our visits was paid to the school, — one of those splendidly managed state schools by which the colony now carries free education to the remotest parts of the island, — which collects all the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed children for miles around.

I have been amused, in these visits, to notice the mixture of race, which I suppose is a natural feature in a country of immigrants. We are south of Otago, the province of Scotchmen, so a large proportion of the settlers in the neighborhood are

Scotch. Across the lake there is a Norwegian family; farther on towards the township there is quite a little settlement of Danes. Dan O'Connell, stoker of the dredge, and two more of the men employed there represent the Irish element; and at the lighthouse the keeper and his wife are Germans, fair-haired and slow of speech. All are so thoroughly colonialized by this time, however, that differences are slight enough, and all, whether in cottage, or *so-hari*, or farmhouse, show the warm hospitality and friendliness which are a fine feature in the roughest up-country life. All, too, I fancy, show a little special tenderness for Margaret, who as a young wife, coming down among them with her town ways and pretty frocks and bridal table furniture, caused rather a sensation both of admiration and pity amongst these kind hearts. "Not another lady within forty miles!" people at home prophesied in horror, when she departed. Well, I suppose it is true that one misses a little community of interest in books, music, town thinkings and discussions; but I am not sure it is not good for a time to be compelled, as Thoreau would say, "to front only the essential facts of life." Women meet, too, I think, and content one another more easily upon the purely human ground than men; and if Margaret may have perhaps a little mind loneliness to contend with, I feel sure, at least in any household within a long ride's distance from the lake, there will be no lack of helpful friends, or of true womanly gentleness and sympathy.

A Correction. — In a paragraph of the Contributors' Club in the June issue, under the head of Teeth set on Edge, it was erroneously stated that "John Bright's sister, with her Quaker husband, Frederic Lucas, became a Romanist." A relative of the Bright family wishes to correct this statement by giving the information that the husband of John Bright's sister referred to was Samuel Lucas, and that both she and her husband remained earnest members of the Society of Friends to the end of their lives.

Anger — "with a Difference." — "No, I do not object to being made very angry occasionally. Downright anger brings with it a certain moral revivification, is a sort of electric storm. I feel more alive for some time after."

"I wonder to hear you say so. Anger has quite the opposite effect upon me. It is *sæva indignatio*, and it lacerates the heart. The sensibilities are flayed alive. In my experience, anger is a true passion, a suffering. Carried to its extreme, it reacts in moral exhaustion and syncope. I can never understand what people mean when they warn you that they are 'dangerous' if their anger is aroused. I am never less so. When I am angry, my hand trembles, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth; I can do nothing, say nothing."

"Nevertheless, I should be half afraid of your kind of anger. The afterpiece is apt to be tragic. You are angry to have been made angry."

"But my anger never does any harm abroad. I suffer it, — no one else."

"There speaks a Spartan soul. You let the vicious little fox prey upon your own vitals, before you will discover to any one the fact that the unworthy passion of anger has overtaken you. It is a matter of pride, perhaps, as much as of benevolence that forbids one's wreaking wrath outwardly."

"It is not one poor little fox, but a menagerie of wild beasts that I have to deal with, when I am thrown into the arena with Anger. You see I do not find in this passion the energizing agent you describe. I would be slow to receive anger, and would part with it as quickly as possible. I cannot afford to be angry."

"If you are slow to anger, you are sure to keep it long. I have — or rather, I did have — an Indian-dispositioned friend. Ugh! how I dreaded his still rages! Metaphors of heat are not suitable to express what they were like. Think of the last day in December, towards evening and just before the final setting-in of winter: the bare ground freezes white; the very foot-paths in their windings look rigid; the great limbs of the trees cleave with the intense but silent cold as night comes on. His anger was like that, — an all-winter campaign. After the breaking-up and final thaw, — if they ever came, — nothing was the same as before. His anger was slow to gather, but, once it began, it never ceased acquiring until it became a formidable and insoluble concretion. I grew impatient with him. I used often to say, 'Oh, be angry and done with it!' Instead of igniting promptly, as I should have done,

when sufficient provocation was given, he would always wait to see whether there was more to come; or he would hold off, on the chance of having been mistaken, or from some chimerical notion of giving the offender an opportunity to retract the offense. It was only when thoroughly convinced that the case was one for 'righteous indignation' that he would let his Erinyes loose."

"I don't see why he was not in the right. There certainly should be a justification of anger, if one indulges in it at all."

"Oh, but anger should be a generous, spontaneous passion, according to my way of thinking. It should n't wait to 'get a good ready.' By the time this individual concluded to receive the leaven of wrath, the other, or others, concerned in the matter had passed on to a different standpoint. The occasion was outlawed. The cause was cold."

"Oh! . . . Was this 'Indian-dispositioned friend' of a constant nature?"

"His great virtue was constancy, — so all admitted."

"I should have hated to give such an one cause for anger."

"You would have hated to be the object of that anger. I do assure you, it was most uncomfortable."

"Apropos of what we have been saying, may I read some verses I picked up the other day? They might have been written by your Indian-dispositioned friend, in a fit of revulsion against the temperament which you deplore.

#### TO ANGER.

Come thou quickly,  
Execute thy bitter will,  
Let thy bolts fly thickly, —  
Red gleams at every portal and window-sill!  
Just or unjust, thy quiver spend.  
Come quickly, and quickly make an end;  
Be past, and Peace my house may visit still!

Oh, delay not!  
Be not slow to search, to inquire,  
To apprehend! Oh, stay not,  
Causes weighing, till thine be found entire!  
For so thou wilt become my doom,  
And cruelly through long years consume,  
Thou merciless, up-pent, unwinnowed Fire!

Could the writer have been your whilom friend?"

"Something very like this I have heard him say. [*Silently.*] How long he harbors his grievance, and I hold him no grudge, I'm sure!"